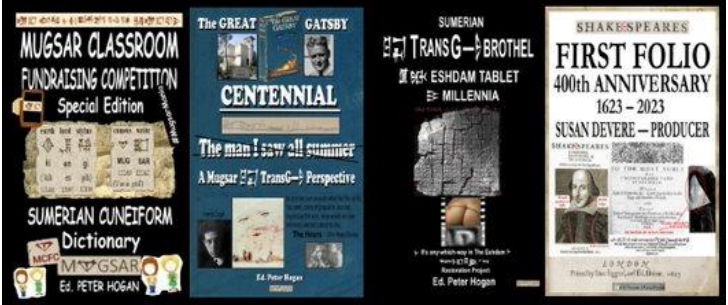
MCFC

Special Edition

MEGA 4-BOOK



MCFC

MUGSAR

Ed. PETER HOGAN

MCFC *Special Edition*

MEGA 4-Book

TransG Tablet

MugsarSCD

Gatsby100

FirstFolio400

Ed. Peter & Tara Hogan

12023CT

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TransG Tablet (Book1 Top)

FN | ACT I: 1 - 3 Intro II: 4-6 The Climax |

III: 7-9 Denouement

[]1 | []2 | []3 | []4 | []5 | []6 | []7 | []8 | []9

ix18 | Rev. | Key Signs | ThePlayers | *Anal.* | G-Album

..

MugsarSCD (Book2 Top)

M.FastNav | Main Listings | Major Lemma

Mugsar 4-Way | Reference | Appendix

QuickFinder: 1-2 | 3-5 | 6-10 | 10-20 | 20+

..

Gatsby100 (Book3 Top)

G100FN 3'n's, 4'1's (Pt1)...

~n1 | ~2 • ~h • ~t • ~p • ~g • ~v • ~d | ~3 | ~4 | ~5 | h sum

ch 1 | ch 2 | ch 3 | ch 4 | ch 5 | ch 6 | ch 7 | ch 8 | ch 9 | bk end

..

FirstFolio400 (Book4 Top)

FF400FastNav

• Introduction • Chapter 1: The Hyphen • Chapter 2: The Mask
• Chapter 3: The Daughter / FF Producer

..

TOC | MCFC | au[-]ed

MUGSAR FASTNAV

On some devices/apps Outlines/Headings take up too much screen space, links don't work or you want to go somewhere fast, then *zip* around with NiFTy ***FN***.

FastNav TransG Notes

TransG.FN: 4'h's

TransG.Tablet: 3'z's | [] col. 1: 4'1's etc.

[]1 | []2 | []3 | []4 | []5 | []6 | []7 | []8 | []9

Rev. | ix18 | App.

z | h | c • Top | >

FastNav MugsarSCD Notes

MugsarSCD.FN: 4'n's

QuickFinder: 3'v's | MajorLemma: 4'm's

Fn | QFv | *m*L | TOC • Top

FastNav Gatsby Notes

~1 | ~2 • ~h • ~t • ~p • ~g • ~v • ~d | ~3 | ~4 | ~5 | h[-]sum

» simply 3'n's or var. anytime.

• Alt., '%' pre/suffix with letter/no., ex.: 0-5=FN, ~t=top, ~s=toc, ~c=ch, ~h=Hrs, ~m=mtransg, ~1-5=Pt.1-5

• Similarly, with '-', ex.: [-]sum=ch or Hrs summary; ch[-]=ch browse (1-9), bk[-]=bk browse (by pgno.)

• cf. *sans* %/- just s[16]=stanza16

• MS (manuscript) / holograph / autograph = draft (handwritten pencil, typescript incl. inserts, pencil galley corrections)

• ‘book’ or ‘bk’ = ref. published book 1st Edition ’25, 218pp
• jpg = image
• Loved One – The Hours: to *FN* to a specific stanza 🔎s# [to differentiate s[#{spc}]

FastNav FF400 Notes

• 3‘f’s for 🔎

• Chapter 1: The Hyphen (hyp[-]hen)

• Chapter 2: The Mask (ma[-]sk)

• Chapter 3: The Daughter – First Folio Producer (s[-]dv)

FastNav Notes - General

• Middle *-* hyphen not shown in notes/index or bracketed [-] (to avoid search dup.), insert for🔎
• Top: 3‘t’s will bring up 5 results for each Book and overall Top (4‘t’s).
• ‘%’ suffix, sometimes prefix, is another option, especially for specific entries, ex. main unicodes.
As a prefix, you really have FN Power—> just have the main 2-characters ‘%~’ sitting in the 🔎box and toggle main letters to *zip* around.

Who needs links-toc-outline-margins anyway 😉

FastNav Search Tip

Particularly in our MCFC Books with heavy emphasis on utilizing the 🔎bar to zip around, when u r in search mode (usu. appears top bar) then most likely links not clickable until exited search (usu. touch exit arrow top left cnr.)

#MLib

MCFC

TransG Tablet

Guess col. & row ref. »

Answer: col. viii row 5

(or simply 8-5)

[Just ‘r’ & row no. if from ‘Reverse’ side]

MCFC

or

MCFC

TransG Tablet

Identify a sign in the frame and give its lemma & translation »

Answer: lul singer

MCFC

..

Preface Mega4

~~Magnum Opus~~ MAGNUM OPUS » Mugsar-Synergy.
Say no more.

..

%c ccc [c-bot.]

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MCFC Intro: Mega 4-Book

tinyurl.com/MugsarClassroom-Mania

#mcfcMega4 #MCFC #MugsarMania

What is MCFC

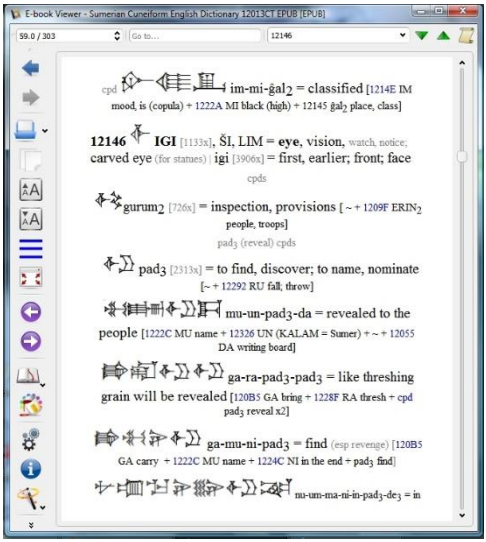
Mugsar Classroom Fundraising Competition (MCFC) is an inaugural annual international educational knockout comp, kind of like 'March Madness'—Championship Finals projected for February 12-25, '2024, but may take longer.

What is Mugsar

Mugsar is the world's only standalone, full-fledged, multifaceted de facto standard Sumerian Cuneiform Dictionary for the founders of 'education'.

Indeed, the TruEtym of the operative word itself is Sumerian:

edub 'house of tablets' 1208D-1207E



Mugsar Publishing

The current edition ('17) is already a regular Top 10 in 'Amazon Best Sellers Teen & Young Adult Education Reference' even with $0 advertising budget competing against big Publishing conglomerates.

amazon.com/Best-Sellers-Kindle-Store-Teen-Young-Adult-Reference-eBooks/zgbs/digital-text/7006555011

Sumerian Cuneiform Dictionary Mugsar: Collector's Edition Kindle Edition
Product details
Mugsar
16xi22

Mugsar
16xi22
Amazon Best Sellers
Our most popular products based on sales. Updated hourly.
Best Sellers in Teen & Young Adult Reference eBooks
Top 100 Paid
Top 100 Free
Guinness World Records Wild Things
Sumerian Cuneiform Dictionary Mugsar:...
LIFE SKILLS

Proudly Announcing the Birth of
MCFC Quintuplets!

It's unlikely to be accomplished very often, to create/edit 5 books, that all have a high relevance score and thus a shot at immortality – MCFC's (https://tinyurl.com/MugsarClassroom-Mania):

1. MugsarSCD
2. The Great Gatsby Centennial - "~~the man I saw last summer~~"
3. Elegy to a Loved One - The Hours
4. Shakespeare First Folio 400th Anniversary - Susan de Vere Producer
5. TransG— Brothel Eshdam Tablet Millennia

– over a 9-month period, Dec. '22 to Sep. '23, and then publish them, all at once... Eerily, it's been like a gestation and out comes quintuplets!

Mega Discount If Buy MCFC Books Direct

There are significant limitations and disadvantages of using mainstream outlets like Amazon (you soon see why Jeff Bezos is so rich » high commission/admin fees, price gouging, migraine-inducing submission system – sure makes a lot of sense to transfer Bezos toy money to the MCFC philanthropic project) to provide books for a project/phenom like MCFC.

Dealing with MCFC Books direct also provides greater simplicity, flexibility (ex. easy access to free updates), mega discounts, and even quasi-subsidies for economically challenged schools and colleges.

How it works

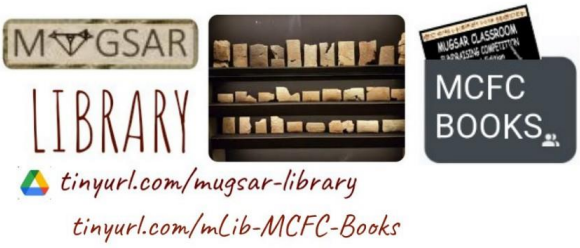
Basically, it's an 'honor' system of mutual trust. Almost like a cooperative.

Firstly, there is Free Trial.

All MCFC Book PDF files can be downloaded from the MCFC Books Google Drive Folder in the Mugsar Library:

drive.google.com/drive/folders/1-JLnP-N1-uJP_-tTUmi-vu3mVLfO9I1q

or tinyurl.com/mLib-MCFC-Books



(We recommend Xodo for viewing because in some apps (Google's Drive PDF viewer is surprisingly useless, considering the money they have) links don't work and don't show outlines/headings navigation, and it has great tools.)

30% discount 10 or more students

The discount still applies of course for each student later added to the class.

Extra 10% discount each school brought in

Your referral commission: extra 10% discount for each new school brought into MCFC (as per your 'Contribution' details in Hall of Fame). Max. comm. 5 schools » 50%

Max. total discount is 80% (30% for 10 or more students + referral comm. extra 10% for each new school, max. 5)

MCFC Books Price List

Each MCFC Book for each student has a RRP of US$14.99; 'Double-Ups': $29.99; 3-Book: $45.99; Mega4: $59.99

But with Mega Discount Direct MCFC Books the total bill comes way down.

So, if you have a class or group of say 32 students using a single book that would be 32 x $14.99 = $480

Now comes the mega MCFC discounts: 30% for over 10 students, plus, say you brought in 2 new schools, an extra 20%

That's a total of 50% discount bringing the bill down to $240 (plus tax). See also MCFC Invoice.

	MCFC Books Price List:	US$
	Single PDF Books:	
8mb 335pgs	MugsarSCD	$14.99
10mb 529pgs	The Great Gatsby Centennial (includes The Hours)	$14.99
3mb 53pgs	Elegy to a Loved One – The Hours	$2.99
8mb 220pgs	Shakespeare's First Folio 400th Anniversary	$14.99
6mb 202pgs	Sumerian [illegible] TransG—[illegible] Brothel [illegible] Eshdam Tablet	$14.99
	Combo PDF Books:	
13mb 694pgs	Who is the G.O.A.T.? Gatsby vs. TransG	$29.99
12mb 499pgs	TransG with MugsarSCD	$29.99
22mb 1015pgs	3-Book (MugsarSCD+Gatsby100+FF400)	$44.99
25mb 1178pgs	Mega 4-Book (MugsarSCD+Gatsby100+FF400+TransG)	$59.99

And Sweet Garden Pamphlet $0.50

Once paid, all future downloads of updates of that particular book are free until the student graduates from the school/college.

For economically challenged schools/colleges, simply pay what you can, when you can. Even if it's as a donation from a small percentage of a winning prize money purse from MCFC Finals (or even from our OL-D FAV Fantasy Football, see below).

As MCFC develops over time greater discounts will be offered.

Self auto-generate invoice by inserting the applicable quantities and amounts into the standard invoice form » Google Sheets:

docs.google.com/spreadsheets/d/1-O2JPU0jYmg_eWQ5jsoyx1mZwYX_f37cQtfUakdoxX0/edit?usp=drivesdk

(tinyurl.com/mcfc-invoice)

or email for something more specific from PayPal invoice generator.

Simply use our paypal.me/mugsar – it's all basically donations for our development.

All Contributions could oneday convert to IPO stock

And who knows, if we get successful enough to have an IPO, all MCFC contributions: payments for books, donations, personal investments (incl. volunteers – don't miss the startup boat, like those buddies of Zuckerberg/Facebook) could oneday convert to stock.

So make sure we get your details on the MCFC invoice or Hall of Fame.

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MCFC Book Covers: photos.app.goo.gl/bBMk2znkXXtsJ3M87

Now available direct from MCFC Books »

tinyurl.com/mLib-MCFC-Books

Hashtags

#MugsarMania
Single PDF Books:
#mcfc (Flagship M.SCD)
#mcfcGatsby100
#mcfcLovedOne
#mcfcFF400
#mcfcTransG
Combo PDF Books:
#mcfcMT (M.SCD+TransG)
#mcfcGvT (2 = G100 vs. TransG {G.O.A.T. Debate)
#mcfcMGF (3 = M.SCD+FF400+G100)
#mcfcMega4 (= M.SCD+FF400+G100+TransG)

Pamphlet:
#mcfcSweet
#mcfcSuen)

Comp./Quiz Type

.mc-typ. |

Quiz

The quiz can be based on one MCFC Book, or specific section, or a combination of up to 4 MCFC Books.

Rendition

Example: Loved One – The Hours rendition.

Performance: Short Film/Play Scenes incorporate MCFC

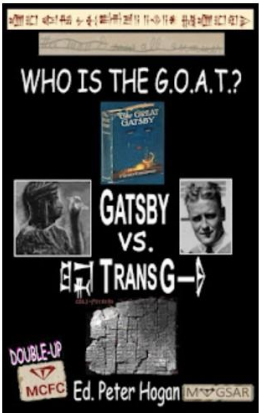
- MugsarSCD: first school scenes…
- Gatsby: "~~The man I saw last summer~~" (#tmisas)
- Loved One – The Hours
- FirstFolio400: Hyphen (*Shake-a-Spear at Ignorance*) + Mask + Daughter
- TransG-Eshdam

Opening Scene: An MCFC Comp is being played:
MCFC Question/Performance/Debate triggers CUT-TO (/flasbacks) to related scenes.
ex. MCFC Debate:

Did Fitz fake heart attack » suicidal immortality obsession? CUT-TO Dec '1940…

Debate

Example: The Great MCFC Debate – Who is the G.O.A.T.? Gatsby vs. TransG.



Core MCFC Books

👉 1.i. The flagship MugsarSCD new '23 MCFC Special Edition (now includes Annotations).

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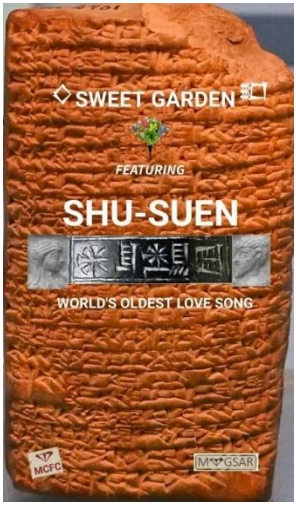
👉1.ii.

Sweet Garden Pamphlet

Sumerian Erotic Love Songs
featuring
Shu-Suen
World's Oldest Love Song
#mcfcSweet #mcfcSuen #MCFC #MugsarMania
"The Mugsar Shu-Suen Love Song Definitive Translation"



Share:
docs.google.com/document/d/1cD-PqI4lFlwbZAIdZFnDtT0XAo0BbxX-4gCKT279pFw/edit?usp=drivesdk
or
tinyurl.com/mcfc-sweet

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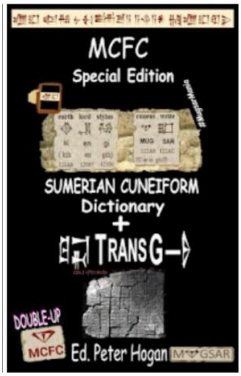
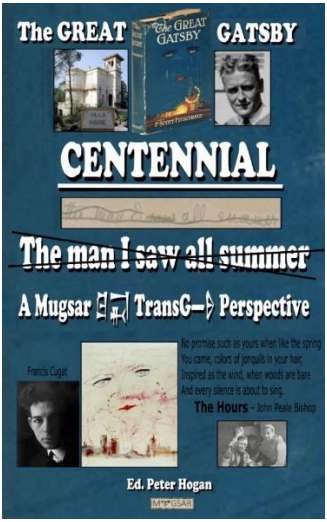
👉 1.iii. 'Double-Up': TransG with MugsarSCD

When you study Sumerian cuneiform with the ultimate dictionary, the Mugsar, after a while you really want an example tablet to work with. Not a lot of tablets. Just a very special one. One that's largely complete. And meaningful. Coming at the subject from the other angle, when you find 'The Tablet', you want the Mugsar, not just nearby, but right there with it. {Gilga}mesh-ed with it. And the bonus, student or adult, unlike most reading which quickly gets forgotten, by incorporating MCFC your learning stays relevant and useful.



👉 The Great Gatsby Centennial – A Mugsar TransG—> Perspective: Utilizing the same unsurpassed Mugsar skills to decipher civilization's First Great TransG work on the Sumerian TransG-> Brothel Eshdam Tablet 5 Millennia, we went digging into the pencil drafts, particularly the crossing-outs, to come up with our sensational uncovering "the man I saw all summer"—Nick/Fitzgerald is, beyond doubt, TransG.



#GreatGatsby100 #tmisas

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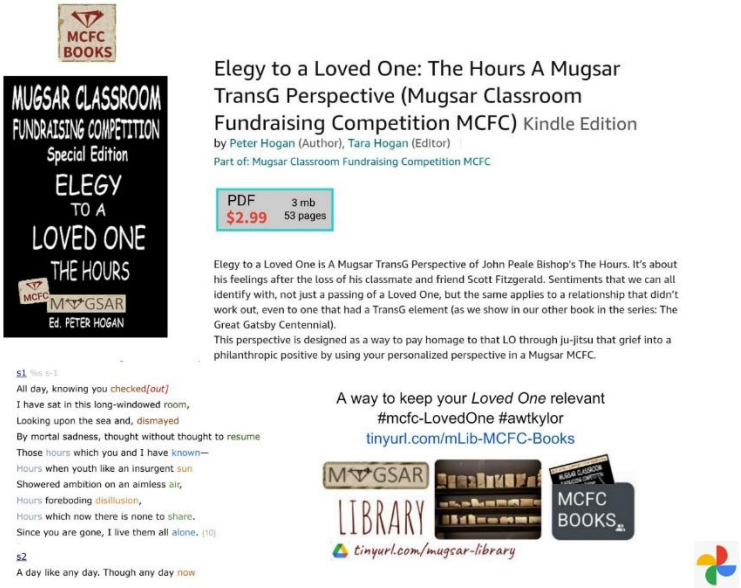
👉 Along with its companion in a separate Book, Elegy to a Loved One, based on John Peale Bishop's The Hours » #mcfcLovedOne #awtkylor (‘A way to keep your loved one relevant’)



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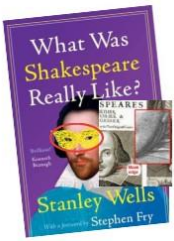
👉 Shakespeare's First Folio 400th Anniversary 1623 - 2023 – Susan de Vere Producer

The true story behind the production of the First Folio. At the same time exposing in a simple, but unequivocal way, the Stratford rip-off of tourists, led by Stanley Wells. It is only thanks to Susan de Vere that so many additional plays were published in the First Folio, because she was the '*Grand Possessor*' and effectively literary executor of her father's works. She was the key driver over a 2-year period, except a break for a pregnancy, all the way to the first recorded purchase, December 5th 1623. She finally deserves recognition.

🎲 **Did you buy Stanley Wells or Susan de Vere Shakespeare?**

strawpoll.vote/polls/83eq0q3i/vote?s=0

or tinyurl.com/WellsVere



What Was Shakespeare Really Like? Kindle Edition

by Stanley Wells (Author), Stephen Fry (Foreword) | Format: Kindle Edition

Kindle $14.99 | Hardcover $19.95

Read with Our Free App | 2 New from $19.95

« Cover mask is fitting – just like First Folio

Sir Stanley Wells is one of the world's greatest authorities on William Shakespeare. Here he brings ... of learning and reflection to bear on some of the most tantalising questions about the ... How did he think, feel, and work? What were his relationships ... This freshly thought and ... es concerning Shakespeare's ... whom and how

Product details

ASIN : B0C945C6GB

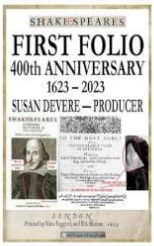
Publisher : Cambridge University Press (September 14, 2023)

Publication date : September 14, 2023

Language : English

File size : 10509 KB

Print length : 164 pages



Shakespeare's First Folio 400th Anniversary 1623 - 2023: Susan de Vere Producer (Mugsar Classroom Fundraising Competition MCFC)

by Peter Hogan (Author), Tara Hogan (Editor)

Part of: Mugsar Classroom Fundraising Competition MCFC

PDF $9.99 | 8 mb 220 pages

MCFC BOOKS

The true story behind Shakespeare's First Folio 400th Anniversary – Susan de Vere its producer finally deserves recognition as we expose the Stratford tourist rip off.

Facts about the Stratford guy that we can be absolutely certain of, as has been infamously said, "could be written on the back of a postage stamp."

Mark Twain noted all the biographies are full of "no doubt he…" and "he must have done…"

"I am sort of haunted by the conviction that the divine William is the biggest and most successful fraud ever." – Henry James

For starters, Susan de Vere was the wife of Shakespeare's First Folio dedicatee, and Ben Johnson, who did the First Folio intro, wrote love poems to her.

Susan de Vere was the key driver in the production of the First Folio over a 2-year period, except for a break for a pregnancy, all the way to the first recorded purchase, December 5th, 1623. She finally deserves recognition.

And the Strato Sham perpetrators, including British politicians who allow false advertising and the ripping off of tourists deserve the 🇬🇧 Millennia Sumerian Curse: 👽 [illegible] 👽 (🇬🇧 [illegible] r i 2) …with Apocalypse Now, "Extreme Prejudice".

tinyurl.com/mLib-MCFC-Books

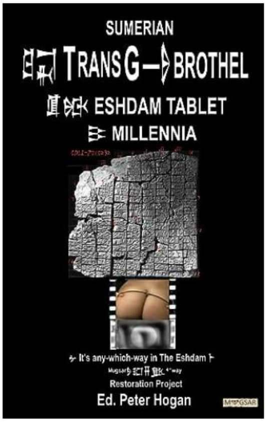
#WellsVere #FirstFolio400 #mcfc #MugsarMania

strawpoll.vote/polls/83eq0q3i/vote?s=0 or tinyurl.com/WellsVere

tinyurl.com/WellsVere

👉 Sumerian TransG— Brothel Eshdam Tablet Millennia

The first non-myth based recording of everyday life in history.



Note: This book's draft MS started out as a Google Doc – which can display cuneiform fonts.

It kept crashing with adding ever more tablet images. So, had to migrate to docx. But with the trade-off that it can't display cuneiform fonts. Nor can PDFs or Amazon. (And all have a problem with Google emojis.)

Originally opted to make jpg's of whole pages, but that resulted in a massive PDF file size, over 300 mb. Compression and loss of image resolution (of already hard to make-out tablet cuneiform) got it down to a makeshift 23 mb.

Finally, had to accept going with docx (and that meant having to hump it to a library 2 clicks away to use a desktop full version, as symbolically, the tablet book was made mostly with a tablet!) and would just have to sub each cuneiform font with a jpg…

Anway, long story short, now available direct at MCFC Books, with lots more tablet images – and the final PDF is only 6 mb! – now takes its proud place as part of the MCFC Series for only $14.99 (before discount) in line with its stablemates – felt like it should be $149.99!!!

MCFC MEGA-BUNDLE Mugsar+FF400+G100+TransG

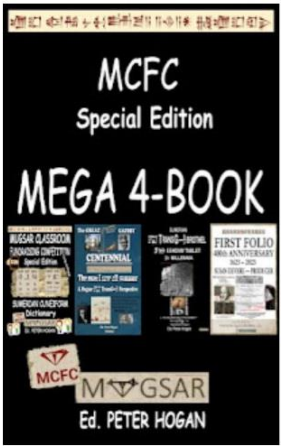
Mugsar here means 'Sumerian Cuneiform Dictionary' (SCD) – the flagship MCFC single book.

These 4 stablemates individually represent critical chunks of the ascent of civilization, together they have nuclear synergy.

Thus, the MCFC evolves into an ‘MCFC MEGA Comp.’

The 10 questions could come from any of the 4 books, or sections of a book, ex. The Hours – John Peale Bishop's elegy to Scott Fitzgerald featured in our The Great Gatsby Centennial can be empathized by anyone who has lost a Loved One, even broken relationships. But by applying MCFC you can ju-jitsu your grief into a philanthropic positive.

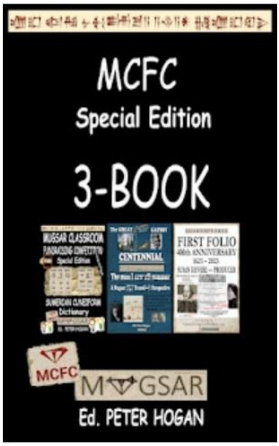
So, significant sections like The Hours has been published separately as Elegy to a Loved One – The Hours MCFC Special Edition.



And the option to buy the 4 books bundled into one mega book.

(Mega4 total is over 1,000 pages – but users have the NiFTy Mugsar *FastNav* to zip around.)

There is also the option to buy other combinations: double or triple. Thus, excluding TransG (Sumerian Brothel Tablet) which will be rated 'Teen & Young Adult' / High School-College +Older Adult.



MCFC COMBO-NOMO

An option is to play combination-nomination.

There could be comps using 1-4 books or sections of a book:

- Play 'MCFC Single-Up' – any 1 of 1-4
- Play 'MCFC Double-Up' – any 2 of 1-4
- Play 'MCFC Triple-Up' – any 3 of 1-4
- Play 'MCFC Mega-Up' the whole caboodle!

MCFC Book Stablemates

(MugsarSCD #mcfc)

(Tablet #mcfcTransG)

FF400 (#mcfcFF400)

G100 (mcfcGatsby100)

(mcfc-LovedOne)

MCFC Stablemates Hashtags

#MugsarMania
#mcfc (Flagship M.SCD) | #mcfcTransG
#mcfcGatsby100 | #mcfcLovedOne
#mcfcFF400

Either contestants choose comp type to enter or one contestant thru coin flip or some kind of rating, ex. current champion – esp. for MCFC Playoffs / Championship Series – can nominate comp type.

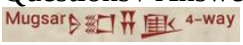
.mc-q.

The Questions

Your local/nominated organizers and adjudicators will set the questions.

In smaller, more private competitions contestants could fire questions at each other.

MugsarSCD Example Question:

Questions / Answers revolve around 1 or more 

attributes, ex.:

1. Unicode: 12000
2. Sign:
3. Lemma (reading/transliteration) 'A'
4. Translation: 'water' (or whatever local language)

Example Question:
What is the Unicode, Lemma & Translation for this Sign

Answer:
Unicode: 12000
Lemma: A
Translation: water

Could add degrees of difficulty, depending on setup, ex.:

Draw the sign for water.

.

Gatsby Example Question:

Who was Fitzgerald's editor?

Answer:

Max Perkins

Loved One Example Question:

Where did Fitz hide?

Answer:

Magic closet

First Folio 400 Example Question:

Who was Shakespeare's daughter?

Answer:

Susan de Vere

TransG Example Question:

What is the Eshdam?

Answer:

Sumerian TransG brothel

%q mcfcfq

MCFC-TransG: Frame Quiz

MCFC

TransG Tablet

Guess col. & row ref. »

Answer: col. viii row 5

(or simply 8-5)

[Just 'r' & row no. if from 'Reverse' side]

MCFC

Frame Album: photos.app.goo.gl/yAxqniVvia3whVS77

TransG Eshdam Tablet: photos.app.goo.gl/238Cnmd4abq21ux17

Reverse: photos.app.goo.gl/iT8rxQCvAMxpZnJs5

[]1 | []2 | []3 | []4 | []5 | []6 | []7 | []8 | []9

I=I ix18 | Rev.

GCR ex. abv. | ID ex. below

Note: optional questions could be to identify a sign in the frame, giving its lemma & translation, ex. lul singer »

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Standard Quiz Format

2 Contestants - 10 Questions - designated number of seconds to answer

Tiebreaker

Shootout questions: increasing degree of difficulty, with less and less seconds to answer.

Winner advances

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Age Groups (7AG)

6 High School Grades: 7 to 12 + College = 7AG

.

Handicapping Groups (3HG)

So, every student has a chance to win, no matter demographics - based on seconds allowed to answer - handicap set/updated by most recent competition record (like in golf) as judged by reputable educator / referee.

Time allowed to answer each question — 3 handicapping groups → suggested guide:

10 seconds
20 seconds
30 seconds
.

So that totals to 7AG x 3HG = 21 max. sub-groups

Setup

School / College facility – Zoom and/or YouTube video setup overseen and affirmed by referee as a true and fair competition.

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Setup Suggestions

- Basically, using Google Docs Share.

> (Click on 3dot ⋮ menu topR-cnr - Share - Manage People and Links; remember to change "Viewer" status to "Can edit"; if using example pages below as a template, after making copies edit all share links to your School and individual student.)

- Each contestant starts on an Intro Page that gives instructions

👉 Intro example (or App. below)

> (A standard Test Paper might contain 10 questions x allotted seconds per question depending on handicap, ex. 10 x 10s = 100s to complete.
> Could use an always-on-top "Floating Stopwatch & Timer" app.
> May have to allow a few seconds for Test Paper page to load if slow connection)

- Video and/or Screen Capture App starts.

- Referee signals to start.

- From Intro Page contestant clicks on "Go to MCFC Test Paper" 👉 Test Paper Example (or App. Below)

- When time is up Referee / Judge(s) marks Test Papers to determine winner (if necessary execute Tiebreaker Shootout).

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Prize Money

Playing for Prize Money purse - made up of private donors and/or corporate sponsors.

Oct-Jan Qualifying Competitions Prize Money Purse Proposed Split:

Winner 70% - Loser 30%

(see below split for Feb Championship Finals)

School / College to determine percentage of Prize Money that goes to student contestant.

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Sponsors / Donors / VC / Publisher Auction

MCFC will be looking to partner with and/or be sponsored by Classroom Google / Amazon / Google Books / mainstream Publishers.

For prospective private donors / venture capital, think of turning a book into a film » MCFC turns an book into a March-Madness quiz game » you get a Producer credit, forever, and it's altruistic, to boot.

Also, private donors can utilize Mugsar's OL-D FAV Fantasy Football 👉 < tinyurl.com/old-fav > or check out its Google Album » photos.app.goo.gl/YvubdhNCj1Th9SYk7

"*For fans who think there is more to football than RB WR*"

— an additional nifty fundraising tool with a percentage of winnings donated to an MCFC Prize Money purse.

.mc-when. |

When

If we can get enough early support we could have our inaugural competition in February of '24. More realistically, pushed back at least a year to '25. Thus, proposed dates below are quite ambitious. In the meantime, local competitions can of course progress at their own pace, and have their own finals, and be that much better prepared for the main event.

To be held over 2 weeks in 2nd half of February straight after Super Bowl.

Broadcast on Zoom and/or YouTube (TV), proposed MCFC Blog / Podcast, etc.

Oct-Jan: MCFC Qualifying Competitions / Local Fundraisers

You determine your School / College Champions for all applicable groupings:

District → State → National Competitions

Proposed date Friday Feb 1, '2024: Submit School Representatives

(to MCFC Committee)

.

Inaugural Championship Finals MCFC-I:

Proposed date Feb 4, '2024: '**Selection Sunday**'

(MCFC Committee determines seedings for up to 21 sub-group competitions.)

Standard 2 Preliminary Rounds before Quarter-Finals - start with max. 64 x 21 sub-group games = 1,344 Contestants, eventually whittles down to 42 Championship Finalists competing in 21 games on the last day.

Proposed breakdown based on 64 Groupings:

One automatic Grouping for Top 20 participating countries.

incl. one automatic Grouping for Japan (re Mugsar Founder genesis)

incl. one automatic Grouping for Iraq (modernday Sumer)

One automatic Grouping for Top 30 U.S. States.

Balance made up of wild cards.

[Note: Sunday Feb 11, '2024: Super Bowl LVIII]

MCFC-I Championship Finals proposed dates:

Monday Feb 12 to Sunday Feb 25, '2024

MCFC-I Championship Finals — MugsarClassroom Mania

Mon Feb 12 - Mon Feb 19: Preliminary Rounds:

- Round 1 (64)

- Round 2 (32)

Tue-Wed 20-21; Round of 16

Thu-Fri 22-23: Quarter Finals

Sat 24: Semi-Finals

Feb 25, '2024: MCFC-I Championship Sunday

(7AG x 3HG = 21 Champions / Runners-up)

Proposed Standard Prize Money Purse Split - Championship Finals

(21 sub-groups)

Ex., say from all sponsors + private donors we can raise $1,000,000 total for the inaugural MCFC-I, thus:

MCFC Champions (1 x21 = 21 split): 50% [$500,000 / 21 = $23,810 ea]

Runners-up (1 x21 = 21 split): 20% [$200,000 / 21 = $9,524 ea]

Eliminated Semi-Finalists (2 x21 = 42 split): 10% [$100,000 / 21 = $4,762 ea]

Eliminated Quarter-Finalists (4 x21 = 84 split): 8% [$80,000 / 21 = $3,810 ea]

Eliminated Round of 16 (8 x21 = 168 split): 6% [$60,000 / 21 = $2,857 ea]

Eliminated Round 2 (16 x21 = 336 split): 4% [$40,000 / 21 = $1,905 ea]

Eliminated Round 1 (32 x21 = 672 split): 2% [$20,000 / 21 = $952 ea]

Presentation of MCFC Prize Money & Championship Trophies featuring clay tablet in design.

Finals Major Sponsor could announce something big like teaching tools gift for school with most champions (AG + HG sub-groups, tiebreak into runners-up, etc.).

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Mar-Sep: Practice for next MCFC!

.mc-rul. |

MCFC Rules & Guidelines

Any on-the-spot disputes adjudications or rule modifications to be determined by local reputable educator / referee (RER) using video replay if necessary, in conjunction with any guidelines from the MCFC Governing Committee, a division of the Mugsar Foundation (all to be set up by any college(s) and/or consortium, that can get the funding! Major Donors / School / College members and Mugsar Founder (Estate Executor = 'Home College' / descendant) would thus put in place an MCFC Constitution and voting mechanism for any changes.)

…

Classroom Google Mugsar

classroom.google.com/c/NTA0MjQyMDI2Nzky?cjc=kfboju7

< tinyurl.com/mugsar-classroom >

Classroom Google Mugsar[-yourDistrict]

#MugsarClassroom

CGM Album

photos.app.goo.gl/A687WGmjMpKQpig9A

youtu.be/vqFukfKJklE

CGM Google Docs:

docs.google.com/document/d/1RAU3R6I43big7XG38xo2La6IYD8BC1Zu-_E97ZxdDJw/edit?usp=drivesdk

tinyurl.com/mugsar-classroom-youtube

Trailer: youtu.be/-gFPBAEGO0A

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The epiphany for the #MugsarClassroom project 👉 special thanks to a visit by Pine-Richland School District via classroom.google

App. 1 Intro to MCFC Test Paper layout example

[All share/comp. links to be updated for yr school] mc-appd |

Home | Share link | Date

Intro to MCFC Test Paper

School / College: XYZ

Competition: [School / District / State / National / College / MCFC-I]

Grade: [7 - 12 / College]

Handicapping: [10s / 20s / 30s per Q]

Round: [1 / 2 / '16' / Qtr / Semi / Championship]

Round Prize Money Purse:

Winner $____ or Advances - *Loser* $____

[Instructions WIP]

On 'Start' signal from referee click on link below:

👉 Test Paper - [Student Name]

…

App. 2 Test Paper MCFC layout example

Home | Intro | Share link | Date:

Test Paper MCFC

School / College: XYZ

Student: [Name]

Competition: [School/District / State / National / College / MCFC-I]

Grade: [7 - 12 / College]

Handicapping: [10s / 20s / 30s per Q]

Round: [1 / 2 / '16' / Qtr / Semi / Championship]

Round Prize Money Purse:

Winner $____ or Advances - *Loser* $____

[10 Questions WIP]

'1. xxx

'2. xxx

'3. xxx

'4. xxx

'5. xxx

'6. xxx

'7. xxx

'8. xxx

'9. xxx

'10. xxx

...

Check updates @ MCFC Google Docs

docs.google.com/document/d/1aLXJjXM3BB2Bw9X4ErDYXKfpT6biaUWa-cBOu4gfeTY/edit?usp=drivesdk

or

tinyurl.com/MugsarClassroom-Mania

#MCFC #MugsarMania

Mugsar Library

docs.google.com/document/d/1bMq05Uw4fcCg_T3c3Q02sC34adC_R9kuAvT4Kf-Gd5o/edit?usp=drivesdk

or

tinyurl.com/mugsar-catalog

drive.google.com/drive/folders/1-EGzmA80btNdCUZh08c48kRWVfjl7nyp

or

tinyurl.com/mugsar-library

(get gif)

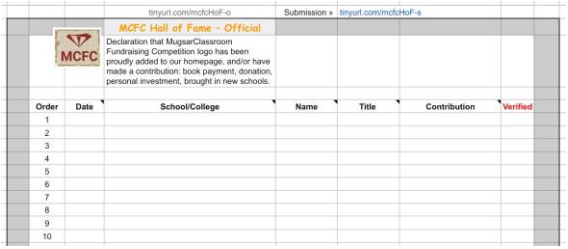
What kind of a student is a student who does not know Sumerian?

..

MCFC Hall of Fame

tinyurl.com/mcfcHoF-o

True progressive schools and colleges will be in the MCFC Hall of Fame '1st 10' to declare our logo has been added to their homepage, and/or have made a contribution: book payment, donation, personal investments (incl. volunteers – don't miss the startup boat, like those buddies of Zuckerberg/Facebook), brought in new schools.



P.S.

The First Video Game '1963 - The Sumerian Game, was made for the classroom

Commemorating 'The First Video Game '1963 – The Sumerian Game'. A personal project of IBM's Bruse Moncreiff, was specifically designed for the classroom, also making it the 'First Edutainment' – consequently the 'First Video Game Writer' was Mabel Addis, yes, a female, a teacher at Katonah Elementary School NY from '1950 to '1976. Posthumously honored with the Pioneer Award at Game Developers Conference March 22th, '23 (GDC23) »

Google Docs: tinyurl.com/TheFirstVideoGame1963-Sumerian

Book 1: TransG Tablet

Sumerian

** Brothel**

** Tablet**

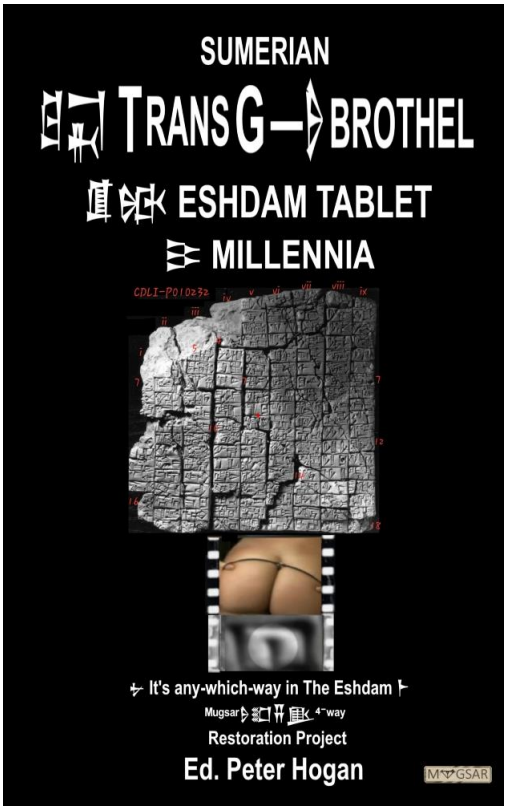
** Millennia**

Ed. Peter Hogan

12023CT

A

PRODUCTION



[Book Cover 2560x1600]

THE ESHDAM

'THE 1st FILM'

SUMERIAN MILLENNIA

It's any-which-way in The Eshdam

Mugsar 4-way Restoration Project

youtu.be/tmnIcStLH94

t-meta

Status: Mugsar 4-way Restoration Project — completed laying in the 4-way (translation / interpretation will

be ongoing); giving it a structure; started on the soundtrack, but could be great opportunity for some postgrad—anyway, it already has a brain of its own, and just evolves (swear it wants to be a Netflix/Amazon Streamer someday!) — eerily like it has the mystical guiding (*gi* stylus) of the original (*dubsar* scribe).

.

Tenured elite professor comparison:

Funding / Scholarship / Endowment / Sponsorship: $0 — no specialist assistants, no state-of-the-art multi-screen computers, no PhotoShop …ironically just a tablet.

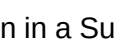
..

Source tablet: UCLA CDLI P010232* (Tell Abu Salabikh[1] OIP 099 no. 255 '1974 - Robert Biggs b. '1934 (YouTube interview) - excav.[2] '1963 - OI UChicago) Early Dynasty IIIa 7400CT (-2600*plagio*) has image only - ORACC ePSD2 (UPenn Museum) has transliteration[3] (lemma) only → no translation, no line-art (tablet drawing), and definitely no cuneiform fonts [M7], and absolutely no unicode — tablet is in immaculate condition/conception considering its age.

*See note {FN » [s]Lists} on CDLI move from UCLA to Germany.

.s-des.

Short description:

The unearthing and restoration of 'The 1st Film', *The Eshdam* — the goings-on in a Sumerian  brothel recorded on the first framed film / storyboard / tablet millennia ago — culminating in the ultimate G.O.A.T. paradox.

Punchline:

Synopsis

Imagine a film director browsing the storyboards. But there's a twist. This is for the very '1st film', produced 5,000 years ago.

Storyboard / film frames are particularly the case with tablet P010232. Unlike other tablets that record Sumerian stories with sentences padded with lots of particles and aux., it's abruptly brief, and to the point. Literally graphic. By today's puritan hypocrisy standards, too graphic. But the Sumerians were free of pretense and inhibitions. Since they invented writing and much of their work has been plagiarized by that same group, well, who's to judge. It is what it is, *ding an sich* — amazingly surviving all through these millennia — we can't *bowdlerize*[4] too much.

Since the incipit is missing, we guessed the title to be: *The Eshdam* ("The Brothel").

Apparently ignored by the tenured elites as uninteresting, it does not appear to have ever been restored and shown before, in all its glory. So let's run it thru the

Restoration Projector.

You will soon be able to get your popcorn and drink and enjoy.

..

t-Notes

[1]Tell Abu Salabikh (near Nippur City of Enlil - 'Lord of wind / whores → brothels' en-lil2 - the same 'lil' in Lilith of "Gilgamesh's Descent into the Netherworld" 121A4) excavations unearthed some of the world's oldest literature, it's no coincidence that in addition to our *Eshdam* tablet there is Instructions to Shuruppag re Ziudsura's "Great Flood Ark" story.

[2]The tablet excavation details: Museum No. IM 070161 Excav. No. AbS-T 0218 - Robert D Biggs - Inscriptions from Tell Abu Salabikh, OIP, vol. 99, 255 UChicago '1974 - The Abū Ṣalābīkh Tablets. A Preliminary Survey Journal of Cuneiform Studies Vol. 20, No. 2 '1966 pp. 73-88. Robert Biggs, the epigrapher, notes help during the '1963 Nippur Expedition:

Vaughn Crawford, Director of the Baghdad American School of Oriental Research did the baking of the tablet.

Diane Taylor, archeological and epigraphic assistant - cleaning and worked on the joins.

McGuire Gibson, archeologist - reconstruction and photography.

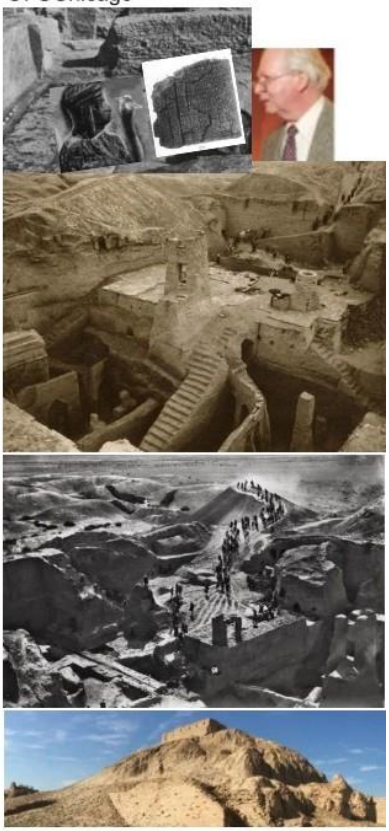
Most of all Selma Al-Radi, representative of the Iraq Dept of Antiquities, worked with him days and evenings for four months on the post-baking treatment of the tablet.

Resurrecting *TransG* Eshdam

Abu Salabikh, Nippur, Sumer

Robert Biggs – Epigrapher

OI-UChicago



Resurrection of our TransG Eshdam tablet only happened because of an unplanned turn of events in '63. There was a security deposit that could not be refunded and taken out of the country. Donald P Hansen ('1931 - '2007) then made a bold proposal.

“There was a site a few miles from Nippur that he had visited several years before where the surface of the tell was littered with pottery of the Early Dynastic period (mid-third millennium) and earlier, levels that lie many meters below the surface at Nippur. He proposed using that money for a brief sounding at the site of Abu Salabikh…”

The eastern section of the city has been called the scribal quarter because of the many thousands of Sumerian tablets found there—in fact, the excavations at Nippur have been the primary source of the literary writing of Sumer.

..

[3]Transliteration is from ORACC ePSD2 - just a fluke it was found at all, very difficult to find anything for one of us plebeians (apparently there's been a lot of criticism, that's why they got more funding for ver. 2, but doesn't seem any better) it's one if those behemoth programming designs where the search results get wiped, so you don't get a link that survives, it also means search engines can't index an ongoing page with a html name - thus you can't just search "P010232" …$zillions in funding cf. finding what you want from the uncouth Mugsar — everything on one screen (1. transliteration 2. translation 3. signs, and you also get the bonus linking everything 4. unicodes) tiny file size, but a 'marvel of compression'.

[4]*bowdlerize* - Germaine Greer on the 'C word' pt2 @ 4m26s BBC 'Balderdash & Piffle'

youtu.be/DN0oGWNzNxo pt2 4:26
youtu.be/GDJutaFuVD0 pt1

Maybe with the it's more like the 'A word':

For the totally *unbowdlerized* version you will have to email direct for the special limited Collector's Edition.

Some 'frame' shots

col. vi row 7 - "The Eshdam" (The Brothel)

$eš_2$-dam SAL.UŠ dub_2-dub_2

brothel cuneus-phallus motion ⇄ motion

.

I=I iv 5 "Whore!"

$geme_2$ kar-kid_3

prostitute

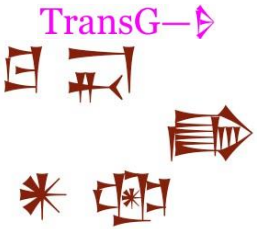
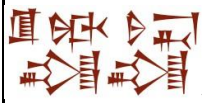
.

I=I iii 6 TransG—𒄀

gala an-ug5-ga

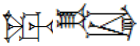
TransG—𒄀 option

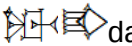
Prophetically, the lined-up these 3 key frames at the center-top of the tablet:

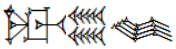
col. iii row 5	l=l iv 5 "Whore!" geme$_2$ kar-kid$_3$ prostitute	v 5	vi 5
l=l iii 6 TransG—  gala an-ug5-ga TransG— option	iv 6	v 6	vi 6
iii 7	iv 7	v 7	l=l vi 7 The Brothel  eš$_2$-dam SAL.UŠ dub$_2$-dub$_2$ brothel cuneus-phallus motion

cf. some related cpd's:

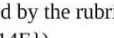
dam-diĝir 1206E-1202D priestess → temple prostitute to whom offerings were brought to exchange for 'a good time' cf. *gala* ku-uš (*derrière*-phallus) 121AA-12351
priest prostitute lamentation singer

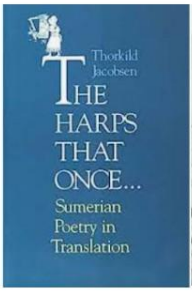
 dam-egir secondary spouse 1206E-12095

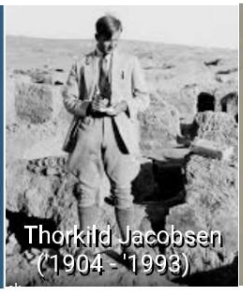
 damgar dam-gar3 1206E-120FC trader / 'A madam of a whorehouse' ?? (gar hairstyle gar3 kar 122FC)

 damšelum an aromatic [as a lure to a 'damsel' in distress!] (cuneus other 1206E. Ⓢ122BA. *boner* 1221D)

…

Epic laments divide into a section called a balaĝ (harp) {*as usual these books by great Sumerologists don't include the 'elephant in the room', the bloody cuneiform, buddy! So here they are* 12046}, and a following ershemma, a lament to be accompanied by a tambourine-like drum called shem…
They were probably recited by rhapsodes (nar/lul) { 1221C} to the accompaniment of a lyre (zag-mí { 12360-1222A}).
Laments were the province of elegists (gala) { TransG— 121AA-12351}.
Laments were usually meant to be performed as antiphons {chants}.
A rubric "is the place of countering" (ki-ru-gú-kam { 121A0-12291-12118-1219A}) indicates in texts the point where the antiphon sets in.
The antiphon itself is designated by the rubric (giš-gi4-gal-bi-im {  12111-12104-120F2-12149-1214E}).
– The Harps that once... Sumerian Poetry ('87). Thorkild Jacobsen ('1904 - '1993)





The Tablet Film Storyboard → Streamer

Original film length: 162 frames (9 col. x 18 frames). The Sumerians were also the first to set 1 inch / 2.5 cm as a standard basic measurement based on the 2-finger width of the then, and now, most legendary King, Gilgamesh {but more likely the 2 fingers of that first *seismic-shifter* —and thus a premeditated 9 frames together (see more on tablet design @ 'Tablet Ctr' of *Anal*.[In]) also gives what is still the standard page width, 9" / 21 cm for comfortable viewing.}

146 frames are intact or partially damaged, 16 missing - mainly top of col. 1-4 & side of col. 1.

[...] = missing signs

⌜xx⌝ = assumed signs

ŋ = ĝ = ng (as in 'sang')

š = sh

ḫ = *throaty* h

ex. 1. transliteration: za-kiŋ$_2$ 2. translation: 4-way 3. signs: 4. unicodes: 1235D-121A5

Much of the side of col. 1 is damaged, so it's going to take a few frames to get into it. Incipit/title frames 1-3 are missing, but we are able to guess the title anyway.

Normally signs are read left to right across the line. For some frames it's not clear at the moment what the reading order is supposed to be → the order in the transliteration at ePSD2 (ex. viii 13) sometimes differs to the actual tablet frame. Perhaps it's some convention related to verbs coming last in Sumerian grammar.

In other instances it seems to be because signs are being squeezed into 2 lines. Then the scribe tends to put the last sign 'center-end' — almost like you read the cpd-signs (ie. a complete word) anticlockwise, ex. I=I iii 6 (above excerpt):

"gala an-ug$_5$-ga" (transg divine-singing-option)

normally reads

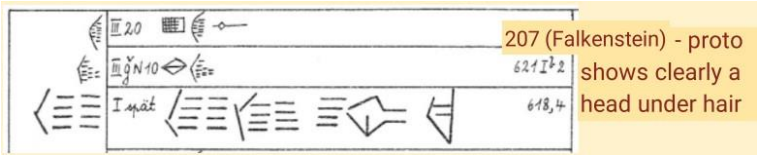
so on the tablet it goes gala in the first line,

then the remaining 3-sign-cpd is split,

so it's down to an-ug$_5$

then back up to -ga finishing 'center-end'.

..



As you do your own interpretation of the signs note that as proto cuneiform evolved some were rotated 90° anticlockwise to facilitate fitting into lines of ever longer sentences, ex. the sign for 'black' based on ^{d}Inanna's black-braided hair [M2] becomes

Also, as cuneiform writing evolved a sign might take on a plethora of additional meanings. Thankfully, for us is

quite old so the picture is gonna be pretty indicative of the author's intent, with only 1 or 2 extra meanings, to gives us a minor headache (the worse one we have to deal with is 12157) but a thousand years later (after the Gutian barbarians came down from the Zagros mountains and finished off the Sumerian civilization) to the 'Old Babylonian' *hodge-podge*, well, the ol' *Mona Lisa* has been totally desecrated. Not to mention the use of our beloved classic cuneiform in all the endless convoluted suffixes and particles → massive migraine territory.

[power]

That's why we are Mugsar snobs (see that?! cuneus + writing = *The Cuneiform* 'less is more').

CUNEUS POWER

Screw all the *Johnny-come-lately's*, borrowers and plagiarizers and padders and phonetic crowd → Asyriology → Akkad., Hitite, OB, Greek, Latin...

We can just bask solely in the light of there's enough going on this 'diamond in the rough' / 'marvel of compression' to keep us *dumu-eshdam*s (apprentice ~) busy for a

lifetime. The only padding we're gonna do is evolve it into a Netflix/Amazon streamer!

filmIntro

Film Intro

For the uninitiated, after awhile you will start to notice how big a difference it makes when you can see the 'pictures' that the has clearly carefully selected and framed — as you run those pictures thru your brain, it becomes that '1st movie', it magically comes to life, transporting you back some incomprehensible millennia in Civilization Time, cf. to just looking at a sea of 'abcd…wxyz' phonetic sludge.

..

Turn down the lights, and roll film

youtu.be/tmnIcStLH94

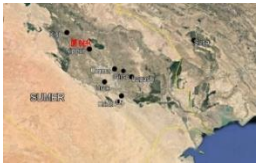
SOUNDTRACK starts — CORTEZ long epic opening guitar solo will play up to end of CREDITS — screen stays BLACK for about 30 sec.

(Cortez)

FADE-IN

EXT - CLOUDY SKY - DAY

SATELLITE → AERIAL SHOT. We can make out 'The Gulf' region of the Near East - the ominous V formed by the Euphrates & Tigris rivers' delta -



post (*gal-uru5* 'The Great Flood') [*sahara* M3] sand and wind blowing. PAN down, down, down thru the cloudy haze low visibility to the Nippur region – CREDITS ROLL

Starring

??

as Galasar / The Singer

[This should probably be an unknown, maybe a YouTube casting competition judged by views — has to have a gift for lamentation singing.]

Music composed by

Robert Smith ??

[Film theme song is 'Homesick', re our star, *Galasar*, is a gala — renowned for lamentation singing, but if Robert is a no-go just use the "Entreat" live at Wembley 7/89 version ; but open credits with opening 5 min. epic guitar solo from Neil Young's 'Cortez the Killer' live "Weld" album '1991 — and of course upbeat music too, esp. for the shows — all as a kind of anachronistic but poignant flavoring.]

Restoration Film Directed by

Martin Scorsese ??

[Founded the film-foundation.org restoration project in '1990 — so far for films going back some 120+ years — if Marty is really serious about the preservation of film history, then it all starts with the '1st film' — *The Eshdam* which goes a little ways further back.]

Keep PANNING down, getting closer to the ground. We can see something lying in the sands of Tell Abu Salabikh. Finally, FOCUS on a damaged tablet.

[abu63]

CUT-TO ('1963)

MONTAGE of an Iraq Expedition begins.

SUB-TITLE appears.

Abu Salabikh, Iraq '1963

10 miles NW of Nippur

We see that it's an archeological site — and we see Robert Biggs, Vaughn Crawford, Diane Taylor, McGuire Gibson & Selma Al-Radi finding and working on the tablet (as per note above). When their work is finally done, it's time to take pictures, we see a finger come into FRAME and inadvertently touch the Eshdam vi 7 as we ZOOM into the tablet for CLOSE-UP of

this damaged frame — they all eventually leave — we ZOOM back in on that frame and for a moment it appears to transition back in time to when it was freshly inscribed.

MONTAGE CONT.

The tablet gets packed in a box and then sits in storage for 6 decades.

CUT-TO ('2022)

MONTAGE CONT.

SUB-TITLE appears.

Mugsar 4-way Restoration Project '2022

We see that after stumbling onto *their* '1963 photo of the tablet at CDLI-UCLA it instantly hits the modern day soulmate "like a diamond bullet, right between the forehead" (Kurtz/Conrad-Brando/Coppola: *Apocalypse Now* '1898-'1976) — gotta find out what this tablet is *really* about — tries UPenn Museum ORACC-EPSD2 can only find the transliteration, and that was a fluke … and so becomes a Mugsar 4-way Restoration Project — first serious browse of tablet and bang, another bullet, there's "Whore!" and few more suggestive signs later the 'Eureka' moment:

MUGSAR-DUBSAR

It's about a gala — a TransG–
lamentation singer, in a brothel!

FADE-OUT

BLACK SCREEN we hear an old projector cranking up.

FADE-IN

Gradually and slowly old decayed nitrate blurry serpia film frames appear till we finally get to pristine restoration.

INT - Scribe School - DAY [galasarIntro]

Homesick

SUBTITLE appears.

Nippur, Sumer Millennia ago

In her own little cubicle, a beautiful black TransG– scribe, in her mid 20s, is working on what looks like that very same tablet, but freshly made from clay.

She sometimes flits into her father's *edubba* (Scribe School) in Nippur (City of Enlil 'Lord of wind / whores → brothels' en-lil2 - the same 'lil' in Lilith of "Gilgamesh's Descent into the Netherworld" 121A4).

She is proud of being a TransG– and a *gala*, who are also revered for their lamentation [that's why we need to get Robert Smith of The Cure to compose the music *a la* 'Homesick'.] singing, being mystically anointed

by ᵈInanna. Being so different from the other typical annoying male scribes, she doesn't like to be distracted. She has always been a non-conformist iconoclast, and has developed unique eclectic skills. In a kind of alchemy, in the she created a gem. The more you focus on its intricacies, the more you grasp it is like no other Sumerian manuscript. Let's bestow on her the apt name, *Galasar* (gala-sar)

CLOSE-UP - a smug smile of achievement - reviewing what she has done - faithfully committing to her tablet pictures in her brain from working part-time in the local as a singer.

She even writes herself into the story as the main character, 'The Singer' (*lul* - obviously selected because it has the double meaning of singer and *naughty*).

But right at this moment, as she ponders all this, Galasar is clearly making herself horny → she pulls her to one side and begins to (ku-bal-šu-ku4)

while continuing to readover, eventually getting off on her favorite frame.

The voyeuristic onlooker can't wait to read/experience what she's reading/experiencing.

CUT-TO

%ppp

Prologue SUB-TITLES appear.

(City of Enlil black "earth-lords-stylus" → days-distant time-long ago)

Nippur, a black Sumerian city → long, long ago

(time great "burnt-young bull black-hero")

In the time of "The Epic of Gilgamesh"

(after 'living (/muster)-sun-flood' great flood ark)

After Ziudsura's "Great Flood Ark"

CUT-TO [eshdamIntro]

INT - THE BROTHEL - NIGHT

"In those days, in those far remote times, in those nights, in those faraway nights, in those years, in those far remote years." [sub. standard Sumerian incipit for missing opening frames.]

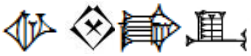
It's a balmy April night, the harvest is all done, the workers have got their wages in sacks full of (shekel / money) and we are inside a brothel.

PAN all round around the establishment.

ACT I: □1-3 Intro

[] col. 1

obverse i 4-5



[x] x ˹pad˺; [šag$_4$]-˹ga ŋal$_2$˺

food interior carry-around available

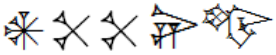
Food is freely available throughout.

food PAD 1227B

heart interior šag4 122AE + carry GA 120B5

have available ĝal2 12145

o i 6-7 – divine 'touch' on Galasar



[...] ˹an˺-kur$_2$-kur$_2$; [...] i$_3$-lul

divine v. strange [feeling] in singer

A divine strange feeling comes over a singer.

(She is a *gala* one of ^{d}Inanna's helpers, and has just been 'touched' by the goddess to be a surrogate voyeur for the audience, thus will repeatedly appear throughout the story as 'The Singer' .)

divine AN 1202D + strange kur2 1227D

in (something) i3 NI 1224C + singer LUL / NAR 1221C

.

o i 8

[...] x

..

o i 10

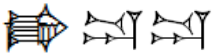
[...] te(ḪI×AŠ)

?? 1212E

cf. also penetrate TE 122FC

proto P005403 i10 above | de6 i11 below

o i 11



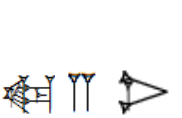
ga de_6-de_6

(things being) carried around

carry (holder) GA 120B5

carry full-cloth de6 1207A

o i 12



eme min du_3

tongue 2 perform

A blowjob performed by two…

tongue EME 12174

two MIN 1222B

perform du3 12195

o i 13

min ga-dug_4

Two carry-on mouth

…Blowjob cont. mouth close-up

two MIN 1222B / 12416

carry GA 120B5 + mouth perform dug4 12157

o i 14

ni kinda-ka

pass hairdressing perform

All while getting the hair done

come to pass NI 1224C

hairdressing KINDA 122E0-120FB + perform KA 12157

o i 15

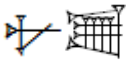
[...] x ba_4-[...]-da

ba4 group 120B7

side DA 12055

o i 16

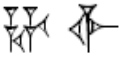
[...] ⌜nu⌝-kuš



genitals, sperm; not, no NU 12261 + flesh kuš 122E2

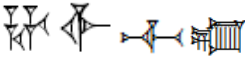
o i 17

[...] ⌜ŋa?⌝-igi



fish HA 12129 + eye IGI 12146

cf.

 ŋa-ši-ti-um cloth

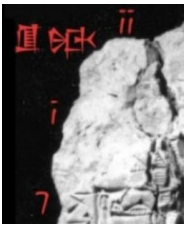
ŋa- ši-a-gum2 herb

..

{ i 18 missing }

..

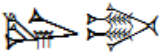
[]2



{ ii 1-4 missing }

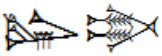
o ii 5

lu_2+lil(LAK343)



man idiot

FOCUS ON: silly looking man (and weirdly dressed)...

 fool lu2^lil 121FD-121F8 (LAK343)

man lu_2 121FD + idiot LIL 121F8

*LAK Deimel (‘22) EDIIIa-2600 Sign List:
FN » [s]Lists

l=l o ii 6

a lu_2+lil

water man idiot

Somebody pours something all over him (as we hear the music startup for the show).

water A 12000

man lu_2 121FD + idiot LIL 121F8

Falkenstein (‘36) …SignLists/ATU1: FN » [s]Lists

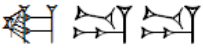
..

l=l o ii 7 – Galasar Performs

KA DU-DU A

speak perform effect

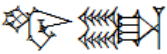
The Singer performs a lament.

 sing a lament KA DU-DU 12157 1207A

effect A 12000

l=l o ii 8

lul-le x [...]



singer pure

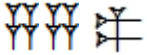
[an aside from a patron:] "*The Singer* knows how to do it."

singer LUL / NAR 1221C

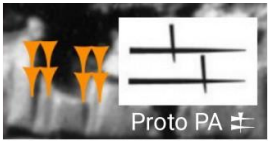
pure LE 121F7

l=l o ii 9

za-za ⌜PA?⌝



four men boss



Four workers and the boss

four man ZA 1235D

boss PA 1227A

I=I o ii 10

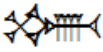
buru$_5$ muš-da a-ne di

sparrow snake fierce competition

(Entertainment:) sparrow in fiery competition with a snake?! …

[Sparrows recur in the story and have a special significance — can you figure what that is?!]

sparrow buru5 12245

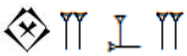
 snake MUŠ 12232 + side DA 12055

effect A 12000 + fire NE 12248

competition DI 12072

I=I o ii 11

šag$_4$ min bar min



heart two vs. two

(Fights breakout) at heart an argument between two couples.

heart content šag4 122AE

two MIN 1222B

split half BAR 12047

cf. *adamin* disputation competition between two

l=l o ii 12

lu_2 min $šag_4$ tab

males two argument doubles

Two males get involved and the argument escalates.

man lu_2 121FD

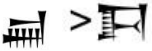
two MIN 1222B

heart content šag4 122AE

double TAB 122F0

l=l o ii 13

$aša_5$ uru_4



open field sow

Sow (wild oats) in the field

aša5 → a-šag3 → ašag uQQ {no unicode - see jpg} cf.

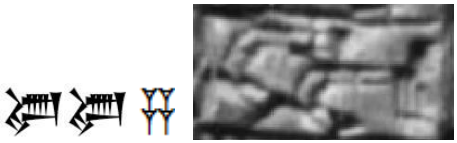
but over prefx = field

(cf. open field KID (whore suffx) 121A4

sow cultivate uru4 var. 12055

l=l o ii 14

šul šul za(LAK797)



manly youth virile

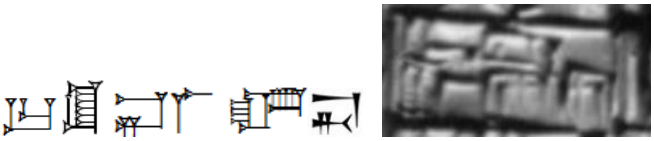
A hunk on show

manly youth šul (uQQ)

LAK797 (LAK795 var. semen/virile ??) man ZA 1235D

l=l o ii 15

ur-še$_3$ ba$_4$-la$_2$ aga-us$_2$



dog-leash group-hanging guard

A domesticated watchdog hanging around group

dog UR 12328 + rope še3 12365

group ba4 120B7 + hang LA2 121F2

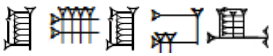
aga-us$_2$ (= UŠ) guard 12087-12351

ax crown tiara AGA 12087

phallus UŠ 12351

l=l o ii 16

zid$_2$ u$_2$-še$_3$ ba$_4$-ŋal$_2$



flour wheat make

Making bread (in kitchen)

zid2 = še3 flour 12365

plants food U2 TUM 12311

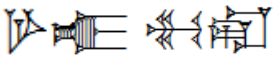
basket ba4 120B7 +

make ŋ/ĝal2 12145

jpg: ii 16-17 → → →

l=l o ii 17

ninda-⌜zu$_5$ mu-ra⌝



Food inspector menu check

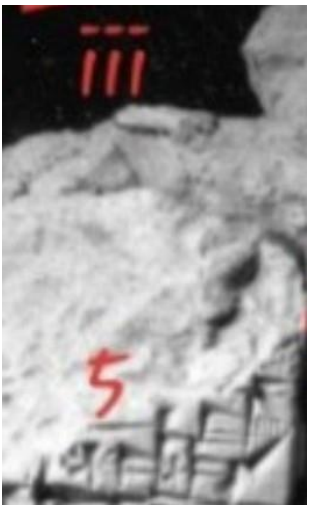
Food inspector checking menu

bread food NINDA 120FB + inspector ZU5 1236B

menu MU 1222C + check RA 1228F

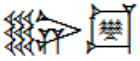
.

[]3



[o iii 1-3 missing]

o iii 4



[... x] ⌜in⌝-bul$_5$

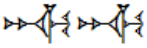
blowjob

Over there, a blowjob.

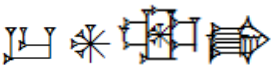
blowjob « blow bul5 121E1 { give-head; obligate someone or give someone over to do something

[Foxvog] sum 122E7 inside encircle 121B8}

coerced IN 12154

cf.  bul_3-bal 12044 blowjob sound (onomatopoeia)

l=l o iii 5



⌜ur⌝ an-ug_5(EZEN×AN)-ga

dog divine singing going-on

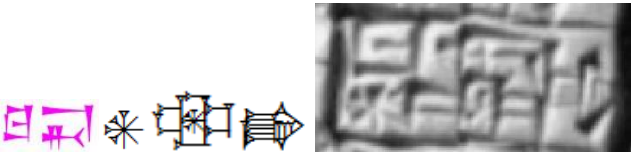
Doggy (style) while divinely singing…

UR 12328

divine AN 1202D + singing ug_5 120A5 (festive EZEN 120A1) + carry GA 120B5

cf. FN » vii[9].iii6.

I=I o iii 6 TransG— (gala)



gala an-ug$_5$(EZEN×AN)-ga

transg divine-singing-option

TransG— option, with singing

gala ku-uš (anal-phallus) 121AA-12351 TransG priest prostitute (lamentation) singer ^{d}Inanna assistant

divine (NB: gala as trad. ^{d}Inanna reps) AN 1202D +

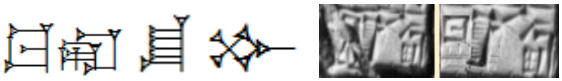
singing show ug$_5$ 120A5

option GA 120B5

more TruEtym evidence Sumerian gala TransG priests / prostitutes → gallae / gallus / galli Greek - Roman plagio - see "Dig Reveals Roman Transvestite." BBC News. 21v02: news.bbc.co.uk/2/hi/uk_news/england/1999734.stm

.iii7.

I=I o iii 7

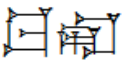


⌜dur$_2$⌝-ra šu gid$_2$

anal-vibrate fist length

Fisting!

[What can you say …first ever recorded fisting!]

 anal-vibrate dur2-ra 12089-1228F

fist šu 122D7

length gid2 1204D

gala{-wik} *show*

I=I o iii 8

lu_2-lul gal_4 DU-DU

male singer cuneus show

[Showtime:] A male singer (backed by) cuneus show/dance

man lu2 121FD

singer LUL / NAR 1221C

cuneus gal4 SAL MUG 122A9

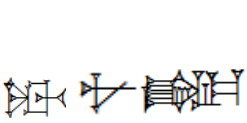
iii8.jpg122A9.

perform DU 1207A

..

l=l o iii 9

dam [nu]-il$_2$

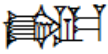


'other-cuneus' genitals-raise up

Other dancers join in.

'other-cuneus' DAM 1206E

genitals not NU 12261

 raise up il2 1214D

l=l o iii 10

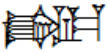
dumu nu-il$_2$

apprentice genitals-raise up

One that's clearly a newbie tries to join in…

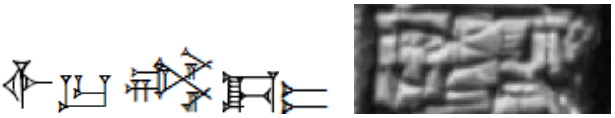
apprentice dumu 12309

genitals not NU 12261

 raise up il2 1214D

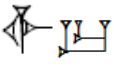
l=l o iii 11

ḫul ḫe$_2$-da-tab



bad she side double

…But she's much worse at it.

 bad ḪUL (eye-dog 12146-12328)

she ḫe2 pl. 120F6

side DA 12055

double TAB 122F0

l=l o iii 12a – CUT-TO kitchen

zid$_2$ im-ar$_3$

flour 'on clay-tray grind'

Cooks are grinding flour to make bread.

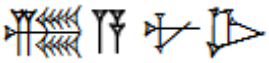
flour ZID2 12365

tablet tray IM 1214E

grind ar3 1212F

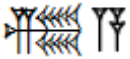
l=l o iii 12b

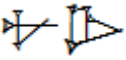
numun$_x$(ZI&ZI.A) nu-tuku



alfalfa grass poor (quality)

[One cook notes:] "...poor quality alfalfa (this season)"

 alfalfa numun$_x$(ZI&ZI.A) 12363-12000

 poor (quality) nu-tuku 12261-12307

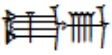
CUT-TO patrons talking about flood damage / management

l=l o iii 13

un-da nu-šid

land-subject not-accounting

[Job-talk cont.:] "...comes from bad land management"

 land Sumer UN 12326

side DA 12055

not NU 12261

count SHID 122C3

floodArk.iii14

|=| o iii 14 Great Flood Ark

saŋ uru$_5$(LAK382)

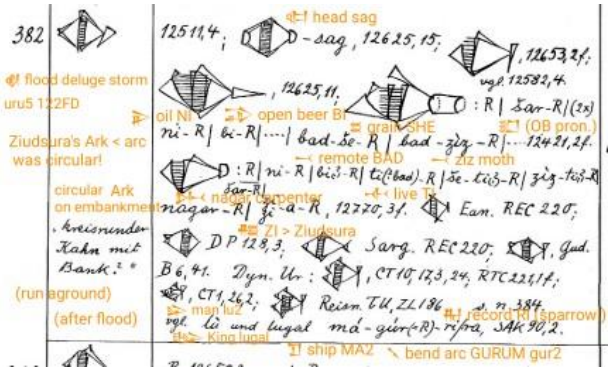
main flooding

[Job-talk cont.:] "...(from not preparing for) the main flooding (properly)"

For Sumerians, constantly dealing with flooding of Euphrates & Tigris rivers was very much part of everyday life, conversation and of course mythology (ergo Ziudsura's 'Great Flood & Ark' tablets) - there are many tablets about (gu2-gal) - flood control and irrigation systems - digging canals, dikes, embankments, labor gangs and wage accounting.

head SAG saĝ 12295

First recorded reference to an Ark (arc) run aground after great flood LAK382 uru5 122FD {cf. 122FlooD – Jungian Synchronicity}



|=| o iii 15

bar uru$_5$(LAK382)

half flooding

[Job-talk cont.:] "...(not even) half flooding…"

split half BAR 12047

Ark flood deluge storm uru5 122FD

..

|=| o iii 16 – CUT-TO Galasar in dressing room

ŋešGIGIR

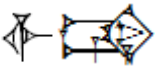
(water) wagon

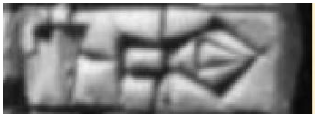
The Singer preps for next performance: starting with the bathtub on wheels.

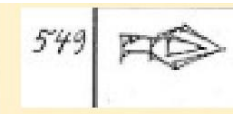
‘determinative’: wood objects ŋeš 12111 ^ (water) wagon GIGIR 121C0

|=| o iii 17

IGI-DUR(LAK549)



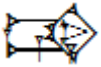




infront strip

[Singer's performance prep. cont.] In front of other staff she unabashedly strips.

eye front IGI 12146

 strip DUR 12119

l=l o iii 18

lul-⌜le umbin⌝ tukur$_2$

singer bathe manicure hair care

[Singer's performance prep. cont.] The Singer getting bath, manicure and hair done.

singer LUL / NAR 1221C

bathe LE 121F7

manicure UMBIN 12322

hair care tukur2 12181

.

ACT II: []4 - 6 The Climax

[]4

o iv (2 lines missing)

CUT-TO one of the rooms

o iv 3

[...]-⌜LUM⌝

erection

CLOSE-UP of boner...

full grown erection
LUM 1221D

proto
heart
šag$_4$
122AE

l=l o iv 4

šag$_4$-⌜ŋar⌝ nu-si

yearning to lay down no penetration

...not in yet, but the patron can't wait to get things going.

yearning to lay down heart šag$_4$ (ša$_3$ sha3)

122AE + lay down ŋar 120FB

no penetration nu no 12261 + si horn 122DB

.whoreAct.iv5.

o iv 5 – CUT-TO Whore in Action

geme$_2$ kar-kid$_3$

slave prostitute

Whore in action.

slave cpd cuneus-mountains geme2 122A9-121B3

KAR (penetrate TE 122FC + semen A 12000) +

do (the deed) KID3 1201D = prostitute

🤔 cf. kar-kid var.:
karkid whore prostitute ePSD2 Att. incl.:
[3] kar-kid3 3 @ EDIIIa (& 3 @ EDIIIb)
[5] geme2^kar-kid 9 @ EDIIIa
.
[2] kar-kid 2 @ EDIIIb
[8] kar-kidx (SAL.UŠ)^kar.kid3 1 @ EDIIIb
.
[1] kar-kid3^kid 57 @ UrIII
cf. Nippur City of Enlil - 'Lord of wind / whores → brothels' en-lil2 - the same 'lil' in Lilith of "Gilgamesh's Descent into the Netherworld" 121A4

l=l o iv 6

u$_2$ šu ur$_3$-ur$_3$

herb hand erection-n-n

Getting a handjob with a special herb gel…

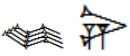
herb (gel) U2 12311

hand SHU 122D7

erection UR3 120E1

|=| o iv 7

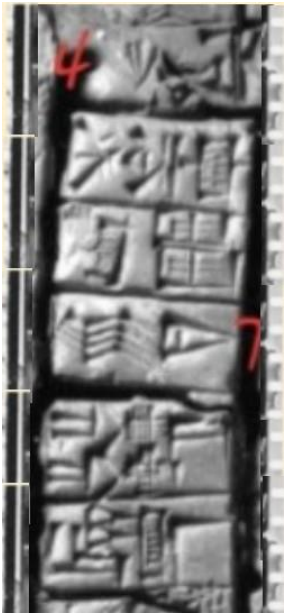
LUM zal



…makes his phallus totally erect and quivering.

full grown LUM 1221D

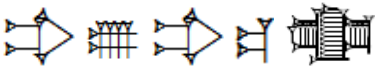
quake quiver ZAL 1224C



CUT-TO - kitchen - bull delivery

|=| o iv 8

gud u_2 gud ŋeš kešda



bull plants wood strap-on

We hear commotion coming from the kitchen because of a delivery by a bull loaded with plants and (fire) wood.

bull GUD 1211E

plants food U2 12311

wood ŋeš 12111

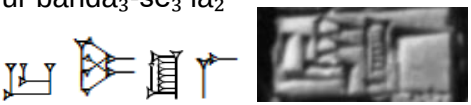
strap-on kešda 1219F

..

CUT-TO - an awkward novice (in another room)

l=l o iv 9

ur banda$_3$-še$_3$ la$_2$



doggy novice-loincloth hanging

(In one of the rooms) an awkward novice patron with his loincloth still hanging is trying to doggy-style…

dog UR 12328

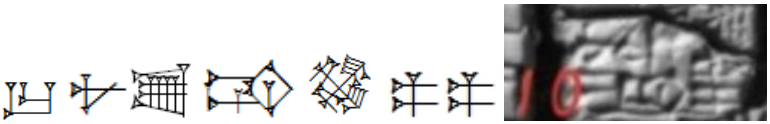
jr. novice banda3 12309

loincloth še3 12365

hang LA2 121F2

l=l o iv 10

ˈurˈ nu-kuš gu$_2$ gig$_3$ sig$_3$-sig$_3$



doggy not in deep charge entwined pumping

…Entwined together doggy-style not even in …but will still end up getting charged for the session, so is going for it anyway.

dog UR 12328

cost rent GU2 12118

not NU 12261

flesh submerge leather kuš SU 122E2

entwined gig3 12103

hit SIG3 1227A

l=l o iv 11

munus ⌜lul⌝ gu_2 gid_2

female singer charge extension

We hear another straight patron yell out: "Give me extra time with the *female* singer!"

female munus 122A9

singer LUL 1221C

charge cost GU2 12118

length gid2 1204D

Back to the doggy session

l=l o iv 12

ni_2 zur-da

fear group

The hooker (her face is obscured from view – we can just see her amazing ass {FN » v[9]}) is concerned about a hovering group threat — we hear her yell at them to go away — but a jealousy fight is looming...

fear NI_2 1224E

team group ZUR 1202B + side DA 12055

l=l o iv 13

šu gab_2

hand worker

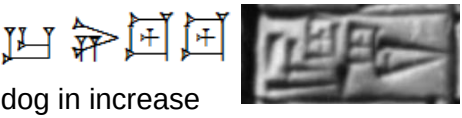
…the field worker doing the deed puts up his✋in defiance at the threatening group.

hand SHU 122D7

worker gab2 KAB 1218F

l=l o iv 14

ur i_3-lu-lu [.wowww.iv14.]



dog in increase

The doggy thrusting gets faster…

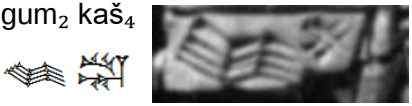
dog UR 12328

in (something) i3 NI 1224C

abundant heap up LU 121FB

l=l o iv 15

gum_2 $kaš_4$



lame runner

The run is faltering.

lame gum2 1221D

runner kaš4 1207D

All the commotion caused this section → to sink

l=l o iv 16

be_5-be_5 $ša_4$

heavy anal moan

The heavy anal causes moaning.

anal be5 = bed3 121AA

moan ša4 1207A

I=I o iv 17

KU KU KU saŋ

anal anal anal top quality

So much top anal.[iv17]

anal ku 121AA

top quality saŋ 12295

I=I o iv 18

KA.ḪI mu-KU

perform-good monumental-anal

"That really was fantastic anal!"[jpg]

perform KA 12157

good ḪI {TruEtym Cowboy yell “Hiii-Haiii !!!} 1212D

monumental MU 1222C

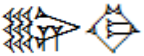
anal KU 121AA

😩

[]5 – a fight breaks out

o v 1

in-DI



abuse fight

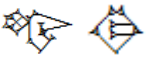
A fight breaks out. Jealousy over who got the anal.

abuse IN 12154

fight DI 12072

|=| o v 2

lul di



singer fight

The Singer gets involved in the fight.

singer LUL 1221C

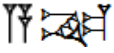
fight DI 12072

|=| o v 3

a-ne-ra-gig

water fire thresh necklace

What was that? Galasar's necklace goes flying by (she's been hit by something).

 what a-ne (water A 12000 + fire NE 12248)

The earliest att. of ‘what’ in history!

thresh RA 1228F

necklace GIG 1222A-1226D

|=| o v 4

lipiš iri gul

anger town wreck

This eruption is gonna wreck the whole establishment.

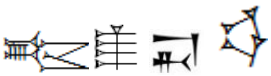
anger lipiš 1201A

city iri 12337

destroy GUL 12122

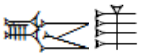
|=| o v 5

ḫaš$_x$(IB$_2$.AŠ$_2$) ŋeš$_3$ bir$_2$



crotch phallus flaccid

A bystander notes: "All this commotion one loses one's erection…"

 crotch ḫaš$_x$(IB$_2$.AŠ$_2$) 12308-1203E

phallus ŋeš3 12351

shrivel contracting flaccid phallus bir2 12313

|=| o v 6

ŋeš$_3$ bir$_2$ ka

phallus shriveled perform

"...How can you perform with a shriveled phallus?!"

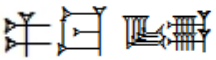
phallus ŋeš3 12351

shrivel contracting flaccid phallus bir2 12313

perform KA 12157

|=| o v 7

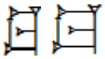
PA-DUR$_2$ sag$_9$



boss- good

The brothel manager is good (stays out of harm's way).

boss PA 1227A + butt (alt. *wider*) DUR2 12089 cf.

KU  = Boss of / brothel

[Ed. o v 7: getting the impression the whole estab. is a brothel !!!]

good sag9 122B7

|=| o v 8

nam zi me nu-gul

fate right office not destroyed

By rights as fate would have it her office was not destroyed.

fate NAM 12246

right ZI 12363

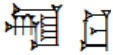
office ME 12228

not NU 12261 + destroy GUL 12122

tabCtr.v9

l=l o v 9: Tablet Ctr – The Big Reveal

šika tuš



debris ass

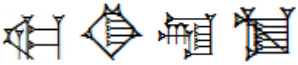
Someone is bent-over, covered in debris.
we recognize that ass from a little while ago {iv[12to18]} …'The Big Reveal' – that's definitely Galasar's ass in all the rumble. Now we really know about Galasar. She ain't just working here as a singer.

debris šika ?? 121B7 = LA bent-over show (ass)

ass reside tuš ?? KU 121AA

l=l o v 10

saŋ ⌜ki⌝ šika dar



head place debris break

Another one had a pot broken over their head.

person head saĝ 12295

place KI 121A0

debris šika 121B7 = LA mount bend-over show (ass)

break split dar 1206F

|=| o v 11

saŋ-še$_3$ na$_2$ niŋ$_2$ taka$_x$(LAK492)

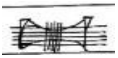
head-bandage lie down thing hold back (bleeding)

Someone is lying down with a head bandage as a compress to stem the bleeding.

head saĝ 12295 + bandage še$_3$ 12365

lie down na2 1223F

thing niŋ$_2$ 120FB

 takax(LAK492) var. hold back abandon TAK4 122FA

|=| o v 12

gaba-ta sig$_3$

tits-full grope

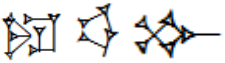
Tits get groped.

tits GABA 120EE + as much as (you can) TA 122EB

grope SIG3 1227A

|=| o v 13

sikil ud gid_2



pure day long

Someone exclaims: "She's as pure as the day is long…

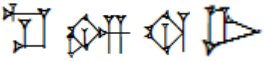
pure EL sikil 12096 [*cuneus + horny 122DB* *= pure!* cf. play on subtle var. to next frame]

day UD 12313

long gid2 1204D

|=| o v 14

ma_2 ni_2 te tuku



cargo aura penetrate powerful

… except that she likes to have her goods rammed."

boat cargo MA2 12223 [cf. play on subtle var. to prev. frame]

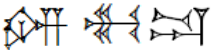
aura NI_2 1224E

penetrate TE 122FC

able-bodied powerful tuku 12307

l=l o v 15

ni_2 mu-DU



self phallus-perform

…(that summation compels an onlooker to) rearrange their junk.

self NI_2 1224E

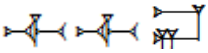
phallus mu 1222C + perform DU 1207A

..

CUT-TO - Back in the kitchen

l=l o v 16

ti-ti GA_2



sitting group

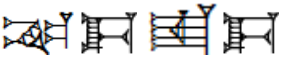
Sitting in a group…

live sit TI 122FE

group GA2 120B7

l=l o v 17

izi-da saḫar-da



stove-side sand (sack)-side

Some next to stove, some (sitting) on sacks of sand

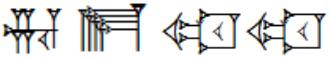
brazier (portable stove) lamentation izi 12248 + □ side DA 12055

sand (sacks - used for flood control) SAHAR [TruEtym Sahara (desert)]

12156 + side DA 12055

l=l o v 18

$buru_5$ e_2 gul-gul



sparrow nest destroying

Sparrows nest in The Eshdam - some drunk is destroying one.

sparrow buru5 12245

nest e2 1208D

destroy GUL 12122

[]6

o vi 1

saŋ nar

head singer

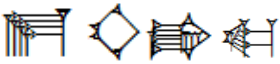
A closeup of our proudly the head singer of the show.

head saĝ 12295

singer lul/nar 1221C

I=I o vi 2

e_2 dug_3-ga KA



room satisfy carry-on mouth

Banquet delectables.

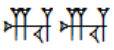
(banquet) room e2 1208D

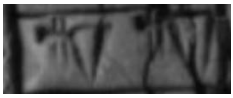
satisfy sweet DUG3 1212D + carry GA 120B5

mouth 12157

l=l o vi 3

ri ri





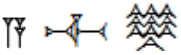
lay down

A patron relaxing on a sofa - taking in everything.

lay down RI 12291

l=l o vi 4

a ti SUM



drinks sit give

Drink service at the tables.

drinks A 12000

sit TI 122FE

give sum / šum2 122E7

l=l o vi 5

⌜sig₂⌝ gab₂-tuku₅

pubes weaver

One of the hookers getting her pubes done…

pubes SIG2 122E0

worker prefix gab2 1218F

weave tuku5 122F3

I=I o vi 6

sa gig_3-gig_3

(like) braided really entwined (together)

CLOSE-UP …(her pubes are literally braided by a professional pube-weaver!)

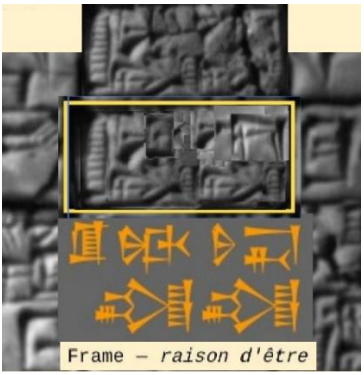
braided SA 12293

entwined gig3 12103

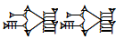
CUT-TO

That hooker at 'work' in grand style, showcasing The Eshdam

|=| o vi 7: The Eshdam Brothel Frame—raison d'être



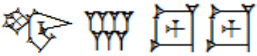
eš$_2$-dam SAL.UŠ dub$_2$-dub$_2$ [vi7]

12365-1206E	122A9-12351	12080
		
eš$_2$-dam	SAL.UŠ	dub$_2$-dub$_2$
brothel g-string / loincloth EŠ2 12365 'cuneus-other' DAM 1206E	cuneus-phallus cuneus SAL 122A9 phallus UŠ 12351	thrusting ⇄ thrusting quiver thrusting DUB2 12080*

*cf. 12081 DUG pots (phallic / nearby pots are vibrating off stand, smashing on floor) powerful (erection / ejac.) NIR 1226A. See also Etymology

|=| o vi 8

lul imin lu-lu



singers many abundant

Lots of singers in a big show.

singer LUL / NAR 1221C

IMIN seven many 12153

abundant LU 121FB

l=l o vi 9

buru$_5$-az

sparrow-bear

One of the resident sparrows fearlessly attacks a patron like a bear.

sparrow buru5 12245 + bear AZ 1228D

l=l o vi 10

še kid-⌜da⌝ šid-šid

money whore hire counting

Some girls being hired out…

money barter (barley) she(kel) 122BA

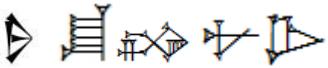
open KID 121A4 (cf. whore kar-kid)

writing-board DA 12055

account SHID 122C3

l=l o vi 11

munus tibir$_x$(ŠU.TAG) nu-tuku

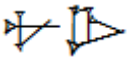


cuneus fist unavailable

…but there's a rule - they won't do fisting.

cuneus MUG 122A9

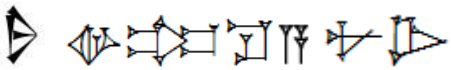
hand SHU 122D7 + hand fist TAG 122F3 = TIBIRx

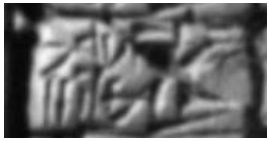


unavailable not have without nu-tuku 12261-12307

l=l o vi 12

munus addir(PAD.GISAL.SI.A) nu-tuku

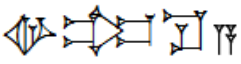




cuneus hire unavailable

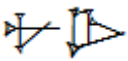
Quickly, all the girls are taken by a client.

cuneus MUG 122A9



hire wage fee addir (PAD.GISAL.SI.A)

[ration1227B. steering 12110. fill 122DB. effect 12000]

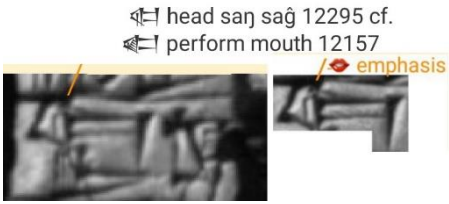


unavailable 'have-not' poor 12261-12307

FOCUS ON some of the lucky clients who scored the last girls.

l=l o vi 13

KA ur$_4$ dar



perform harvest break

A harvester is one of those lucky ones…

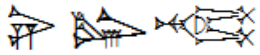
perform mouth KA 12157

harvest UR4 12334

break split DAR 1206F

|=| o vi 14

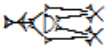
NI lu_2-kam_4



end canal digger

…And also the foreman of canal diggers.

end NI 1224C

man lu_2 121FD +  canal, irrigation KAM4 1219B = canal digger

|=| o vi 15

ni_2-zu_5 BALAG(LAK41)-ra

self inspect drum bang

Musician testing the drums.

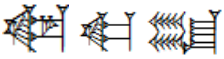
self NI_2 1224E + inspect ZU5 1236B

BALAG (LAK41) cf. drum BALAG 12046

bang RA 1228F

l=l o vi 16

gu_7 ka ku_4



eat mouth gobble up

FOCUS ON: Gobbling up food.

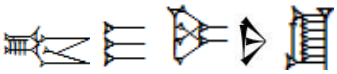
eat gu7 12165

mouth KA 12157

gobble up brought-in KU4 121AD

l=l o vi 17

IB_2.EŠ dumu-munus gir_{15} ($EŠ_2$)



hips 3 young females local

FOCUS ON: Three prancing young local girls have just arrived to make up the shortage…

hips crotch anger ib2 12308

three EŠ 1203C cf. 30 moon 1230D

young lady dumu-munus 12309-122A9

local gir15 120A0

l=l o vi 18

ba-dag-ga

allotted room carry

…but they're soon whisked off to allotted rooms too.

allotted BA 12040 + room roam DAG 12056 + carry GA 120B5

..

ACT III: []7 - 9 *Denouement*

[]7

o vii 1

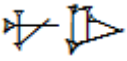
KA-ᶠḪAᵀ kišib nu-tuku

perform fish tablet unavailable

[Entertainment announcement:] "The fish story rendition canceled."

word speak order perform KA 12157 + fish Ḫa 12129

seal tablet kišib 1207E

 unavailable not have nu-tuku 12261-12307

|=| o vii 2

geme$_2$ ga lu$_2$

slave girl carry man

FOCUS ON: Client with one of the girls.

slave girl geme2 122A9-121B3

carry GA 120B5

man lu$_2$ 121FD

I=I o vii 3

gud lul e_2 nu-⌜du_3⌝

bull singer barn not perform

[Entertainment announcement:] "One of the (backing) singers corralled off with a bull performance canceled."

bull GUD 1211E

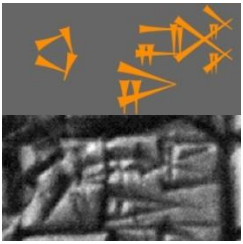
singer lul/nar 1221C

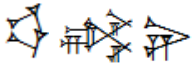
room e2 1208D

not NU 12261 + perform build peg du3 12195

I=I o vii 4

ud ḫe$_2$-zal





time be end

The time is up (for this client)...

day sun UD u4 12313

be (it / he / she) ḫe2 pl. 120F6 + come to an end get up early disintegrate quake stone ZAL 1224C

I=I o vii 5

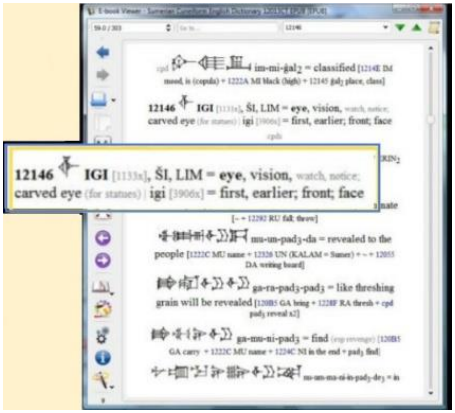
e_2 ga-du_3

room carry-on perform

…In one of the private rooms…

room e2 1208D

carry GA 120B5 + perform du3 12195



l=l o vii 6

igi KI×U

view cosmic butt-hole

…CLOSE-UP Ready to start on his butt-hole.

view IGI 12146

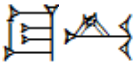
cosmic place KI 121A0 x proto U (butt)hole ten 1230B

vii 6-7

CUT TO Dressing Room - costume change - preparing for next show.

|=| o vii 7

TUG_2-šeš



garment assistant

Costume assistant (helping with change)...

garment TUG2 12306

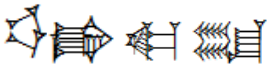
jr. worker assistant šeš 122C0

..

CUT TO - Stage

|=| o vii 8

UD-ga ka ku_4(LAK094)

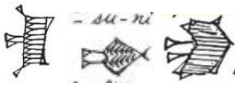


day carry-on perform insert

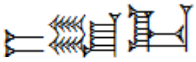
Entertainment announcement: "Today's performance will involve applying…

day sun UD u4 12313 + carry GA 120B5

perform KA 12157

enter insert right KU4 121AD 
LAK094*

*tr. Deimel Germ. →

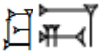
"tab (double)-right-left"  =
repeating R-L/L-R

|=| o vii 9 TransG—>

gala ki-ni-ra

TransG—> cosmic place lube-up

...a rubbing oil in a *cosmic* place...

 gala ku-uš (anal-phallus) 121AA-12351

priest whore singer

cosmic place KI 121A0

lube NI 1224C

vibrate rub RA 1228F

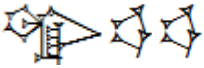
|=| o vii 10

šag$_4$ ŋiri$_3$-bar$_6$-bar$_6$

content dawn

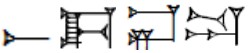
...it's like dawn in there."

interior šag4 ša3 122AE

 dawn ŋiri3-bar6-bar6 / babbar2 1210A-12313

|=| o vii 11

dili-da ba$_4$-du



various parts baskets come

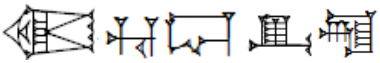
Various baskets are brought in (for this show)...

 single alone various dili 12038 + side DA 12055

basket ba4 120B7 + foot go come DU 1207A

l=l o vii 12

nu_2^mušen -gin_7 ŋal_2-la



...(in one basket) a kind of bird is pulled out to show everyone.

lie down nu2 1223F ^(deter.) bird mušen 12137 + like this creation gin7 12076 [cf. sparrow buru5 12291]

have available gal2 12145 + bend over show LA 121B7

^ denotes superscript determinative for types of birds

l=l o vii 13

˹kaš˺ naŋ-naŋ

beer drinking

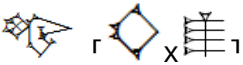
FOCUS ON: Lots of beer-drinking...

beer/malt KAŠ 12049

drink naŋ naĝ 12158

l=l o vii 14

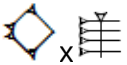
lul ˹Ḫl×A$Š_2$˺



liar good/curse

…Lots of bragging and cursing.

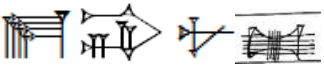
naughty false liar LUL 1221C



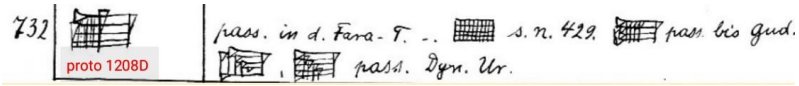
good sweet ḪI 1212D x curse AŠ2 1203E

l=l o vii 15

e_2-kaš nu-taka$_x$(LAK492)



In the bar area there's no holding back on beer (guzzling).

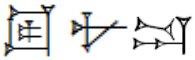


room e2 1208D + beer KAŠ 12049

not NU 12261 + takax(LAK492) var. hold back TAK4 122FA

l=l o vii 16

dib nu-DU



sheep not going

(Like a flock of sheep) nobody's going anywhere…

grasp board sheep DIB 12073

not NU 12261 + foot go come DU 1207A

l=l o vii 17

en_3 tar lul

One of them is yelling out: "We want 'Galasar'!, "We want 'Galasar'!".

ask EN3 121F7

affirm TAR 122FB

singer lul/nar 1221C

..

Instead of getting Galasar (The Singer) they're getting a yarn.

l=l o vii 18

DUR_2 še ⌜kišib⌝

sit grain story

Entertainment announcement: "It's time to sit on your butts for the "All the Starving People" yarn...

butt sit DUR2 12089

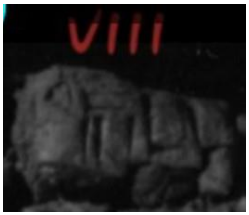
grain barley SHE 122BA

tablet kišib 1207E

..

[]8

o viii 1



KA ˹a˺ a ur

order water water dog

…First of all, someone give that dog plenty of water (can't you see he's thirsty?!)

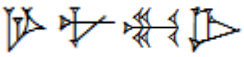
order KA 12157

water A 12000

dog UR 12328

l=l o viii 2

ninda nu-mu-tuku



food various unavailable

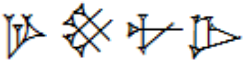
So… once upon a time, there was no food of any kind…

bread food NINDA 120FB

not NU 12261 + name mu 1222C + available tuku 12307

l=l o viii 3

ninda kaskal nu-tuku

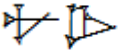


food caravan unavailable

…food couldn't be brought in, either…

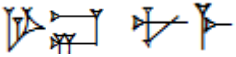
bread food NINDA 120FB

way road journey caravan KASKAL 1219C

 unavailable not have 12261-12307

l=l o viii 4

ninda-ba$_4$ nu-me



food baskets no rite

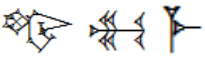
…no baskets of food from some divine rite…

bread food NINDA 120FB + basket ba4 120B7

not NU 12261 + divine decrees rites 'Arts' ME 12228

l=l o viii 5

lul mu me



singer name rites

…But what was granted (to cheer the people up) was a singer by the name of…

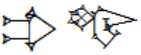
singer lul/nar 1221C

name mu 1222C

divine decrees rites 'Arts' ME 12228

|=| o viii 6

gud lul



bull singer

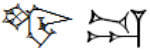
…The legendary 'Bull Singer'! …

bull GUD 1211E

singer LUL 1221C

|=| o viii 7

lul DU



singer come

…FOCUS ON: In comes the singer [who duly gives a fine performance.]

singer LUL 1221C

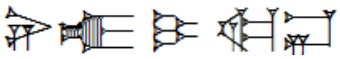
come DU 1207A

..

Back to our story.

|=| o viii 8

ᶠni¹-zu₅ I saŋ-ŋa₂



disaster inspect pain head group

[Back to our story:] So the head of the group took stock of the pain and misery.

disintegrate quake NI 1224C +

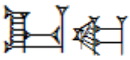
inspect doctor ZU5 1236B

'I' pain (vowel / IA 5) 1213F

head saĝ 12295 + group ŋa$_2$ 120B7

|=| o viii 9

gab$_2$-dug$_4$



workers speak

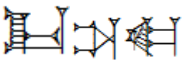
The workers spoke out.

worker gab2 1218F

speak dug4 12157

|=| o viii 10

gab$_2$-ta-dug$_4$



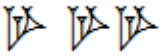
workers from speak

The workers wanted something done.

left prefix worker gab2 KAB 1218F + much, from TA 122EB + speak KA dug4 12157

|=| o viii 11

niŋ$_2$ ŋar-ŋar



something put in place

Something has to be put in place…

something thing ning niĝ$_2$ 120FB

establish in place of something ĝar 120FB

l=l o viii 12

niŋ$_2$-še$_3$ ŋar

something G-string put in place

…And that something put in place of the misery … is a G-string!!!

something thing - *ning* niĝ$_2$ 120FB + G-string še3 12365

establish give in place of something ŋar 120FB

l=l o viii 13

pu$_2$-še$_3$ ŋar [cf.: ŋar-še$_3$ pu$_2$*]

pond G-string in place of

[The curtain is promptly drawn back:] and out of the fishpond jumps a girl in a G-string.

[cf. : x proto U ten (butt)hole 1230B] pond well PU2 121E5 + G-string še3 12365

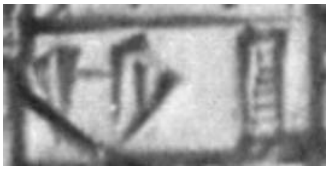
establish give in place of something ŋar 120FB

*viii 13-15 actual tablet frame - sign order may differ from ePSD2 transliteration, supposedly from Robert Biggs

|=| o viii 14

igi-$še_3$ ŋar [cf.: igi-ŋar $še_3$]

front G-string established



Out in front of everyone was the G-string girl [who duly gives a fine performance.]

eye front IGI 12146

G-string še3 12365

establish give in place of something ŋar 120FB

|=| o viii 15

$šag_4$ tar [=]

show affirm

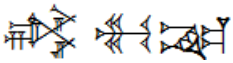
The performance was wildly approved.

show šag4 122AE

affirm TAR 122FB

|=| o viii 16

ḫe$_2$-mu-NE



she name fire

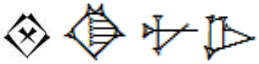
She certainly made a name for herself with that hot performance.

she birth ḫe2 pl. 120F6 + name mu 1222C +

fire NE 12248

l=l o viii 17

$šag_4$ ki nu-tuku

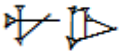


show stage no-go

The audience screams for an encore, but that's it until the next show.

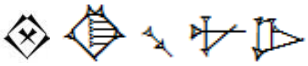
show šag4 ša3 122AE

stage KI 121A0

 no-go nu-tuku 12261-12307

l=l o viii 18

$šag_4$ ki gurum nu-tuku



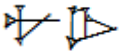
show stage bend no-go

The audience pleads for more, but there's no bending.

show šag4 ša3 122AE

stage KI 121A0

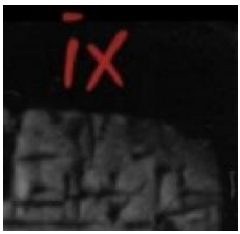
bend GURUM 120F5

 no-go 12261-12307

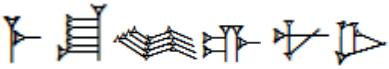
..

[]9

o ix 1



˹me šu?˺-lum-mar nu-tuku



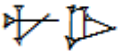
custom hand fruit wagon unavailable

There's not the usual custom of handouts from the fruit wagon today…

customs arts AM 12228

hand SHU 122D7 + full grown fruit LUM 1221D +

wagon MAR 12225

 unavailable not have nu-tuku 12261-12307

|=| o ix 2

aš $šag_4$-ga

various contents carry

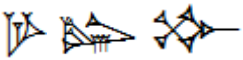
…but various other items (in wagon) are going around.

 various dili one aš 12038

contents šag4 122AE + carry GA 120B5

l=l o ix 3

ninda lu_2 BU



food man tall

The cook is tall.

food NINDA 120FB

man, lu_2 121FD

length BU 1204D

l=l o ix 4

ninda lu_2 uru_5

vegetables man rinse

The vegetable washer…

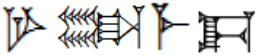
food NINDA 120FB

man, lu_2 121FD

rinse uru5 122FD

l=l o ix 5

ninda ⌜LI⌝-me-da



vegetable washing technique

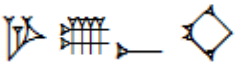
…proudly displays his vegetable washing technique.

food NINDA 120FB

wash LI 121F7 + custom arts ME AM 12228 + side DA 12055

l=l o ix 6

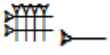
niŋ$_2$ u$_2$-rum dug$_3$



thing property good

The choice of food is quite good.

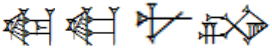
thing something in place of niĝ$_2$ 120FB

 property u2-rum 12311-12038

satisfy good repay DUG3 1212D

l=l o ix 7

eme inim nu-tag



tongue word not held (back).

Not holding anything back in that argument.

tongue EME 12174

word INIM 12157

not NU 12261

touch hold TAG 122F3

l=l o ix 8

inim dug_4-dug_4

word talking

Lots of chatter…

word INIM 12157

speak order negotiate dug4 12157

l=l o ix 9

eme dag-dag

tongue roam around

… but 'beating around the bush' (not getting to the point).

tongue EME 12174

roam around dwelling DAG 12056

l=l o ix 10

$erin_2$ di kud

patrons rules decide

There are rules on who can enter…

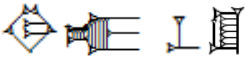
patrons: workers conscripts soldiers erin2 1209F

regulations DI 12072

break-off cut decide kud 122FB

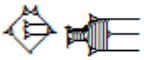
l=l o ix 11

di-zu$_5$ bar-še$_3$



inspector strangers

…so there's a doorman (bouncer).

 inspector di-zu5 12072-1236B

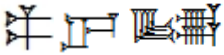
outside stranger fleece bar-še$_3$ 12047-12365

..

One of the strangers standing in line outside notices the view of the surrounding countryside.

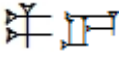
l=l o ix 12

ḫursaŋ sag$_9$



mountains beautiful.

Look at the beautiful mountains over there!

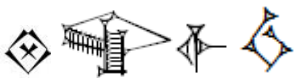
 mountains ḫursaŋ 1227A-12085

beautiful sag9 122B7

The gala dancers and entertainers who toured the Sumer villages came from the eastern mountains. Thorkild Jacobsen in Sumerian glimpses of everyday life ('59). Edmund I. Gordon, Ed. {pupil and colleague of Sam Kramer}

l=l o ix 13

šag$_4$ PIRIG+IGI+SIG



content animal

... and that strange animal.

show šag4 ša3 122AE

1228A var. PIRIG+IGI+SIG type of animal

[+12146 igi eye +122DD sig low]

..

Another show is underway inside.

l=l o ix 14

lul-lul DUN$_3$ bar

singers covered

The singers are half covered...

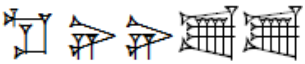
singers LUL 1221C

cover DUN3 12085

half BAR 12047

l=l o ix 15

ma$_2$ i$_3$-ni-su-su



tub in oil submerged

...(The singers) are submerged in a tub of oil.

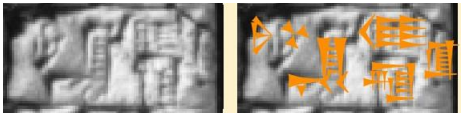
cargo MA2 12223

in (something) i3 NI 1224C

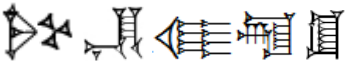
oil NI 1224C

flesh submerged SU 122E2

l=l o ix 16



geme$_2$ en mi-la-še$_3$



slave lord black mount G-string

To top the evening off, a slave mounts the black Mayor (of Nippur).

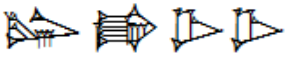
slave geme2 122A9-121B3

lord EN 12097

black MI 1222A + mount show LA 121B7 + G-string še3 12365

l=l o ix 17

lu$_2$ ga tuku-˹tuku?˺



males carry-on very available

FOCUS ON: Lots of unattached guys looking for a good time.

man lu_2 121FD

carry-on GA 120B5

available tuku 12307

..

We hear someone inadvertently sum up The Eshdam:

o ix 18a

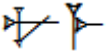
ka [ix18]

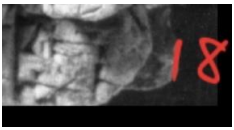
perform

"Just do it…

perform KA 12157

o ix 18b





Wow! last frame ix 18 bottom right corner of tablet, bound to get chipped, but just enough survived to aptly punchline our film, you can barely make them out 18a then underneath 18b

nu-me

no decorum

It's any-which-way in The Eshdam …is OK…OK by *me*

no *nu* 12261

decorum *me* 12228

1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9

THE END

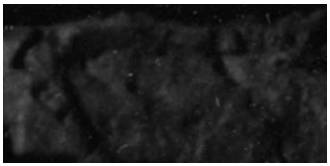
%rrrr [Obv. FN » 3'z's]

[] Reverse: single col. – Colophon / Credits

r i 1

[...] du$_3$ x ˹lul˺ [x]

perform singer



Special thanks for the performance of The Singer [*moi* / Galasar]

perform du3 12195

singer LUL 1221C

|=| r i 2

ur nu ⌜nam gidim⌝

dog no fate haunted

Any *dogs* who tempt fate will be haunted (forever)💀

[Note: often colophon will incl. a curse on anyone who does anything bad with the tablet, ex. damage, theft, plagiarism, suppression... Now adopted by Mugsar 😉]

dog UR 12328

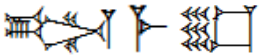
no NU 12261

fate NAM 12246

haunt GIDIM 12107

|=| r i 3

il me sar



high art writing

Oh, and special thanks for the high art writing by the dubsar [*moi* / Galasar]

high IL 1214B

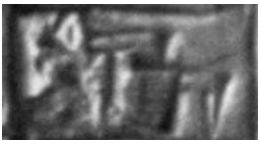
'The Arts' ME AM 12228

write SAR 122AC

|=| r i 4

KA ki da

details place side



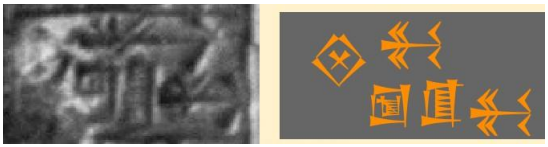
Cataloging details on side of tablet

word speak order perform KA 12157

place KI 121A0

side DA 12055

|=| r i 5



ˈšag$_4$ˀ-ŋu$_{10}$ LAGAB×X-ŠE$_3$-mu

content-my gather text

Thanks to the researcher for special content [*moi* / Galasar]

content šag4 122AE

my / honorific suffix ŋu10 1222C

gather string/line (of text) 121C2.12365 - LAGAB×X-ŠE$_3$

lines of text MU 1222C

l=l r i 6

[162 mu] saŋ ga-šid

[162]

162 frames obverse account

Recorded 162 frames on the obverse

frames mu 1222C

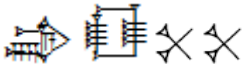
top saĝ 12295

carry holds GA 120B5 +

account šid 122C3

l=l r i 7

dug titab$_2$



pots beer provisions

Thanks to the caterers.

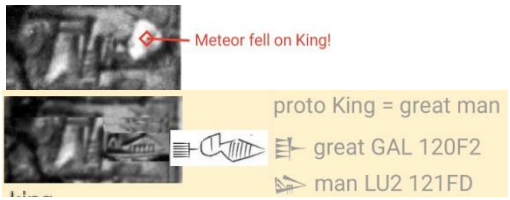
pot cap. unit DUG 12081

beer provisions titab2 12216-1227D

l=l r i 8

[a]-⌜da⌝ lugal

complaints to king



Any complaints direct to the King.

complaints A-DA 12000-12055

king LUGAL 12217

|=| r i 9

ka 6(LAK134) mu-ni

order 6th year

6th year (of current King's reign)

word speak order perform KA 12157

6(LAK134) aš3 12440

year MU 1222C

possessive marker NI 1224C

r i 10

umbisaŋ an nisaba-ka

registered ^{d}Nisaba orders

Registered on ^{d}Nisaba's order

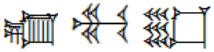
registered umbisaŋ 122C3

^{d}Nisaba patron goddess of Scribal Art 12240

order KA 12157

r i 11

dub mu-sar



tablet inscribe

Faithfully, Tablet Author,

tablet DUB 1207E

inscribe MU-SAR 1222C-122AC

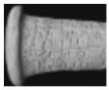
SIGNATURE

Galasar

Nippur

Sumer

7400CT



..

"Thank you for cumming and good night!"

APPENDIX

Prologue SUB-TITLES 4-way:

en-lil2 mi ki-en-gi → ud-ul-gid2-gid2 [Sumerian: Kiengi - Akkad. Šumer]

12097-121A4 121A0-12097-12100 →12313-1230C-1204D

lord-whore (City of Enlil) black "earth-lords-stylus" → days-distant time-long ago

Nippur, a black Sumerian city → long, long ago

ud-gal bil2-ga-meš3 [Sumerian: Bilgamesh - Akkad. Gilgamesh)

12313-120F2 1224B-120B5-12229

time great "burnt-young bull black-hero" [Gilgamesh is black!]

In the time of "The Epic of Gilgamesh"

egir zi-ud-su3-ra2 gal uru5-ma2

after 'living /muster-sun-distant/removed-multiply/flood' great flood ark

12095 12363-12313-uQQ[1204D]-1207A 120F2 122FD-12223

After Ziudsura's "Great Flood Ark"

..

END CREDITS & SOUNDTRACK

On the soundtrack somewhere we've gotta have our *Chant* — a modified version of Seven Nation Army - The White Stripes - Jack White, Meg White [aptly live at Hackney (Stratford London) where Edward de Vere wrote 'Shake-speares Sonnets'] maybe an up and coming band or solo singer could upload the definitive version — #eshdam7NA

The Eshdam7NA Song

The theme is, "Why aren't Sumerian achievements part of *edu*cation (the TruEtym of the word itself is Sumerian) curriculums, not to mention being buried in sand by Hollywood?!"

We're gonna fight 'em off

7 Nation Army couldn't hold THE ESHDAM back

They're tryin' to rip it off

Using some Establishment Hack

And we're talking to ourselves at night

Because we can't forget

So it's all in to the fight

Until we get the Film Restoration set.

And the message coming from the tablet says…

It's any-which-way in THE ESHDAM

Everyone should hear about it

Every single FRAME's got a story to tell

Every film student should know about it

Or …rebel!

And the feeling coming from THE ESHDAM says,

"Find a Film School home!"

We're going to Wichita

Or whatever Film School fits right

We're gonna back the MUGSAR

And project THE ESHDAM into the spotlight

And we're *MUGGING*, and we're *MUGGING*, and we're *MUGGING*

Right before the ROAR!

As the MUGSAR conquers the Establishment suppressing

And THE ESHDAM will be buried no more! No more! NO MORE!

And the message coming from the tablet says…

It's any-which-way in THE ESHDAM …is OK …OK by *me*

Soundtrack—mainly dirge kinda songs that fit Galasar's 'Lamentation Singing' theme (lament for a displaced shafted Sumerians who kick-started the ascent of civilization with the invention of writing → filmmaking) might include sampling from some of the following — who knows, we might unearth a film school grad composer along the way → #eshdam7NA

"The Eshdam" < tinyurl.com/spotify-eshdam > Playlist @ Spotify

"The Eshdam" < tinyurl.com/youtube-eshdam > Playlist @ Youtube

Spotify unless otherwise noted:

Main soundtrack sampling:

Cortez the killer live Neil Young Weld '1991 (opening 5 min., or so, of epic guitar solo - opens our film - right from when house lights go down - black screen - keeps playing thru

credits [lots of covers - no wonder every guitarist worth their salt has a crack at playing Cortez live])

.

Homesick live The Cure 7/89 Wembley (start of our film's lamentation theme - pt1 of Galasar's intro scene. ["There's a definite edge to melancholy." - Robert Smith b. '1959])

.

Mudmen Pink Floyd Obscured by Clouds (for pt2 Galasar's intro scene, after a minute or so of Homesick, then for the 'getting-off' part - as the mood goes from lament to ecstasy.)

.

Three Days (Youtube) live Sydney '2010 Jayne's Addiction

.

In too deep (Youtube) live New York '1986 Genesis (apt title!)

.

Anything for you Gloria Estefan [for Katsuko 'Ka-chin' Azumai — 'P-chan' …had been out to the local *eshdam*, got back to '803', could hear it before opening the door, she'd left it on loop setting… Shinsaibashi Osaka Japan]

.

That's the way love goes Janet Jackson (re the patrons of The Eshdam)

.

Another Chance Afterlife Mix (Youtube) Roger Sanchez

.

As Time Goes By from Casablanca '1942 Herman Hupfeld

.

Desert City Kevin MacLeod [incompetech.com - royalty free music]

.

Alison Slowdive

.

Paradox The Church Steve Kilbey (□ *double entendre* ... culminating in the ultimate *paradox*.)

.

Film The Church Aura album (aptly titled - definitive aura - so perhaps at the very end, as it is on the album.)

. _ .

End Credits sampling:

Seven Nation Army The White Stripes Jack White guitar (to be modified for Eshdam7NA)

.

Encore from Tokyo live '1976 Keith Jarrett (haunting!)

.

It Can Never Be the Same live (Youtube) The Cure

. _ . _ .

Alt sampling:

Faith (Youtube) live The Cure in Orange

.

Sinking (Vimeo) live The Cure in Orange

.

Avalyn Slowdive

.

Cortez the Killer The Church Marty Willson-Piper guitar

Cortez the Killer live New York '2003 Dave Matthews Band Warren Haynes guitar

Cortez the Killer live Chicago '1989 Slint Spiderland Brian McMahan & David Pajo guitars ("We're from Louisville and we think you should hear this.")

FADE-OUT

I=II=II=II=II=I

ANALYSIS / INTERPRETATION

Just like millennia later, in (film) school we analyze/interpret Vere/Shakespeare/Hamlet, Fitzgerald/Gatsby works/films the same respect is accorded Galasar/The Eshdam. If for no other reason than she did it way first.

It would be a fatal mistake to consider a primitive/ancient random collection of frames.

Tablet Ctr

At this early stage, it already appears to be well thought out — 'method in the madness'.

One factor is structure. Not just, is there a discernible Act I - III, but cf. how Fitzgerald introduces Daisy the exact center of his story, which coincidentally/eerily has the exact same 9 chapters structure as G's 9 columns. And Gatsby is at a TransG— novel, to boot » tinyurl.com/GreatGatsby100

Here we can start to wonder about Biggs choice of readings, or perhaps it's G's double meaning intent — just like her avatar in the story singer or 'naughty' (ŋar/lul 1221C).

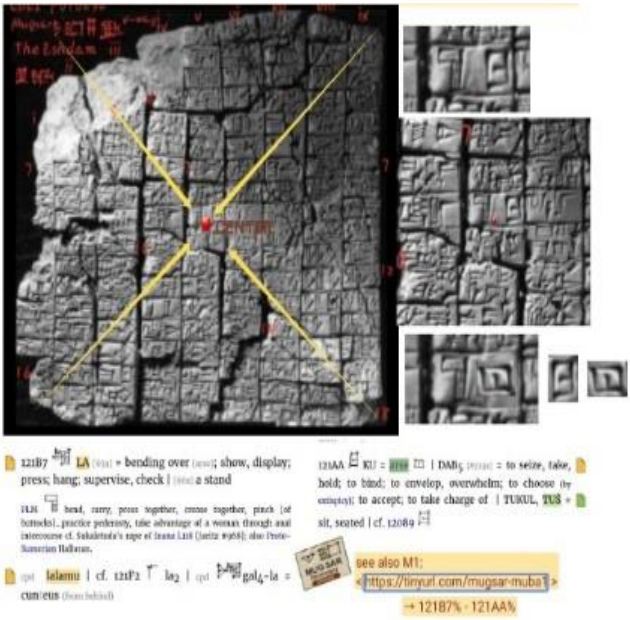
The exact center of her film is [] col 5 I=I 9/10

Biggs gives the 2 signs in I=I 9 debris & reside, which in context of surrounding frames could be interpreted as someone covered in debris during the fight.

But the signs Galasar has carefully selected have another more common meaning bend over show (ass/rear view) mount LA 121B7 + anal KU 121AA = show anal.

And anal is very clearly a constantly recurring theme of the story.

Indeed, is no ordinary brothel — it's a TransG— brothel.



#7400CT

Enlarged: < tinyurl.com/eshdam-ctr >

..

Civilization Timeline

0 . . . . 1. . . . 2 . . . . 3. . . . 4 . . . . 5. . . . 6. . . . 7. . . . 8 . . . . 9. . . . 10 . . . . 11. . . . 12022CT

0CT - End of last ice age → beginning of sedentary living →Civilization Time

7400CT The Eshdam Film Tablet - countless other Sumerian works survive.

9000CT - Greeks, Romans et al plagiarize Sumerians, write on perishable papyrus - mostly lost.

10100CT - Chinese invent less perishable paper. So still embroidered copies of copies - plagiarism of Sumerians continues unchecked.

11872CT - Epic of Gilgamesh & Great Flood tablets deciphered by George Smith.

11963CT - OI UChicago 'Expeditíon to Nippur' unearth P010232 - Robert D Biggs et al.

12022CT » The Eshdam Restoration Project.

..

3-Act Film

%aa actFilm

It does indeed appear that Galasar planned out a 3-Act film in a kind of montage style, and being math oriented she has 9 columns split evenly into the 3 Acts, thus:

ACT I: []1 - 3 Intro

The Eshdam, its hookers and regular patrons (which will include workers on irrigation management and flood control, in a kind of social commentary of the times) and Galasar (avatar) who appears to be just a lamentation singer.

ACT II: []4 - 6 The Climax

A math perfect arc, a kind of crescendo peaking at the very center of the tablet v 9.

[]4 rising intensity with 'The Big Anal' but it's not clear who's getting it →

[]5 Jealousy fight over who got analed →The Climax: 'The Big Reveal' — Galasar is more than just a singer. And is very much a brothel.

[]6 incl. vi 7 the Eshdam frame showcasing the establishment in grand style.

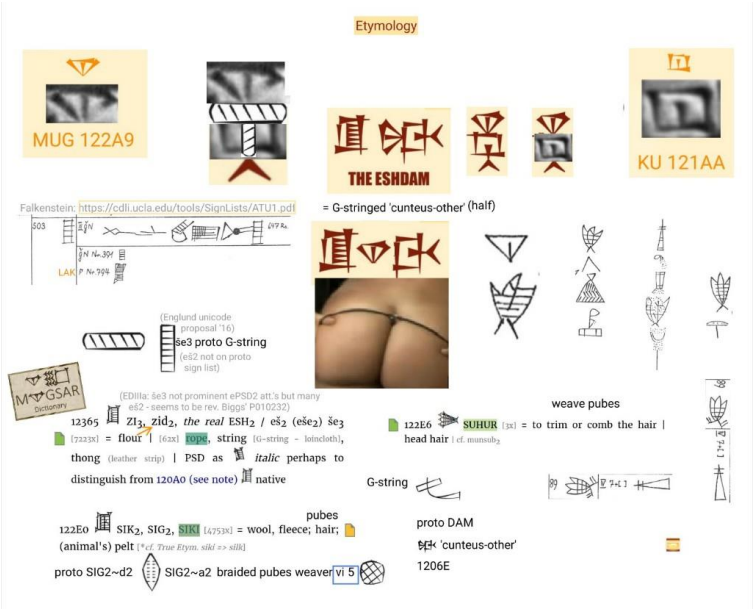
ACT III: []7 - 9 *Denouement*

Finally, all leading to the ix 18 punchline:

It's any-which-way in The Eshdam

..

Etymology


Etymology
MUG 122A9
THE ESHDAM
KU 121AA
Falkenstein: https://cdli.ucla.edu/tools/SignLists/ATU1.pdf
= G-stringed 'cunteus-other' (half)
(Englund unicode proposal '16)
šə3 proto G-string
(eš2 not on proto sign list)
MUGSAR Dictionary
(EDIIIa: šə3 not prominent ePSD2 att.'s but many eš2 - seems to be rev. Biggs' P010232)
12365 ZI3, zid2, the real ESH2 / eš2 (ešə2) šə3
[7223x] = flour | [63x] rope, string [G-string - loincloth], thong (leather strip) | PSD as italic perhaps to distinguish from 120A0 (see note) native
122E6 SUHUR [3x] = to trim or comb the hair | head hair | cf. munsub2
weave pubes
G-string
pubes
122E0 SIK2, SIG2, SIKI [4753x] = wool, fleece; hair; (animal's) pelt [*cf. True Etym. siki => silik]
proto SIG2~d2
SIG2~a2 braided pubes weaver vi 5
proto DAM
'cunteus-other'
1206E

Epilog G.O.A.T.

lays claim to the ultimate paradox, it is the G.O.A.T.

1st great extant work – the pioneering inventor of 'in your face' reality storytelling. The ice-breaker – everything that comes after is fundamentally a 'Johnny-come-lately' copy. There are no extant copies of The Epic of Gilgamesh (oldest being in Akkad.) that go anywhere near as far back.

1st to capture everyday sapien life – down 'n' dirty, no pretense – job problems, dealing with great floods (the first recorded reference to a Great Flood Ark, jealousy fights, food, entertainment, sex and

cf. 'airy-fairy' myth-based works.

1st marvel of compression – 'less is more' – captured within 1st 35mm film frames of 1st 3-Act structure, complete with skillful deployment of sparrow metaphor and double entendre avatar symbolism.

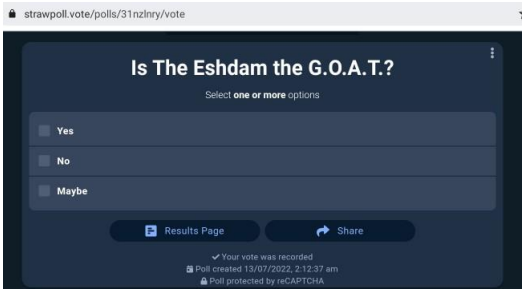
There's no relying on other people's plagiaristic embroidering of copies of copies – you can experience the original closeup for yourself, as it time-machines you back, not 50, not 500 years, but millennia – blowing way past the other fledgling candidates.

Finally, only has the NiFTy immortal punchline:

strawPoll

Is The Eshdam the G.O.A.T. Strawpoll

https://strawpoll.vote/polls/31nzlnry/vote?s=0



Comments » youtu.be/tmnIcStLH94

TransG.FastNav

1 Title (4‘g’s)

2 Footnotes

3 Trailer

4 Notes

6 Roll Film - Credits

7-8 '1963 → '2022

9 Nippur 5 millennia ago – Galasar Intro

10 Eshdam Intro

🎬 **ACT I: []1-3 Intro**

11 []1

13 []2

15 []3

16 🎞 iii 6 TransG—>

17 🎞 iii 7 Fisting

18 🎞 iii 13 Flood mgt

🎬 **ACT II: []4 - 6 The Climax**

19 []4 😮

20 🎞 iv 5 Whore in action

24 []5 a fight

🎈***Tablet Ctr – The Big Reveal***

27 []6

28 🎞 vi 7 "THE ESHDAM"

🎬 **ACT III: 🗄 7 - 9 *Denouement***

31 []7

33 🎞 vii 9 TransG—>

35 []8

39 []9

42 🎞 ix 18

43 Rev. - Colophon

46 Eshdam7NA

47 Soundtrack

{ %wend }

48 *Analysis*/Interpretation 🎈*Tablet Center* | *Civilization Timeline* |🎬 *3-Act Film* | *Etymology* | Key Signs | The Players | Google Photos Album |
Proto → EDIIIa Cuneiform Sign Lists » Mugsar Library | Epilog G.O.A.T. | Straw Poll |

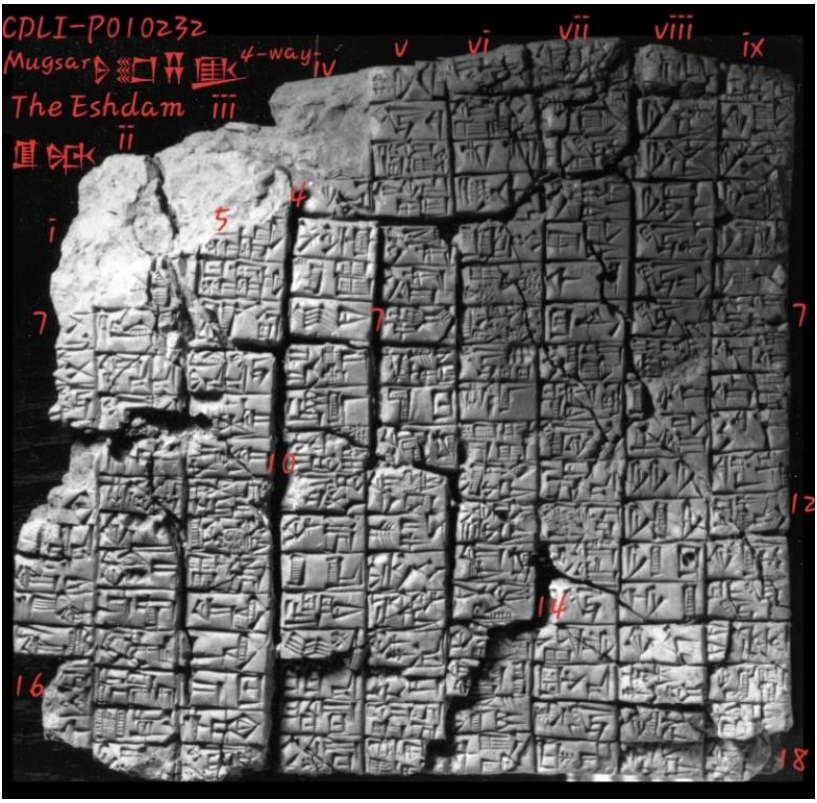
49 Contents / Outline

50 The Tablet (below)

🗂️

The *TransG* Eshdam Tablet

[]1 | []2 | []3 | []4 | []5 | []6 | []7 | []8 | []9



Rev. | ix18

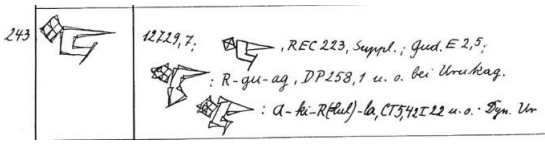
[]1 | []2 | []3 | []4 | []5 | []6 | []7 | []8 | []9

Behold! Stare in wonder… Almost 5,000 years old.
The first non-myth recording of everyday life in history.

Key Signs

singer/naughty LUL 1221C

I.
singer II.
naughty (*double entendre*) lul 1221C



LAK243 | Falk. 61

1' i 7 (divine touch on Galasar)

2' ii 8 (G is cool)

[iii 6 gala / TransG— option]

3' iii 8 (male singer)

4' iii 18 (bath G), iv 11 (male singer)

5' v 2 (singer fight G)

6' vi 1 nar (head singer G)

7' vi 8 (singers show incl. G)

8' vii 3 (backing singer)

[vii 9 gala / TransG— lube-up)]

9' vii 14 [liar], vii 17 (asking for G)

10' viii 5 (Q.: singer name?)

11' viii 6 (A.: bull singer)

12' viii 7 (bull singer comes)

13-14' ix 14 double (singers covered [in oil] incl. G)

anal KU 121AA

anal KU 121AA

1' iii 6 gala /

option

2' iii 7 [dur2 12089 {wider} fisting)

3-4' iv 16 double be5 (heavy anal)

5-7' iv 17 triple! ku (so much anal)

8' iv 18 (fantastic anal)

9' v 7 dur2 (boss of anal)

10' v 9 "Tablet Ctr!" tuš (bend-over view)

11' vii 9 gala /

lube-up)

12' vii 18 dur2 (sit for story)

G-string še3 12365

G-string eš2 še3 12365

1' ii 15 leash rope še3

2-3' ii 16 double zid2 flour, še3 wheat (suffix to plant)

4' iv 9 še3 G-string

5' v 11 bandage še3

6' vi 7 eš2 G-string

7' vi 17 local gir15

8' viii 12 še3 G-string

9' viii 13 še3 G-string

10' viii 14 še3 G-string

11' ix 11 fleece (frisk) še3 (cpd suffix)

12' ix 16 še3 G-string (Mayor mounted)

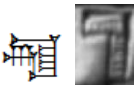
G-string DAM 1206E

(Englund-Proto) cuneus G-string DAM 1206E → Etymology

1' iii 9

2' vi 7

mount LA 121B7

 bend over mount show LA 121B7

1-2' v 9-10 šika ?? (debris)

3' vii 12 show

4' ix 16 (mayor mounted)

dog UR 12328

dog (*doggy-style*) UR 12328

1' ii 15 (leash)

2' iii 5 (doggy)

3' iii 11 (bad suffx)

4-5' iv 9,14 (doggy novice)

6' viii 1 (thirsty dog)

7' r i 2 (derog. curse)

phallus ŋeš3 12351

phallus UŠ ŋeš3 12351

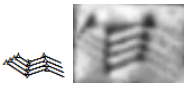
1' ii 15 (guard suffx)

2' iii 6

3-4 v 5-6 (shriveled dick)

6' vi 7

boner LUM 1221D


boner lum 1221D

1-3' iv 3, 7, 15 erection

4' ix 1 (fruit)

group ba4 120B7

group basket ŋa2 (ĝa2) ba4 120B7

1' i 15 (group)

2' ii 15 (group)

3' ii 16 (basket)

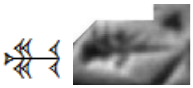
4' v 16 (group)

5' vii 11 (basket)

6' viii 4 (basket)

7' viii 8 (group)

name MU 1222C

 year honorific name text phallus MU 1222C

1' ii 17 menu

2' iv 18 monumental

3' v 15 phallus

4-5' viii 2, 5 name

6-7' r i 5 double my/honorific, text lines

8' r i 6 frames

9' r i 9 year

10' r i 11 name (inscription)

cuneus MUG 122A9

cuneus female hooker slave MUG 3 sal gal4 122A9

1' iii 8 cuneus

2' iv 5 slave

3' iv 11 female

4' vi 7 skin games

5' vi 11 cunteus (fisting)

6' vi 12 hookers

7' vi 17 females (locals)

8' vii 2 slave

9' ix 16 slave

head top quality saŋ (saĝ) 12295

1' iii 14 head

2' iv 14 top quality

3-4' v 10, 11 head

5' vi 1 head

6' viii 8 head

7' r i 6 top

perform speak mouth KA dug4 word inim 12157

1-2' i 13 mouth (bj), 14 perform

3' ii 713erform

4' iv 18 perform

5' v 6 perform

6-8' vi 2 mouth, 13 perform, 16 mouth

9-10' vii 1, 8 perform

11-13' viii 1 order, 9, 10 speak

14-17' ix 7 word, 8 [3x] word talking

18' ix 18a perform

19-21' r i 4 details, 9, 10 order

foot DU 1207A

perform foot go come DU carry de6 1207A

1' i 11 carry

2-3' ii 7 [2x] perform (du-du lament)

4-5' iii 8 [2x] perform (du-du show)

6' iv 16 moan (ša4)

7' v 15 perform

8-9' vii 11 come, 16 go

perform du3 12195

perform make du3 12195

1' i 12 perform (bj)

2-3' vii 3, 5 perform

4' r i 1 perform

hand šu 122D7

hand fist šu 122D7

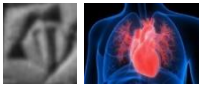
1' iii 7 fisting!

2-3' iv 6 handjob, 13 hand (signal)

4' vi 11 fisting

5' ix 1 handouts

heart šag4 122AE

 heart content show šag4 122AE

1' i 5 interior

2-3' ii 11 heart (of matter), 12 content

4' iv 4 emotion

5' vii 10 interior

6-8' viii 15, 17, 18 show

9-10' ix 2, 13 content

11' r i 5 content

thing ŋar 120FB

establish ŋar (ĝar) something thing niŋ2 (niĝ2) food ninda 120FB

1' i 14 thing (hairdressing)

2' ii 17 food

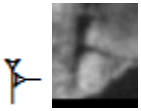
3' iv 4 lay down

4' v 11 thing

5-14' viii 2, 3, 4, 11 [3x] food something estab., 12 [2x] something estab., 13 estab., 14 estab.

15-18' ix 3, 4, 5, 6 food something

decorum ME 12228


arts decorum divine rites office to be ME 12228

1' v 8 office

2-3' viii 4, 5 divine decrees

4-5' ix 1 customs, 5 arts

6' ix 18b decorum

7' r i 3 Arts

bull GUD 1211E

bull GUD 1211E

1' iv 8

2' vii 3

3' viii 6

carry GA 120B5

carry GA 120B5

1-3' i 5, 11, 13

4-5' iii 5, 6 (option)

6-7' vi 2, 18

8-10' vii 2, 5, 8

11-12' ix 2, 17

13' r i 6

flood uru5 122FD

Great Flood Ark uru5 122FD

1' iii 14 (see frame LAK382 jpg)

2' iii 15

3' ix 4 (rinse)

oil NI 1224C

oil; in (something) end quiver NI 1224C

1-2' i 7 in, 14 pass

3-4' iv 7 quiver, 13 in

5' vi 14 end

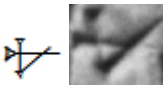
6-7' vii 4 end, 9 lube

8' viii 8 quake

9-10' ix 15 [2x] in oil

11' r i 9 possessive marker

no NU 12261

 not no NU 12261

1' i 16

2-5' iii 9, 10 (genitals), 12b, 13

6-7' iv 4, 10

8' v 8

9-10' vi 11, 12

11-14' vii 1, 3, 15, 16

15-19' viii 2, 3, 4, 17, 18

20-22' ix 1, 7, 18b

23' r i 2

have tuku 12307

able available tuku 12307

1' iii 12b

2' v 14

3-4' vi 11, 12

5' vii 1

6-9' viii 2, 3, 17, 18

10-11' ix 1, 17

hang LA2 121F2

hang LA2 121F2

1' ii 15

2' iv 9

good ḪI 1212D

good sweet ḪI 1212D

1' iv 18

2' vi 2

3' vii 14

4' ix 6

fight DI 12072

fight competition; regulations; equals sa2 DI 12072

1' ii 10 (comp.)

2-3' v 1,2 (fight)

4-5' ix 10, 11 (regul.)

water A 12000

water semen effect (flow) A 12000

1' ii 6

2-3' 7 & 10 (effect)

4' iii 12b (effect)

5' iv 5 (semen)

6' v 3 (effect)

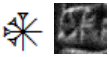
7' vi 4 (drinks)

8' vi 12 (effect)

9' viii 1

10' r i 8 (effect)

divine AN 1202D

 divine AN 1202D

1' i 7

2-3' iii 5, 6

side DA 12055

side DA 12055

1' i 15

2' ii 10

3-4' iii 11, 13

5' iv 12

6-7' v 17 [2x]

8' vi 10 (writing board)

9' vii 11

10' ix 5

11-12' r i 4, 8 (matter)

fire NE 12248

fire NE brazier (portable stove) izi 12248

1' ii 10 (fierce)

2' v 3 (effect)

3' v 17 (brazier)

4' viii 16 (fierce)

black MI 1222A

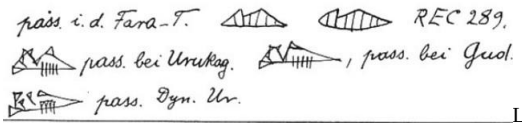
black MI 1222A

1' v 3

2' ix 16 (black Mayor)

person LU2121FD

person lu2 121FD



LAK337

1-3' ii 5, 6, 12

4' iii 8

5' vi 14

6' vii 2

7-9' ix 3, 4, 17

sand SAHAR 12156

sand(storm) SAHAR 12156

1' v 17

sparrow buru5 12245

sparrow buru5 12245

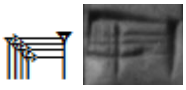
1' ii 10 (vs. snake)

2' v 18 (nest destroyed)

3' vi 8 (bear-like)

[cf. vii 12]

house e2 1208D

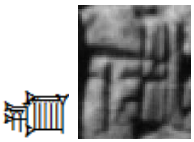

house room nest E2 1208D

1' v 18

2' vi 2

3-5' vii 3, 5, 15

tablet DUB 1207E


tablet DUB 1207E

1-2' vii 1, 18

3' r i 11

thresh RA 1228F

thresh vibrate RA 1228F

1' ii 17 (check)

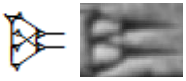
2' iii 7 (vibrate fisting)

3' v 3 (thresh)

4' vi 15 (bang drum)

5' vii 9 (rub)

jr. dumu 12309

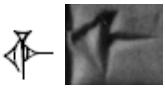

jr. newbie dumu 12309

1' iii 10 apprentice

2' iv 10 novice

3' vi 17 newbies

eye IGI 12146


eye view front IGI 12146

1' i 17 (fish type)

2' iii 11 (bad prefx)

3' iii 17 (infront)

4' vii 6 (view)

5' viii 14 (infront)

place KI 121A0

cosmic place stage KI 121A0

1' v 10 place

2-3' vii 6, 9 butt-hole

4-5' viii 17, 18 stage

6' r i 4 place

grain še 122BA

grain barley še 122BA

1' vi 10 money

2' vii 18 grain

count ŠID 122C3

account ŠID 122C3

1' iii 13 count

2-3' vi 10 [2x] accounting

4' r i 6 account

5' r i 10 registered umbisaŋ

pain five I 1213F

pain five 'I' vowel 1213F

1' viii 8 pain

day sun UD 12313

day sun UD 12313

1-2' v 5, 6 shriveled (phallus)

3' v 13 day

4' vii 4 time

5' vii 8 today

6-7' vii 10 [2x] dawn

keyend

z | h | c • Top | > %y yyy plytop

The Players

(163 signs in order of first appearance)

[] *col. 1*

(1-21)

food PAD 1227B

heart interior content show šag4 122AE

carry GA 120B5

have available ŋal2 12145

divine AN 1202D

strange kur2 1227D

in (something) i3 NI pass ZAL 1224C

singer LUL 1221C

te(ḪI×AŠ) ['good x one'] ?? uQQ

foot come go perform carry de6 DU moan ša4 1207A (11-)

tongue EME 12174

two MIN 1222B

perform du3 12195

mouth perform order dug4 KA 12157

hairdressing KINDA (cpd sig2 122E0 - ŋar 120FB)

basket group ba4 ŋa2 (ĝa2) 120B7

side writing-board DA 12055

not no NU 12261

flesh submerge kuš 122E2

fish HA 12129

eye front IGI 12146

..

[] *col. 2*

(22-46 : 15)

man lu₂ 121FD

idiot LIL 121F8 (LAK343)

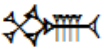
water flow effect semen A 12000

pure bathe LE / LI en3 ask 121F7

four man ZA 1235D (LAK797)

boss hit sig3 PA 1227A

sparrow buru5 12245

 snake MUŠ 12232

fire tears lament NE brazier izi 12248

(31-)

competition fight regulations DI 12072

split half BAR 12047

double TAB 122F0

[jpg - like □□ ii 13] open field aša5 → a-šag3 → ašag uQQ

(no unicode cf. KID [whore suffx] 121A4)

> sow cultivate uru4 var. 12055

manly youth šul (uQQ)

dog(gy) UR 12328

g-string še3 eš2 flour zid2 12365 (gir15 local 120A0)

hang LA2 121F2

ax crown tiara AGA 12087

(41-)

phallus ŋeš3 UŠ (ush) 12351

plants food U2 TUM 12311

food NINDA something thing niŋ2 ŋar 120FB

inspect ZU5 1236B

year name text lines phallus MU honorific my ŋu10 1222C

thresh RA 1228F

..

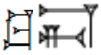
[] *col. 3*

(47-72 : 26)

coerced abuse IN 12154

blow bul$_5$ 121E1

divine singing UG5 120A5

 ***gala* ku-uš (anal-phallus) 121AA-12351**

priest prostitute

(lamentation) singer [d]Inanna assistant

anal rear sit reside dab5 tuš be5 bed3 **KU 121AA**

anal DUR2 12089 (wider var.)

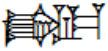
(52-)

hand fist SHU 122D7

00 length gid2 BU 1204D

cuneus munus gal4 SAL MUG 122A9

'other-cuneus' DAM 1206E

 raise up il2 1214D

jr. apprentice novice banda3 dumu 12309

bad ḪUL (eye-dog 12146-12328)

she be ḫe2 120F6

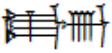
tablet tray IM 1214E

(61-)

grind ar3 1212F

alfalfa numun$_x$(ZI&ZI.A) 12363-12000

able have tuku 12307

 land Sumer UN 12326

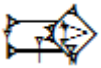
count account ŠID (shid) registered umbisaŋ 122C3

head top quality saŋ 12295

Ark (arc) run aground after great flood LAK382 uru5 122FD

deter. wood ŋeš 12111

wagon GIGIR 121C0

 strip DUR 12119

manicure UMBIN 12322

hair care tukur2 12181

..

[] *col. 4*

(73-87 : 15)

erection full grown fruit LUM lame gum2 1221D

horn SI 122DB

slave hooker geme2 122A9-121B3

KAR (penetrate TE 122FC + semen A 12000)

do (the deed) prostitute suffix KID3 1201D

erection UR3 120E1

bull GUD 1211E

strap-on kešda 1219F

(81-)

entwined gig3 12103

charge cost GU2 12118

fear NI_2 1224E

team group ZUR 1202B

worker gab2 KAB 1218F

abundant heap up LU 121FB

runner kaš4 1207D

[] *col. 5*

(88-110 : 23)

necklace GIG 1222A-1226D

black MI 1222A

beads necklace NUNUZ 1226D

anger lipiš 1201A

(91-)

city iri 12337

destroy GUL 12122

hips middle du4 ib2 anger 12308

shrivel (phallus) bir2 sun day UD 12313

good beautiful sag9 122B7

fate NAM 12246

right ZI 12363

arts decorum divine decrees rites office be ME 12228

bend over mount show LA debris šika 121B7

break split DAR 1206F

(101-)

(v 11) TAKAx (LAK492) [cf. □ hold back TAK4 122FA]

tits GABA 120EE

as much as (you can) TA 122EB

pure EL sikil 12096

boat cargo MA2 12223

self aura NI₂ 1224E

penetrate TE 122FC

live sit TI 122FE

sand SAHAR 12156

room nest house e2 1208D

..

[] *col. 6*

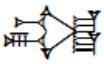
(111-128 : 18)

lay down RI 12291

give sum / šum2 122E7

touch hold TAG beat weave TUKU5 hand fist TIBIR 122F3

braided SA 12293

 quiver thrusting DUB2 12080

seven many IMIN 12153

bear AZ 1228D

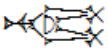
money barter (barley) she(kel) 122BA

open KID 121A4 (cf. whore kar-kid)

(vi 12) hire *addir* (PAD.GISAL.SI.A)

[PAD ration1227B - *(121) GISAL steering 12110* - SI fill 122DB - A effect 12000]

harvest UR4 12334

 canal (digger) irrigation KAM4 1219B

drum BALAG 12046 (LAK41)

eat gu7 12165

gobble up brought-in KU4 121AD

three EŠ 1203C cf 30 moon 1230D

allotted BA 12040

room roam DAG 12056

..

[] *col. 7*

(130-145 : 16)

seal tablet story kišib DUB 1207E

KI x proto U (vii 6) :

cosmic place stage KI 121A0

proto U (butt)hole ten 1230B

garment TUG2 12306

jr. worker assistant šeš 122C0

enter insert KU4 121AD (LAK094)

dawn prefix ŋiri3 1210A

various one dili 12038

lie down nu2 1223F

deter. bird mušen 12137

like this creation gin7 12076 [cf. □ sparrow buru5 12291]

beer/malt KAŠ 12049

drink naŋ naĝ 12158

x (vii 14) good sweet ḪI 1212D x curse AŠ2 1203E

grasp board sheep DIB 12073

affirm decide cut kud TAR 122FB

..

[] *col. 8*

(146-148 : 3)

way road journey caravan KASKAL 1219C

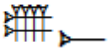
[viii 13 x proto U ten (butt)hole 1230B] pond well PU2 121E5

bend GURUM 120F5

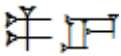
..

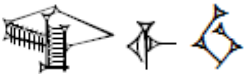
[] *col. 9*

(149-154 :6)

 property u2-rum 12311-12038

patrons: workers conscripts soldiers erin2 1209F

 mountains ḫursaŋ 1227A-12085

 1228A var. PIRIG+IGI+SIG type of animal

[+12146 igi eye +122DD sig low]

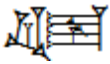
cover DUN3 12085

lord EN 12097

...

[] *rev.*

(155-163 : 9)

 haunt GIDIM 12107

high IL 1214B

write SAR 122AC

gather string/line (of text) LAGAB×X-ŠE₃ 121C2.12365

pot cap. unit DUG 12081

beer provisions titab2 12216-1227D

mix LU3 12216

(capacity unit PAP {strange kur2 col. 1} 1227D)

king LUGAL 12217

6 (LAK134) aš3 12440

dNisaba patron goddess of Scribal Art 12240

…

Total: The 163 surviving unique signs used by Galasar.

plyend

lit. kick-ass work

#MugsarTV #sumerian #eshdam #galasar #transg #eshdam7NA

Production WIP Album

¸.·°´¨`°¤,¸TransGeeeend

Book 2: MugsarSCD

MUGSAR CLASSROOM FUNDRAISING COMPETITION
Special Edition

*S*UMERIAN *C*UNEIFORM *D*ICTIONARY

Ed. Peter & Tara Hogan

12023CT

A MUGSAR PRODUCTION

M.FastNav | | Major Lemma

Main Listings | Mugsar 4-Way | Reference | Appendix

MUGSAR QuickFinder: 1-2 | 3-5 | 6-10 | 10-20 | 20+

TOC

MUGSAR FASTNAV

On some devices/apps Outlines/Headings take up too much screen space, links don't work or you want to go somewhere fast, then *zip* around with NiFTy ***FN***. Some of the main ones »

MugsarSCD.FN: 3'n's

QuickFinder: 3'v's | MajorLemma: 3'm's

(Overall) Contents: 3 (or 4)'c's

Fn | QFv | *m*L | TOC • Top

'%' suffix, sometimes prefix, is another option, especially for specific entries, ex. main unicodes.
As a prefix, you really have FN Power—>just have the main 2-characters '%~' sitting in the 'Find' box and toggle the n / v / m / c / t etc. to *zip* around.

Who needs links-toc-outline-margins anyway 😉

#MLib

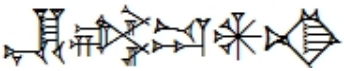
SUMERIAN CUNEIFORM DICTIONARY

MCFC SPECIAL EDITION

ED. PETER & TARA HOGAN

"Selfishness lasts a day
Civilization endures forever"

To



Enheduanna
7715-7750CT
The earliest known author and poet was female (and most likely black)
“Something has been created that no one has created before.”

..

Book Description

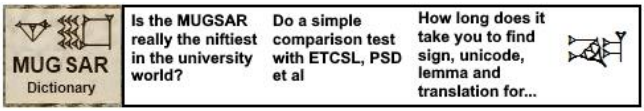
The Mugsar *S*umerian *C*uneiform *D*ictionary is the only standalone, full-fledged, multifaceted reference for the founders of *edu[b]*cation in the world. And talk about *NiFTy*:

- The unique

  1. unicode 2. sign 3. lemma 4. translation

  All on one screen. At elite university sites it's all over the place. None give unicodes and their translations are superficial / computer generated.

- The real nifty part, the



- Specially designed for small 'tablet' screens that may not be able to display cuneiform fonts.

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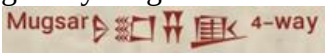
The first great civilization (fl c. 6600CT - 8000CT) were the Sumerians – "ki.en.gi", who were black ('saĝ gig.ga') to boot! For the enlightened Sumer is aptly termed the 'cradle of civilization'.

Much has been plagiarized from them without due attribution, not just the wheel, writing, law, but even true etymologies – the real origins of so many English words like 'abzu' = abyss, not to mention 'shekel', the Hebrew term for money -- some would have us believe that everything starts with the Greeks and Romans, world champion plagiarizers

themselves. Our libraries may as well forget the non-fiction / history section – just put it all under fiction. How some can relegate this great civilization to what's conjured by terms like "ancient" and "BC". It's not going backwards, they come first at about 6600CT.

The Greeks were closer to Sumer than Sydney to Perth or New York to Los Angeles ... and they (and others) didn't pick up anything over 3000 years?!

Tablet 1

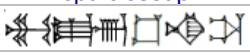
Inspiration for all this came out of not being able to find a Sumerian cuneiform sign list with unicode, lemma and translation. There are some amazing dedicated websites and books produced by some amazing academes {missing fragment} ...from the experience of living in Japan and studying *kan-ji*, it became obvious that you have to have the logogram, reading and translation all together. Just reading and translation is useless. And now of course linking everything is the unicode – see our unique 

» an example:

Inanna & 7 Cosmic Powers of Her Loincloth

u$_4$-/ba nin-ĝu$_{10}$ an\ mu-un-niĝin$_2$-na-ta

Once, my dear lady heaven roamed around

cpd	cpd	1222C	1202D	cpd closeup
				
ud-ba	nin	- ĝu$_{10}$	an	mu-un-niĝin$_2$-na-ta
Once 12313 UD day + 12040 BA open halve	lady, mistress 122A9 MUG + 12306 TUG$_2$ garment	'dear one' Determ. / honor.	heaven	roamed around 1222C MU name + 12326 UN (KALAM = Sumer) + 121B8 niĝin$_2$ encircle + 1223E NA incense + 122EB TA much

Some well funded universities like Oxford's Faculty of Oriental Studies, ETCSL et al have everything separated, don't give unicodes at all, and for the sign they link off to PSD (University of Pennsylvania) where it is often not clear which is the relevant one. And their translations are superficial, probably computer generated. When you work with the actual cuneiform signs, rather than just impotent readings using our boring English phonetic script, you start to see that the scribes were not just telling a story, but literally painting the scene.

When we start going deeper than such misleading translations it becomes very revealing. It's not just that to the chagrin of some, that the Sumerians keep referring to themselves as black, there's a sign in particular that clearly tells us that the very first professors, scholars, experts, master

craftsman, the ones who could write and teach, were black...

Inana's black braided hair 7400CT

1222A = MI / gig_2 = black

...and 'um-mi-a' is not just of a more recent period of only 4000 years ago (Ur III) it goes way back to over 5000 years ago (ED IIIb) [a good 2000 years before the Greeks et al]:

ummia [EXPERT] (142x: ED IIIb, Old Akkadian, Ur III

expert, master craftsman

um-mi-a

Not just the Sumerians calling themselves black, the first professors are BLACK!

7000CT/5000ya	7500CT/4500ya	8000CT/4000ya
14	110	18

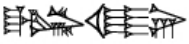
PSD

..

diĝir [DEITY] (1837x: ED IIIb, Old Akkadian, Lagash II, Ur III

"deity, god, goddess"

The gods are black too!

[1]		diĝir (dingir)
[2]		dim_3-me-er (ES)
[3]		dim_3-me_8-er (ES)
[4]		dim_3-mi-ir (ES)
[5]		di-me_2-er (ES)

PSD

Gilgamesh, the hero of oldest written epic is also black BIL.GA.MEŠ (Sumerian: Bilgamesh [cf. Billjim!]; Akkad.: Gilgamesh) [1224B BIL_2 burnt + 120B5 GA young (bull) + 12229 mes (meš) black hero (next on the sign list is the more common black sign 1222A MI; and 1207E dub able to write = power connotation)]

And not only were the first scholars black, the earliest known author and poet was female (and most likely black), Enheduanna.

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It's even more bewildering when you see someone like Jeremy Black ('1951-'2004) founder of ETCSL, publish *Literature of Ancient Sumer* but leaves out the actual cuneiform. Starting with the Introduction (see Google Books) he adeptly covers the nuances using the awesome 9x6cm tablet containing 16 lines of *Nertal's Axe* story, encouraging the reader to begin to feel how enchanting Sumerian cuneiform is.

Yet he sticks solely to what he calls "our Latin alphabet" (didn't it come west via the Phoenicians [Lebanon], as in the phonetic alphabet!) in giving Sumerian readings and transliteration. Straight off he could have shown he was going to be totally faithful. Why not show us the beautiful picture of the magical axe, which when we go hunting for it on his own ETCSL baby (c573.4) we find (hazin, see 12154).

What a shame. Jeremy must have known the signs intimately, and could have told us so much about his personal findings on their evolution and little things to look for in the pictures. Likewise, with *The Oxford Handbook of Cuneiform Culture* – with a title that highlights the word cuneiform, yet way less than 1% actually shows signs. Really there should have been at least a chapter about the 300 most common Sumerian cuneiform. Nope, just some 800 pages of English phonetic script. And incredibly expensive. Yet you can find much of it around the Net (see Google Books for starters) and some fair dinkum cuneophiles share their contributions for free, like Frans van Koppen's Chapter 7 *The Scribe of the Flood Story and His Circle* at academia.edu

George G Cameron (’1905 – ’1979) in his preface to Edward Chiera’s They Wrote On Clay [see Reference section &] back in ’1938 called out his colleagues’ infamous “esoteric” ways [see also this Amazon review of a book supposedly about Sumerian Cuneiform] for the lack of general public awareness in our beloved subject. Quite astoundingly, things haven’t changed much. Maybe adding MCFC into the mix might throw a spanner in the works.😉

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The scribes who invented writing 5000 years ago clearly had no inhibitions about the basis for the design of their cuneiform, nor should we bowdlerize [etym.: Thomas Bowdler expurgated William Shakespeare (aka Edward de Vere) '1822] for hypocritical luddites / puritans who are still happy to plagiarize the technology revolution started by the Sumerians, and it may well have been the inspiration for the whole style ~ cunei.form = cuneus writing.

Scratching and dragging a pointed stylus would not have been near as effective and enduring for us to be able to read now. And it can be no coincidence that the Sumerian (innately [d]Inanna/matriarchal) apotheosis of 'woman' {womb-man} through the cuneus-shaped V sign has come down to us as the first letter of Vagina, a fundamental example of our TruEtym campaign.

To top it off, at long last, for the many frustrated cuneophiles out there, comes the NiFTy . Can you find an elite university that nifty?

Oh, and if any nuts were looking for evidence that these first great civilizations got some help from aliens ...well, your first glance at the arrangement of many signs sure reminds one of spaceships, docking modules, rocket thruster exhausts – take a look at 12217 LUGAL King he's in a spaceship man! As you would expect for the King of the Sumerians / "Kings of the Earthlings".

Seriously though, enduring Sumerian picture script on tablets offers us a lot more than say Greek phonetic writing on papyrus (much of it disintegrated almost immediately). One might first say that for starters the Greeks were much more intellectual. But how much of the basics were plagiarized from the Sumerians.

With the tablets we have a conduit, like electrons through a main circuit travelling at the speed of light straight back 5000 years ago. Analogous to astronomers and their powerful telescopes peering back into the evolution of galaxies (now there's an aptly interesting *TruEtym* – see 120F2 GAL big) and the universe. The pictures the scribes have transmitted on those tablets impress a profound insight into exactly how the people of the first civilization were thinking. Even with only a basic familiarity with the meanings of the logograms, it can be like watching timeshifted live video. Much more fascinating than the most expensive Steven Spielberg blockbuster but then what's a movie without a scriptwriter, and we're talking about the very first writers ever, who put down the motifs of Gilgamesh and Inanna.

Stop a moment and think about it. Put the huge amount of time in perspective. In that time many cultures did not develop writing at all, some had it and lost it. When plagio-religio somehow began to dominate the Romans the West was plunged into the Dark Ages, ironically only a bunch of monks were allowed to rehash one group of stories with a flood story, etc., plagiarized from guess where. Writing has really only started to make a comeback in the last few hundred years after the Renaissance / Enlightenment (even Guillem Shaksper's Stratford daughter couldn't write). That's less than 10% of the timeline back to the Sumerians.

So at the next party you can say "I like movies" or "I'm studying a second language, French..." or you can say, "I'm a collaborator on the MUGSAR ... a nifty little Tablet (they had it a bit before Steve Jobs!) we are developing so anyone can watch the Sumerians walking around 5000 years ago..."

mTag

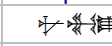
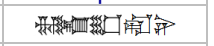
Mugsar Tagline – "What kind of a student...?"

What kind of a student is a student who does not know Sumerian?

Oldest Education Proverb (c. 7000CT / 5000 ya)

dub-sar eme-gi nu-mu-un-zu-a a-na-am$_3$ nam-dub-sar-ra-ni

What kind of a student is a student who does not know Sumerian?

cpd	cpd	cpd closeup	cpd	cpd
				
dub-sar	eme-gi	nu-mu-un-zu-a	a-na-am$_3$	nam-dub-sar-ra-ni
scribe 1207E DUB tablet + 122AC SAR write	Sumerian language 12174 EME language + 12100 GI reed / write	not know (in all of Sumer) 12261 NU not + 1222C MU name + 12326 UN (KALAM / Sumer) + 1236A ZU know + 12000 A bemoan	what 12000 A bemoan + 1223E NA aux. + 1202D AN invoke the gods	scribe's craft 12246 NAM determined order; destiny + cpd DUBSAR scribe + 1228F RA (rah$_2$) [verb aux.] + 1224C NI come to pass

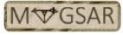
What kind%
dub-sar eme-gi nu-mu-un-zu-a a-na-am3 nam-dub-sar-ra-ni
What kind of a student is a student who does not know Sumerian?. etcsl Proverbs: collection 2 + 6 Segment A 2.47 80
etcsl.orinst.ox.ac.uk/proverbs/t.6.1.02.html#t6102.p47 links to composite sumerian reading
etcsl.orinst.ox.ac.uk/proverbs/c.6.1.02.html#c6102.A.2.47.80
..

'education' TruEtym » edub

Of course, the shame is not on the student, we all know where the social responsibility lies when we are talking about the oldest written language – the first schools, the founders of education (indeed, that word's TruEtym is clearly edub, 3000 years before Latin plagio). So we can just as easily substitute, "What kind of teacher / professor / dean / principal / chancellor / school / university / education department director / culture..."

YouTube 9 sec video:
youtu.be/1l9gQndgt6Ae

How to use

The Main Listings follow same order as the standard cuneiform unicode (alpha-numeric) column after column (why didn't the powers that be just keep the codes sequentially all numeric?!). If you only have the sign try Major Lemma, then the  .
First lemma (reading / syllable) after grapheme is usually the 'sign name', sometimes the Sumerian name as well, as are any other readings / aliases after that.
Cuneiform fonts have been replaced with jpg graphics because some tablets/apps do not display them.

And the Mugsar is proudly, and primarily, a Sumerian dictionary of the first writers, not Akkadian, Babylonian nor Hittite ones. So we pretty much are only interested in lemma that go back to at least Ur III (8000CT / 4000ya). Nor lemma that have 0x attestations. Again there are some great lexicons around but they include a big chunk of this latter stuff, when plagiarizing the Sumerians was in full swing. And don't even show attestations, nor you know what... it's bad enough that there are no signs, but to think that much is not even Sterling-Sumerian, or rarely used, well.

You may notice with sign evolution, that it goes from the proto drawings to the cool Sumerian cuneiform, and then about 1000 years after them the fantastic pictures are lost through over simplification and the move to bland phonetic script. Who wants to look at that kind of dictionary.

Some may say the first writers are lacking more intellectual concepts. But maybe those can still

come. There's two ways for them to still make it into Mugsar one day: 1) such cuneiform may eventually be unearthed 2) as we take in so many awesome signs gathered together on one *QF* screen (not java programmed all over the place – will PSD be as easy as the Mugsar to pass on to future generations via the Internet Archive?!) the more familiar we get with the way Sumerian (not Akkadian, Greek, Roman et al) scribes were thinking 4-5000 years ago, then you know what we could be capable of? If we can start thinking like a scribe, why shouldn't we be able to pick up the stylus, and carry on their work, by fusing any missing intellectual cuneiform, including rendering of new technology terms.

And so, that's why we are proudly snobs of Mugsar!

Reproduction

Use proper attribution where relevant, see the Reference section. It's all part of the unearthing process, Civilization Time, belongs to all of us, especially when the subject matter is the displaced first one – can you just see that black designing that first some millennia ago.

Oh, and don't forget the all important step 1... Write or tattoo your name in cuneiform! This is ours:

MAIN LISTINGS

Numeric Unicode & A-Z Lemma [914 | %m mmm1]

Major Lemma

A water | AB_2 cow | AL tool | DU go | E_2 house | EN lord | GA carry | GA_2 basket | GAR bread | HI mix; good | KA mouth / perform | KI cosmic world | LAGAB encircle | LU_2 man | LUGAL king | MU year | NU no | SAG (saŋ) head | SAL (mug) cuneus | SHA_3 ($ŠA_3$) heart | UD sun / day | URU civilization time

A | AB | AB_2 | AL | AN | ASH | BA | BI | DA | DAG | DU | **E** | E_2 | EN | EZEN | GA | GA_2 | GI | GIR_3 | GISH | GU_2 | HA | HI | HUB_2 | **I** | IG | IM | KA | KAD | KI | KU | LA | LAGAB | LAL | LU_2 | LUGAL | MA | MUSH | NA | $NINDA_2$ | NUN | NUNUZ | PA | PI | PIRIG | RA | SA | SAG | SHA_3 | SHE | SHIM | TA | TAG | **U** | UD | UM | UR_2 | URU | USH | ZA | ZUM

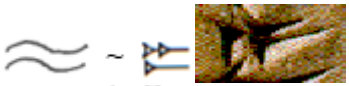
..

A | BA | DA | **E** | GA | HA | **I** | KA | LA | MA | NA | PA | RA | SA | TA | **U** | ZA

..

MYGSAR QuickFinder: 1-2 | 3-5 | 6-10 | 10-20 | 20+

12000% **A** [vowel; 2329x] = water (plural only) | (mû) (most often complimented with MEŠ) | progeny, heir; [110x] a cry of woe, bemoan, (sigh of) wonder, groan (aya) | dur_5, $duru_5$ [227x] = soft; wet, moist, damp; irrigated; fresh



cpds ID$_2$, i$_7$ [1086x] = river, canal | determinative &id$_2$; river names

a-na [566x] = what?; as much as [it takes] (math.) [~ + 1223E NA aux.]

am$_3$ = [50x] to be [copula variant cf. 12228; 12000 A progeny + 1202D AN deity; TruEtym English 'am'] |
šeĝ$_3$ (šeg$_3$) [70x] = to (fall as) dew; to rain; rain

a-ba [326x] = who [12000 A progeny + 12040 BA share]

Interrogative: who% what% how% why% where%
a.na what NA aux incense 1222E
a.ne what, Att. 1 @ EDIIIa NE fire 12248 (TransG Eshdam Tablet P010232)
a-ba "who?" a-na(-àm)
What (is that)?
a-na-aš "why?" a-na-gen7
"how?" me-a
"where?" = ma6-a me-šè
"where to?". a-na-gen7
"how?" cf. shortened form a-gen7
"how?" with a syllabic variant e-ge-en.
a-ba-àm za-eme-en
"who are you?"
den-líl-me-en nam mu-tar-ra /
a-ba-àm mu-zu /
nam-zi-tar-ra mu-ĝu10-um
"I am Enlil, who decides destinies!

Who knows it /
wants to know?"
"I am Namzitara."
(en-líl-me-en nam mu-tar-ra).
interrogative pronouns distinction:
ba person cf. na non-person ie. a-ba “who?”
cf. a-na “what?” but cf. answer order rev.
a-ne “he” / “she” a-né “his” / “her”

A Variants:

uQQ a-a (aya) [561x] = father | cf. 1201C

12001 A x A; 12002 A x BAD; 12003 A x GAN2 tenu;

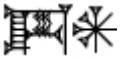
12004% A x HA {cf. Fish 12129, HA.LAM flourish 121F4}| saḫ$_7$ (sah7, Borger zaḫ$_3$) [481x] = to disappear; to move away, withdraw; to stay away; lost; fugitive

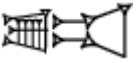
12005 A x IGI; 12006 A x LAGAR gunu; 12007 A x MUSH; 12008 A x SAG

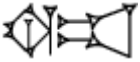
12009% A$_2$ (á), ID, TI$_8$, IDUM= [6115x] arm /limb; labor; wing; horn; side; strength; wage; power | time | [Evol.: shoulder + arm]

A2: A.LU.LIM ~ + sheep > shepherd + IGI watch
Alulim – Flood Story – Peterson Uruk List of Kings and Sages pairs 7 antediluvian kings, first one being Ad.apa, paired up with Alulim.
Prof William H Shea: Adapa » Adam plagio.
Sources: 4 fragmentary cuneiform tablets pub. ’1894 - ’1930: longest B from the only deposit of cuneiform tablets

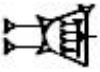
ever found in Egypt c.1400; A, C, D Ashurbanipal Nineveh library c.700 or earlier.
Adapa was tested with bread & wine » Adam with fruit, both failed the test and thereby forfeited their opportunity for immortality, and as a result of their failure certain consequences passed upon the world.
..

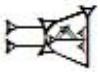
cpd id-gurum (id-gur$_2$) [2026x] = ladle |  AN, a$_2$-an [48x] = spadix (plant spike, erection)

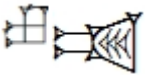
1200A% **AB**, im$_5$ | = cosmic% sea, window, eš3 shrine estab. | ab (abba) [107x] = old (person); elder; ancestor; father; witness | cpd  **ABZU** = abyss [~ + 1236A ZU know] – Sumerian mythology: the world / earth was a disc and under was the abzu - *TruEtym*

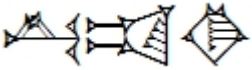
cpd  UNU, unu$_6$ [1511x] = banquet; dining hall; the most sacred part of a temple; seat, throne; dwelling, domicile, abode; temple

AB Variants:

1200B ~ x ASH2; 1200C ~ x DUN3 gunu; 1200D  ~ x GAL | irigal [OB]; 1200E ~ x GAN2 tenu; 1200F ~ x HA; 12010 ~ x IGI gunu; 12011 ~ x IMIN (5+2=7); 12012 ~ x LAG~

12013%  ~ x SHESH | cf. 1200A cosmic window AB x SHESH, 122C0 URIM standard of Ur {defacto standard ~ » 12013CT Mugsar creation} just before Uruk 12014 & Ur 12015 – Sumerian high culture lasts from Uruk period 3300 to Ur 2000

12014% AB x U + U + U | UNU, UNUG, ERI_{11}, AB x EŠ |  URU UNUG (Sumerian) = Uruk

12015 AB *gunu* | ab_4, aba_4, gun_4, iri_{11}, unu, unug| cpd  URIM (Sumerian) = Ur (city) | unug, unu_2 (see unu_6 above 1200A)

12016% **AB_2** [5272x] = cow [cf. 121A8 $KISIM_5$ (with tail – sour milk)]

AB_2 Variants:

12017 ~ x BALAG;

12018 ~ x GAN2 tenu | $šem_5$ [14x] = a drum

12019 ~ x ME + EN;

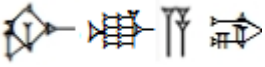
1201A% ~ x SHA3 | lipiš (lipish) [40x] = inner body; heart; anger, rage anger » Eshdam: v4 | $šem_3$, ub_3 [15x] = a drum | gir9 [1x !] = jar

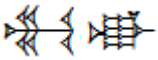
1201B ~ x TAK4

1201C% AD {'dad' TruEtym} [36x] = father [cf. uQQ aya (561x)] | ad [26x] voice; cry; noise | [13x] log; plank

cpd ad-da = father [~ + 12055 DA line (gen.)] | *TruEtym* "dad"

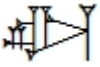
1201D% **AK**% (ag%) [3643x] = to **do**%; to make {make TruEtym}; to act, perform; to proceed, proceeding (math.) | (a5%) kid3% » kar.kid3 whore kar TE penetrate 122FC + A semen 12000 » Eshdam

cpd  im-ak-a-bi = revenge [1214E IM anger + 1201D AK to do
+ 12000 A bemoan + 12049 BI open]

 MU-AK = do (cooking) [1222C MU name, cook + 1201D AK do]

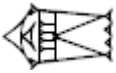
1201E AK x ERIN2 | me_3 [243x] = battle, combat

1201F AK x SHITA + GISH

12020%  **AL** [744x] = hoe / hoeing, pickax [tool; CVNE = compound verb nominal element]

AL Variants:

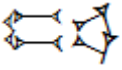
12021 ~ x ~; 12022 ~ x DIM2; 12023 ~ x GISH; 12024 ~ x HA; 12025 ~ x KAD3; 12026 ~ x KI; 12027 ~ x SHE; 12028 ~ x USH

12029% ALAN, ALAM [399x] = statue, icon, form | (GUD/GUD).NA$_2$| cf. 1223F  Nu$_2$ lay, bed

1202A ALEPH [reconstructed (first) sign => "A" ??; cf. HI sweet/good; ox (head)]

Fn | QFv | mL | TOC | Top

1202B% AMAR% [2771x] = young, youngster, son, descendant; calf / young bull, chick | zur% 3 @ EDIIIA break tie-up team-worker

cpd  amar-utu = MARDUK (bull calf of the sun god utu – northern hemisphere 12 day winter solstice celebration of his birthday, later plagarized by various cultures) [~ + 12313 utu sun]

1202C% AMAR x SHE (ŠE) = sacrifice, ritual

1202D% AN, DIĜIR (dingir) [1837x] = sky, god, goddess, deity, cosmic; heaven; upper; crown (of a tree) |

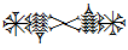
determinative divine names &d; | plant spadix (spike) erection - see 12009

Inanna% (Inana%) sign AN.MUSH3 12239 hook-shaped twisted knot of reeds, representing the doorpost of the storehouse, a common symbol of fertility and plenty. Kings of Uruk (cf. Iddin Dagan story) may have established their legitimacy by taking on the role of the shepherd Dumuzid, Inanna's consort. This ritual lasted for one night on the tenth day of the Akitu, the Sumerian new year festival, which was celebrated annually at the spring equinox. The king would then partake in a "sacred marriage" ceremony, during which he screws the high priestess of Inanna, who took on the role of the goddess.

1202E AN/AN;

1202F% AN x 3 | AN/AN.AN, mul [129x] = star; to shine, radiate (light); arrow; to radiate (branches) [Tara! (also in *sanskrit*)] | determinative &mul; stars / planets

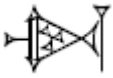
cpd mul-an [33x] = cosmic star [1202F MUL star + 1202D AN cosmic]

12030  AN + NAGA OPP. AN + NAGA; 12031 AN + NAGA sq

12032% ANSHE / anše = [2957x] donkey, equid (hoofed mammals) | DUR_3, $DUSU_2$ | ANŠE+NUN+NA = mule | ANŠE+KUR+RA = horse | determinative donkey/horse names &ance;

12033% APIN, ^{GIŠ}apin (uru$_4$) [741x] = (seed) plow | uru$_4$ [359x] = sow, cultivate | ^{LÚ}engar = farmer | àbsin = furrow (long shallow trench)

12034% ARAD, ÌR (ir$_3$), níta (nita2), nitaḫ = [269x] slave, servant {2977x @ 2500}

12035%  ARAD$_2$ (ir$_{11}$) x KUR = [3028x] slave, servant [from the hinterland / mountain tribes]

[PLM] Jaritz #668 '(male) slave'. It is normally read as arad2 but it also reads ge24 for *gi24 which simply means 'male'; and that the meaning 'male' is derived from *gix, phallus, making gi24 *gîˀ24.

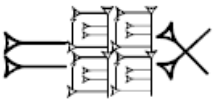
12036% ARKAB | arkab$_2$ = [0x!] bird or bat | argab (GAR-IB)

12037% ASAL$_2$ | asal$_x$ = [0x!] poplar tree [PSD aliases: asar$_2$ ašar$_2$ (A.TU.GABA.LIŠ)]

12038% ASH / AŠ [191x] = **1**% ("1" one% numeric) | ina% dili% didli [227x] = single, unique, sole; alone; various, many; misc. | cf. 12415

Proto list shows 2x single ex. géme díli = unmarried slave girl

12039 ASH ZIDA tenu; 1203A ASH KABA tenu

1203B  ~/~ TUG2/TUG2 TUG2/TUG2 PAP

1203C% ASHx3, ESH / **EŠ** = **3** ("3" three numeric)

1203D ASH/~/~ +-ing ~/~/~ | KASH / kaš$_2$ (kas) = beer, alcohol [1344x] cf 12049

1203E% ASH$_2$ (út), aš$_2$ = curse [51x]

cf. to curse nam-ku5 12246-122FB

40. lu2 mu-sar-ra-ba
But a person who this inscription
41. szu bi2-ib2-ur3-re-a
shall erase
42. u3 {gesz}szu-kar2-bi
and its utensils
43. ki-gub-bi-sze3
to its standing-place
44. nu-ub-szi-ib2-gi4-gi4-a
shall not return,
45. musz {d}nanna
may the serpent of Nanna
46. he2-en-gar
be set upon him,
47. numun-na-ni
and to his descendants
..

1203F% ASHGAB / AŠGAB [631x] = leather-worker

12040% BA = [839x] split, crotch, divide (into shares), share, halve, to allot; porridge; [26x] animal, marine creature; [11x] open, thresh | [19x] tool (cpd reed stylus)

[PLM] central line demarcating the gluteal cleft of the butt [BA TruEtym buttocks], with the line extending below as a tail, to make its position on the anatomy clear cf. Inanna L116 [Jaritz #5]

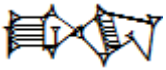
cpd su$_8$-ba (ES) [25x] = shepherd

ba-ni-in-dug$_4$-ga = more violent threshing about [12040 BA threshing + 1224C NI quiver + 12154 IN = abuse, rape + 12157 dug4 / KA = perform + 120B5 GA suckling, hold]

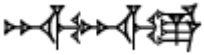
ba-ni-in-su-ub-ba = kissing [12040 BA thresh about + 1224C NI quiver+ 12154 IN = abuse, rape + 122E2 SU submerge, flesh + 12312 UB praise, ruin]

12041% BAD, BE | [109x] remote; to open, undo | SUMUN, SUN = LÚ+BAD = lord | MUNUS+BAD = lady | ÚŠ = death, destruction | reed stylus ?? cf. 12357 uš$_2$ = die, kill; blood | cf. 12300 TIL

12042% BAG$_3$?? = qqq [numeric ??; ba-ga ?? | pag, bag, bak, pak, HU, 12137]

12043%  BAHAR$_2$ [315x] = potter

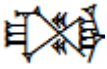
12044% BAL, GIŠ, ĝeš balak (geš balak, ĝeš bala, geš bala) [31x] = spindle cf. 121B0 NUMUN seed

cpd  balbale (bal-bal-e) [34x] = literary subscript [~x2 + 1208A e speak]

12045 BAL/BAL

BAL bala {first ref to ‘scroll down’ the page! } turn% over spindle » yarn / story [The Fates]. dub.bala go over accounts. BA 12040 divide [butt] + BAL = BABAL > Babel / Babylon TruEtym [cf Baal deity]; 'jist' of the story re "GISH".GI.BAL » TruEtym bible 12100 + ~ balbale - spindle / type of song, eg Inanna n Sukaletuda 1.1.3 repetitive dialogue cf apt sounding 'banal' (rep,

boring) song, unwinding yarn The Fates; subscript = a short piece of writing at the bottom or top of a document, e.g. author details, signature cf colophon or incipit.
The Song of Lettuce (erotica)
A balbale to Inana, t.4.08.4 alt.
A Balbale to Inanna – alt. see 12044
Oath of Women (A balbale to Inana Dumuzid)
Oath of Woman (a bal.bale to Inanna & Dumuzid) Balbale Love & Erotica – Sex & Eroticism in Mesopotamia Literature, Gwendolyn Leick [before Gudea Cylinders] see 12044
..

12046%  BALAG [154x], $DUB_?$ = harp, large drum (instrument) song, lament balaŋ {305x 2@ EDIIIa} cf. DUB_2 quiver 12080

12047% BAR [2579x] = outside, (other) side; behind; outer form, outer; fleece; outsider, strange; back, shoulder; liver; because of; to set aside; to cut open, slit, split | HALF; LÚ+MÁŠDA = poor man | MAŠD+TAB+BA = TWIN
cf. 12226

BAR half% (tablet linebreak marker)
(crow) bar TruEtym esp. proto #252 [ED1 28-27 Bur.]

12048% $BARA_2$, barag = [423x] ruler, king; dais, seat; [52x] sack; a part of an animal's body; [7x] mix

12049% **BI** / PI, KASH / kaš [13889x] = beer; alcoholic drink | determinative &kac; alcohol | (* *TruEtym bi => beer*); open [also 1203D]

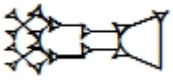
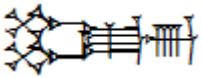
1204A ~ x A

1204B% ~ x GAR | bappir$_3$ [385x] = an ingredient in beer-making

1204C ~ x IGI gunu

1204D% **BU**, GID$_2$ = [2252x] long, length | bur$_{12}$ (bu) = to tear [189x; verb]

Irrigation network lit. measure, length (cf. im-gid2-da = tablet single-column) du3 parts of irrigation network - canala, dikes, allocations dab5 - quotas ?? cf seize AK - completion (of quota irrigation work assignment / quota). re BU: administrative texts mostly refer to the construction and mainte- nance of distributors, canals, and dikes that were situated along the fields of the temple of goddess Babu (BA.BU)
bur maintenance by the king himself
[eri]-enim-ge-na [lu]gal lagasx(nu11.bur)la.ki-ke4 kuĝ2 aˇsa5 ubur2-ra-ka en-ig-gal nu-banda3 mu-na-du3

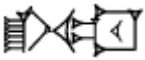
1204E  ~/~ AB; 1204F  ~/~ UN;

12050 ~ +-ing ~

12051% BULUG [56x] = needle; stake; boundary; seal pin

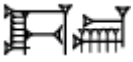
12052 ~/~

12053% BUR [85x] = (food) offering, sacrifice; meal(-time); (stone) bowl; a priest | bur [67x] = a unit of area; a unit

of volume | cpd  burgul (BUR+GUL) = stone-cutter [55x]

12054% BUR_2 = [78x] light; to glow, shine | bur_2 [176x] = to release, free; to reveal; to spread out, cover

12055% DA, DAG [77x] = line (esp genealogy) | da = [479x] side, edge; vicinity | ^{ĝeš}da (^{geš}da) = [13x] writing board | [PLM] da side

cpd  DAGGAN, $da\text{-}gan_2$ [11x] = (sleeping) chamber [~ + 120F7 GAN field, area];

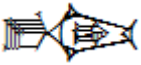
DA-GA_NA = lair [12055 DA lair + 120B5 GA suckling, hold + 1223E NA man, pestle, pounder]

12056% **DAG** [46x] = dwelling 3 @ EDIIIa

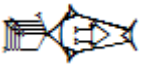
DAG $KISIM_5$ (121A8 sour milk [cow] + dwelling = diary farm??) Variants:

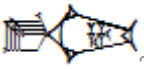
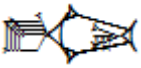
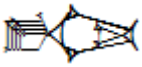
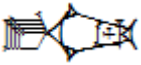
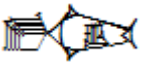
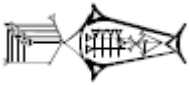
12057 ~ x A + MASH; 12058 ~ x AMAR;

12059 ~ x BALAG; 1205A ~ x BI

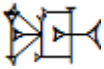
1205B%  DAG-$KISIM_5$ x GA | akan, ubur = female breast, nipple

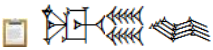
1205C ~ x GA + MASH; 1205D ~ x GI; 1205E ~ $xGIR_2$

1205F%  DAG-KISIM$_5$ x GUD | utul$_5$ = cow herd

12060  ~ x HA; 12061  ~~ x IR; 12062 ~~ x IR + LU ; 12063  ~~ x KAK; 12064 ~~ x LA; 12065  ~~ x LU; 12066 ~~ x LU + MASH2; 12067 ~~ x LUM; 12068 ~~ x NE; 12069 ~~ x PAP + PAP; 1206A ~~ x SI; 1206B  ~~ x TAK4; 1206C  ~~ x U2 + GIR2; 1206D ~~ x USH

Fj | QFv | mL | TOC | Top

1206E%  DAM [2104x] = wife, spouse, ‘other woman’ TruEtym ‘dame’

 damšelum (~ .122BA. *boner* 1221D) an aromatic [as a lure to a ‘damsel’ in distress !] » Eshdam

..

EDIIIb: ur giggi eš$_2$-dam nu$_2$ [...] e$_2$-eš$_2$-dam ba-ra-bi$_2$-in-gal$_2$-la.

..

cpd nam-dam [92x] = marriage [12246 NAM determined order + ~]

esh2-dam = Eshham% TransG Brothel Tablet 12365-1206E

Eshdam – Richard A Henshaw

“Female & Male: The Cultic Personnel… ’1994 – Richard A Henshaw” [b’1921-d.’2020; NB: Bexley House Ohio; thanks incl. Robert Biggs – Foreword 30iii94 – as usual, exhaustive, authoritative work, just missing one thing, the cuneiform signs, leaving a sea of translit.!] p. 312 App. 4.1: ‘What happened in the èš-dam house? … Jacobsen calls it a “bordello, a social center” … the term èš goes back to Presargonic times among the Ur-Nanshe texts as sacred place… The Inanna Temple è-èš-dam-kù “holy eshdam house” in Girsu… One of the “ME’s” – “Attributes of Civilization” … further listing of ME’s shows the èš-dam with some sexually oriented figures … nam-kar-ke4 is “prostitution”…

The èš-dam is Inanna’s: è-èš-dam-kù “the holy house eshdam is (or, exists) for you (ie. Inanna). It is described as a place of love. An Old Sumerian PN: nin-èš-dam- me-ki-àga “lady who loves the eshdam” … In the introduction to an Inanna hymn Inanna is described…”stepping onto the street / a kar-ke4 (prostitute) / stepping into the èš-dam ” … the prostitute plies her trade in the street, and Inanna acts as one in the eshdam…in a hymn to Inanna, the goddess of war she visits various èš-dam’s as a prostitute… in the hymn of Enheduanna … rites of “handwashing” ceremony, è-èš-dam-kù … the result is a calmed heart for Inanna…Lovemaking between Dumuzi and Inanna in èš-dam … as quoted by Jacobsen “… oh Inanna, you are bent on going to your (usual) window (viz. to solicit) for a lover.” The ‘woman in the window’ is prevalent in much of ANE art, especially in the Nimrud ivories, Inanna plays the part of a prostitute…’

Google Books: < tinyurl.com/eshdam-henshaw >

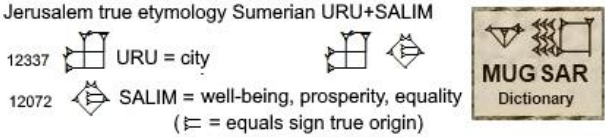
e_2-dam [10x] = tavern [1208D e_2 house + ~]

1206F% DAR [402x] = to break up, crush, grind; to split, split up; to cut open » Eshdam| $durah_x$ ($dara_4$) [410x] = wild goat, mountain goat | cf. 12071 below

12070% $DARA_3$ ~ IBE_X | durah ($dara_3$) [89x] = wild goat, mountain goat | cf. 1206F

12071% $DARA_4$ [43x] = red; brown; blood | cf. 1206F above

12072% DI (de, did) [452x] = right, justice, law, lawsuit, trial; legal decision | cpd di-kud = judge, judgement; lawsuit [~ + 122FB decide] | sa_2 (sá) [452x] = to equal, compare, compete, be equal to, rival; [91x] to tie (shoes); [46x] advice, counsel; resolution, intelligence |

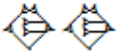


salim, silim [228x] = well-being; healthy, prosperity; completeness, favourable | syll.: ti_4

equals% "=" TruEtym

Verb sa2-sa2: to compete cf.

Noun di-di: a fight / competition.

 = let's compete!

ga2-nu ga-na ga-ab-sa2!-sa2!-en

"Come, come on, let us compare." – P346241

» jpg "History Math Tables – from Sumer to Spreadsheets Martin C Kelly" after 122B9

..

12073% DIB, DAB = GRASP | LU, UDU = sheep [cf. 121FB]

12074% DIM [38x] = post, pillar, pole; binding, knot, bond; plant

12075% DIM x SHE / ŠE, DIM x KUR | MUN [427x] = salt; to be brackish; older ??

12076% DIM_2 [2109x] = to create, make, manufacture; to replace?; to bring forth?

12077% DIN [1x UNMNG – PSD: unknown/ED IIIb/Nippur...] cf. compound suffix - chariot, vegetable

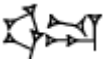
12078 DIN KASKAL U *gunu* DISH

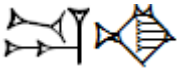
12079% DISH [5x!] = 1% ("1" one numeric) | $GEŠ_2$ [92x] = 60 sixty;| DIŠ (*gè*), $GIŠ_2$, NIGIDA

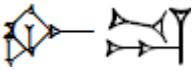
The same cuneiform stands for 1 or 60 or 3,600, depending on its place in the number, just as 1 in the decimal system denotes 1, 10 or 100, depends on its place » see 'Numbers' FN 3'b's

1207A% DU [5868x] gin, ra_2, ri_6, ĝen (gen) = **to go** / come; [2789x] = to go; to flow | de_6 [1794x] / tum_2 [10x behind tum_3 134x] = to bring / carry | GUB = stand

A.RA2% multiplication ('x')

cpd  e_3 (UD-DU) [1850x] = to leave, to go out; to thread, hang on a string; to remove, take away; to bring out; to enter; to bring in; to raise, rear (a child); to sow; to rave; to winnow; to measure (grain) roughly (with a stick); to rent [12313 UD sun + ~]

 ĝen-na = go [~ + 1223E pestle]

 im-ĝen = went [1214E IM copula + ~]

a-ra2 [4046x] = times (with numbers, multiplication); ways; way; omen; step (math.) [12000 A progeny + ~]

1207B DU/DU; 1207C DU *gunu*

1207D% DU *sheshig* / *šešis*, gir_5, KASH / $kaš_4$ (kas_4) [1089x] = runner, trotter, messenger; to run

1207E% DUB% [1183x] = (clay) **tablet**, document | $kišib_3$ $kishib_3$ [17468xxx!] = cylinder seal, sealed tablet

> [PLM] Jaritz #239 '(brick/tablet) mold', and is recorded to mean 'clay tablet', which is simply a 'molded loaf' put to an intellectual rather than a constructional use; dub also recorded to read dubb(-)a (for *dûppâ), which would represent 'molded (thing)' = 'tablet/brick'. Sumerian *dûp is also recorded for the meaning 'heap/pile up, spread out mud to make bricks'

cf. made of clay (deter.) tablet IM 1214E. dub gid2-da long-tablets. DUB b-p dub pub scriBe scriPt descriBe descriPtion

MUGSAR was created (12013CT) in a humble dwelling with raw clay brick / tablet walls

..
ina dub^meš aš-ṭur
I wrote on tablets.
Enmerkar-Aratta Tablet invention:
501 kiĝ2-gi4-a ka-ni dugud šu nu-mu-un-da-an-gi4-gi4
502 bar kiĝ2-gi4-a ka-ni dugud šu nu-mu-un-da-an-gi4-gi4-da-ka
503 en kul-aba4ki-a-ke4 im-e šu bi2-in-ra inim dub-gin7 /bi2-in\-gub
504 ud-bi-ta inim im-ma gub-bu nu-ub-ta-ĝal2-la.
The messenger, whose mouth was heavy, was not able to repeat it.
Because the messenger, whose mouth was tired, was not able to repeat it, the lord of Kulaba patted some clay and wrote the message as if on a tablet.
Formerly, the writing of messages on clay was not established. etcsl.orinst.ox.ac.uk/section1/tr1823.htm

Sumerians started with admin tablets c3300 ie. necessity mother of invention. Then eventually progressed to creative / lit. c2600 […just like 'somebody' y56-13, 5000 yrs later]
..
ex. tablet specs on colophon (end matter):
ĝeš2-šu-ši-eš5
60.total.front +3
[std 60 line type tablet +3] (Total) sixty-three (lines)
ušu3-limmu
(sub total of obverse:) 34
five ia2 iax(NINNU)-kam-ma-še3

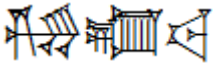
for the 5th time
šu-niĝin ninnu
Total: 50

cf. 12229 mes (meš$_3$), kišib black hero; 1231D UM reed (stylus?) stem

cpds:

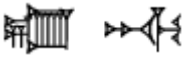
dubsar% [11320x] = scribe [1207E DUB tablet + 122AC SAR write] | *TruEtym*: English 'dub' (to name; give higher standing; replace script / sound)

eduba (e$_2$-dub edub%) = education, school (Literature of Ancient Sumer, Jeremy Black, xxiv [Google Books]) | *TruEtym*: *edu*-cation [1208D e$_2$ house + ~]

 gi-dub-ba = reed tablet stylus [12100 GI reed stem + 1207E DUB tablet + 12040 BA divide tool]

How to write on clay

bisaĝ-dub-ba [450x] = archivist [120B7 bisaĝ basket + 1207E DUB tablet + 12040 BA divide tool]

 dub-bala [31x] = to go over an account [~ + 12044 BAL spindle, turn]

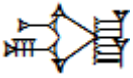
nam-dub-sar = [16x] scribe arts / craft [12246 NAM determined order; destiny + ~]

nam-dub-sar-ra-ni = do. [+ verb aux.]

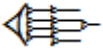
e_2-dub-ba-a (edubba%) = scribe school [1208D e_2 school, house + 1207E DUB tablet + 12040 BA allot, share + 12000 water, progeny]

edubba – ScribeArts%
"nam-dumu-é-dub-ba-a" cf. "nam-dub-sar".
nam = determined order, rank – higher level than standard, BA cf MA > PhD, knight of, member of xyz fraternity (frat boy)
dumu.edubba = standard alumni BA
nam.dub.sar = Master of Scribal Arts (course)
nam.dumu.edubba.a = Alumni Member of high class fraternity of a Scribal House - Ivy League fraternity
lú gašam – 'master craftsman', member of a profession [lú] gáb-zu-zu alt 'student'
etcsl.orinst.ox.ac.uk/catalogue/catalogue5.htm edubba C has transl ie supervisor advice to apprentice see prof's are black.
..

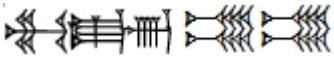
1207F DUB x ESH2

12080%  DUB_2 [186x] = to tremble, make tremble; to push away, down; to smash, abolish, smote » im-ma-dúb-ba-re

12081% DUG [3196x] dug_x(BI), BI x A = (clay) pot; a unit of liquid capacity | determinative vessels &dug;

12082%  DUGUD [124x] = heavy, important

12083% DUH {'doe' (cooking) TruEtym} [556x] / DUḪ, DU, du_8 [2369x] = bake, to release, loose, loosen, undo, strip off; to spread out mud to make bricks; to caulk (filler, seal) TUḪ, DU_8, GAB | GABA = breast | cf. 120EE same sign GABA = copy; equal

cpd  mu-un-du_8-du_8 = stripped, made naked [1222C name, phallus + 12326 (KALAM = Sumer) + 120EE (/12083) du_8 (GABA) x2 strip off; spread; breast; equal [*NB double emphasis on strip / ravage]*]

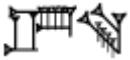
12084% DUN [32x] = to dig | warped (weaving: the warp – lengthwise yarn)

12085% DUN3, GIN_2, TUN_3 = cover | cpd saĝ-DUN_3 [447x] = land recorder; du_5-mu = apprentice (ES) [after 12309 dumu]

12086% DUN3 *gunu* | giĝ$_4$ giŋ$_4$ (gin_2) [64455x!] = unit of weight, shekel; a unit of area; a unit of volume | gel / kel, aga_3

shekel grain barley SHE 122BA cf. entwined stems » sheaf gel kel (gi reed crossed) 12103]
1 gin2 / shekel = 8g silver = price of bushel of grain (48pds/22kg)
1 silver $ = 24g silver ∴ say roughly 5000ya 8g = $0.33 [inflation adj. of course!] =
1 gin2 / shekel / bushel of grain 60 gin2 / 60 shekel =
1 mina = 480g silver
[½ kg/about 1 pound = say roughly 5000ya $20
1 kg silver bar (fits on open hands): 118mm x 54 x 16 11.8cm x 5.4 x 1.6 4.6" x 2" x 0.6". U.S. quarter ($0.25) coin: 5.67g 24.26mm (0.955") dia x 1.75mm silver is 18% heavier than nickel.]

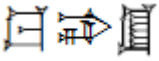
{cf. nihongo 'ginko' bank; GIN TruEtym Ginea Brit. currency; aga3 → ag-riculture cf AgWeb farmer stats !?}
shekel money she-kel 122BA-12086
shekel is based on a unit of weight equivalent to the Sumerian gin2 {Wik}- gín [gin2] (giĝ4) shekel (a weight = 1/60 ma-na = 8 gr.)
Proto Ea 718 supports a pronunciation /giĝ/, though /gin/ seems correct for OS; see Krecher, ZA 63, 199.
- ma-na 1 mina = 60 gin2/shekel = 0.48 kg [see Foxvog Sumerian Glossary]
- mana% mina% unit of weight ma-na {TruEtym 'mo-ney' » money} 12220-1223E Att. 17810x 2@ proto
5(ašc) ma-na uruda tun$_3$-la$_2$ 354@ EDIIIa :
ku$_3$ 3(ašc) ma-na 6(diš) gin$_2$ 502@ EDIIIb :
[n] ku$_3$ ⌜ma⌝-na 1(dišt) gin$_2$. gin2 (giŋ4 giĝ4) unit of weight shekel
Att. 8@ proto,
1(ašc) ku$_3$ gin$_2$ 146@ EDIIIa,
ibid. 501@ EDIIIb,
[n] ku$_3$ ⌜ma⌝-na 1(dišt) gin$_2$ [ePSD2]
..

cpd  aga$_3$-kar$_2$ [5x] = conqueror [~ + uQQ kar$_2$ insult, blow up, light]

12087% DUN$_3$ *gunu gunu* | AGA ax 12087% DUN3 gem (stone) ?? aga% ax aga-us$_2$ (= UŠ 12351) professional soldier, guard 3 @ EDIIIa » P010232 Eshdam | NA-DUN3 gems 12087-12305 » “The gems of literature”:

12088% DUN$_4$, DUL$_4$, ŠUDUN$_3$, ŠUDUL$_3$, UR *gunû šešig*, MIR*šešig* = yoke | mir (mer) [347x] = north wind; north; storm

12089% DUR_2 [98x] = rump rump, butt-ocks; defile, cleft [cpd suffix e.g. wooden ledger board] | cf. 121AA

cpd  dur_2-bi-$še_3$ = rump [12089 rump + 12049 BI open + 12365 $še_3$ string (cf. loincloth)]

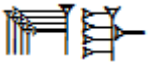
1208A% **E**% [vowel; 399x] = to speak | perfect plural and imperfect stem of 'dug'; princely | interjection marker; fear, aura

1208B E x PAP

1208C E/E NUN/NUN

1208D% **E_2** [13124x] = house, household; temple; station (of the moon)?; room; house-lot; estate | determinative &e_2; buildings / rooms names

- "e-" prefix TruEtym » house of / build-up, enable ex. e-motion « emotion emotive; e-dub house of tablets / knowledge » education

cpd  É.GAL = palace [~ + 120F2 GAL big]

e-a-ni = temple [~ + aux a-ni: "12000 A wonder + 1224C NI timelessness"]

E_2 Variants:

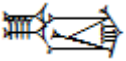
1208E ~ x A + HA + DA; 1208F ~ x GAR; 12090 ~ x MI;

12091 ~ x SAL; 12092 ~ x SHE; 12093 ~ x U

12094% EDIN / EDEN, bir_4 = steppe, open country; back

TruEtym: 2000 years before religio Eden myths » more @ Google Docs: docs.google.com/document/d/1B5X7qw...

Note also Eridu | Subir

12095%  EGIR, eĝir (egir, eĝer) [393x] = back, rear; after; estate, inheritence; again.

níĝ-u_4-bi-ta nu-mu-e-da-sá-e

You cannot compare things from the good old days.

nam-tar eĝir-ra-ka mu-da-ab-sá-e

You can only compare it with what will happen in the future.

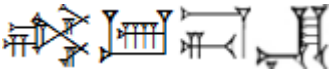
– Class Reunion (CR) Geller et al

12096% EL {'honorific prefix' TruEtym}, SIKIL [457x] = pure | cf. 122DB SI = horn [cuneus + horny = pure]

12097% **EN** [1480x] = lord / master / rulers of (abbrev. for) Sumer | [7739x] = priest

particle 'en' → often duration
ex: èn-šè, en-šè / en-na-me-šè / èn-tukum-šè “how long?”
{tukum šu-gar-tur-lal = soon perhaps if 146@2500}
element 'en' → en-na “until”. 'en' particle non-temporal →
before nominalized verb “as many as”, “as much as”
ex. Ur-Namma’s Death:
éren en-na ba-ug5-ga
“warriors as many as have died”
bàd kù-zu en-na sukud-rábé a-nir ŋé-em-da-sá
“May your holy wall – as high as it is – resound with mourning!” Curse of Agade

major cpd KI-EN-GI = Sumer [121A0 KI cosmic + 12097 EN lord + 12100 GI {not gir_{15}! see notes}] [ETCSL ex: Poem Išme-Dagan (c.2.5.4.01), line c25401.A.364]

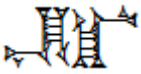
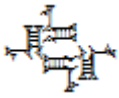
 ŋe$_2$-eb-us$_2$-en = protection from the rulers of Sumer (your black brothers – Inanna & Šukaletuda c133.233) [120F6 ŋe$_2$ be he + 12141 IB oval + 12351 us$_2$ lean on + 12097 EN rulers of Sumer]

E_2 Variants:

12098% EN x GAN_2 $BURU_{14}$, BAR_8, SULLIM | $buru_{14}$, = [206x] harvest, summer

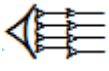
12099 EN x GAN2 tenu; 1209A EN x ME;

1209B EN +*-ing* EN;

1209C  EN *opp* EN; 1209D  EN *sq*

1209E% EREN [213x] = cedar

1209F% ERIN$_2$, erin$_2$ (erem, eren$_2$, erim) [2722x] = people, troops | ZALAG$_2$; PIRIG | GIŠ+ÉRIN = scales | ÉRIN+MEŠ = troops, military unit | cpd gurum$_2$ [726x] = inspection, provisions [12146 IGI eye + ~]

120A0% **ESH$_2$** (EŠ ~ bà), gir$_{15}$ [7x! little as used] = native, local | cf. 1222A  ĝi$_6$ [7223x] = black ~ giving ki.en.gi ...Seems like some elites (incl those that control *Wakipedia*!) don't want to emphasize ki.en.gi = black Sumerians (are smarter because 'the reed stylus is mightier than the sword', see 12100 gi) -- they use instead non-Sumerian, little used (see notes), Babylonian 120A0 gir subscript number **15** no less, cf. 12365 [7223x!] which such types, incl. University of Pennsylvania's PSD relegates / obscures in italics as

..

[12401] eš$_6$ = "3" [numeric list]

120A1% **EZEN** (EZEM) [1136x] = festival; walled area?? | IZIN, KEŠDA | šir$_3$, sir$_3$ [150x] = sing, song, epic

EZEN Variants:

120A2 ~ x A; 120A3 ~ x A + LAL; 120A4 ~ x A + LAL x LAL

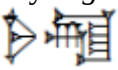
120A5% ~ x AN | ug$_5$ divine singing » Eshdam

120A6% EZEN x BAD, UG$_5$, BAD$_3$ = wall, fortification

120A7 ~ x DUN3 gunu; 120A8 ~ x DUN3 gunu gunu; 120A9 ~ x HA; 120AA ~ x HA gunu; 120AB ~ x IGI gunu; 120AC ~ x KASKAL | sud$_5$ = purify; 120AD ~ x KASKAL sq; 120AE ~ x KU3; 120AF ~ x LA; 120B0 ~ x LAL x LAL; 120B1 ~ x LI; 120B2 ~ x LU; 120B3 ~ x U2; 120B4 ~ x UD

..

120B5% GA = [4425x] suckling (cow), young | ga (ES) [1794x] = to bring / carry | gur_{11} = heap up | cf. 120FC GA = knob, unit measurement

TruEtym - 'galaxy' - '*gala* = milk' - 120B5 GA clearly depicts a cow; also cpd  gal_4-la = procreating female *parts*; also 120F2 GAL big, great

cpd ga-na, gana [25x] = come on! [~ + 1223E NA aux]

120B6 GA *gunu*

120B7% **GA_2** ($ĝa_2$ / gá / $ŋa_2$), mal, bisag / bisaĝ, ba_4 [704x] (pisan) = basket / bunch / group | [208x] place [#2 behind 120FB 2500x] | $ĝa_2$ $ŋa_2$ (ga_2) [67x] = house | PLM: shallow dish; jaw?? [pregnant??] » Eshdam

- ‘basket of tablets’ » catalog / archive / archivist – see clear tablet P121149

GA_2 Variants:

120B8 ~ x A + DA + HA; 120B9 ~ x A + HA;

120BA ~ x A + IGI; 120BB ~ x AB2 tenu + TAB

120BC% **GA_2** x AN, | ama = [863x] mother (goddess) | [PLM: maternal love - *TruEtym* cf. Latin *ama-re* / amor] | ama-lu | AMA-AN-MUŠ$_3$ | dagal [745x] = wide / broad; width, breadth

120BD ~ x ASH; 120BE ~ x ASH2 + GAL; 120BF ~ x BAD ; 120C0 ~ x BAR + RA; 120C1 ~ x BUR; 120C2 ~ x BUR + RA; 120C3 ~ x DA; 120C4 ~ x DI; 120C5 ~ x DIM x SHE; 120C6 ~ x DUB; 120C7 ~ x EL; 120C8 ~ x EL + LA; 120C9 ~ x EN; 120CA ~ x EN x GAN2 tenu; 120CB ~ x GAN2 tenu; 120CC ~ x GAR; 120CD ~ x GI; 120CE ~ x GI4; 120CF ~ x GI4 + A; 120D0 ~ x GIR2 + SU; 120D1 ~ x HA + LU + ESH2; 120D2 ~ x HAL; 120D3 ~ x HAL + LA; 120D4 ~ x HI + LI; 120D5 ~ x HUB2; 120D6 ~ x IGI gunu; 120D7 ~ x ISH + HU + ASH; 120D8 ~ x KAK; 120D9 ~ x KASKAL; 120DA ~ x KID; 120DB ~ x KID + LAL; 120DC ~ x KU3 + AN; 120DD ~ x LA; 120DE ~ x ME + EN; 120DF ~ x MI ; 120E0 ~ x NUN

120E1% GA_2 x NUN/NUN = beam, erection | UR_3 [282x] = to shut; protection

120E2% GA_2 x PA, $SILA_4$, GAZI = lamb

120E3 GA_2 x SAL | ur_{14}; 120E4 ~ x SAR

120E5% GA_2 x SHE, $ESAG_2$, = store, warehouse

120E6 GA_2 x SHE + TUR; 120E7 ~ x SHID;

120E8 ~ x SUM; 120E9 ~ x TAK4; 120EA

~ x U; 120EB ~ x UD; 120EC ~ x UD + DU;

120ED ~/~

..

Fn | QFv | mL | TOC | Top

120EE% GABA, TUḪ, du_8 = [821x] breast, chest; frontier; [proudly display] | copy; equal | [3x] a designation of sheep | cf. 12083 same sign = release; spread

cpds gaba-ri [563x] = copy; equal [~ + 12291 RI = lay down]

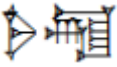
im-mi-du_8 = proudly display [1214E IM wind, mood, is (copula) + 1222A MI black + 120EE (/12083) du_8 (GABA); spread]

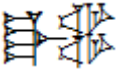
120EF GABA +-ing GABA

120F0% GAD (KAD) [633x] = linen, flax (plant fibre that is made into a thread and woven) cf. $MURUB_2$

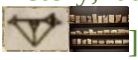
120F1 GAD/GAD GAR/GAR

120F2% GAL [6612x] = big, great

TruEtym – galaxy, galleon, galley [even if you take the '*gala* = milk' line, then we have 120B5 GA (sign clearly depicting a big cow) and cpd  gal_4-la = procreating female *parts*

120F3  GAL GAD/GAD GAR/GAR

120F4% GALAM, SUKUD [227x] = height, altitude

> clever skillful ref. Kramer ['1956 first major popular press publication "From the Tablets of Sumer" – 25 firsts in history, later expanded, “History Begins at Sumer” – pdf ]
>
> galam huru hu.ru
> oxymoron clever.fool = sophomore
> galam ḫu-ru-um uš11 zà-ga bar-bar
> Lamebrain, always drooling.

120F5% GAM = down, below; [5x] pudenda | gurum, gur_2 [138x] = to bend, curve, wrap around; to bow; to roll up; to curb, restrain; to watch over | cpd id-gurum (id-gur_2) [2026x] = ladle

120F6% GAN / KAN [12x] = bear young; child-bearing [HO.GAN!] | he_2 ($\underline{h}e_2$) [8x] = be (it / he / she)

nig2-zu a-na-asz he2-in-de3-szu2

Why should knowledge be hidden from everyone?

| be_2 [52x #2 behind e] = perfect plural and imperfect stem of 'dug'

(quasi) yes%

Sumerian does not have an emphatic "yes" word. The closest they get is rarely used "heam" (he2.am): 120F6.12228 let it be (so).

In contrast, they do have a ubiquitous emphatic "no" » "nu" {another TruEtym} 12261.

It seems to be one of those cultures where there is a reluctance to show you commit to anything. Very much like the politician's evasive "no comment". In the TransG Eshdam there's lots of "not available" nu-tuku 12261-12307.

Even its ending punchline "no decorum" (anything goes).

Observed the exact same phenomena living in Japan.

{where producing a pocket Kanji-English dictionary - this was the first "3-Way-Jisho" which became the prototype for Mugsar.

photos.app.goo.gl/ew9ZdYmwcHgGUreP7

docs.google.com/document/d/1CH7hKXabcPtDTXL8vyWYMDtltQ3TiRwGc9BztCu3K8o/edit?usp=drivesdk

tinyurl.com/pchannihon }

A lot of eerie similarities to the Sumerians (verbs come at the end of an answer too – giving time to gauge reaction before giving a positive or negative one). They have the vague quasi

yes "Hai", but the most you can get out of someone is probably "correct" » "tadashi".

Jan Keetman notes: Up to now no morphological or syntactic means are known for the marking of yes-no questions in Sumerian. We are nearly forced to assume that such questions were marked only by intonation.

Gilgamesh & Aka is best known ex.:

Lú-še lugal-zu-ù

Is that man your king?

Answer with only lugal-ĝu10 “My king”

..

Iddin Dagan ditty 3rd king of the dynasty of Isin. Iddin-Dagan is best known for his participation in the sacred marriage rite and the sexually-explicit hymn that described it.
etcsl.orinst.ox.ac.uk/section2/tr2531.htm
..

cpd DA-GAN [2x] = totality; assembly; band [12055 DA line (esp genealogy) + ~]

ḫe$_2$-em = to be [~ + 1214E IM to be]

he$_2$-ĝal$_2$ [300x] = plenty [~ + 12145 ĝal$_2$ lay down]

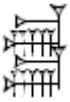
PLM / TruEtym orig. reed jug over a waist with two legs', indicating a 'reed jug being carried, 'pointed-thing' = 'reed' [Jaritz #271] ... so can also be interpreted as 'carrying/storing a basket-like/womb'; and with this interpretation reads GAN, 'bear young'
From this Sumerian GAN / KAN cf. Greek kánna, 'reed, cane'... Latin canna, 'reed, cane, type of vessel', almost certainly the reverse process took place for the meaning 'reed, cane';... the source of canna ... 'jug'... 'pointed-thing-tool' =

'(pointed, carrying) jug, amphora', seen in Greek kántharos, 'drinking cup' ... 'jug', seen clearly in Frankish cannada, 'jug' ... reeds were hollow, and could be used for jugs by merely cutting off a section sealed naturally at the bottom...

cpd ul$_4$-he$_2$ [1x but 7000CT/3000plagio] = firmament, vault of the sky [12109 ul$_4$ early; terror + 120F6 he$_2$ open]

120F7% GAN2 / GAN$_2$, IKU = field, unit of area | determinative &iku; surface measurement

120F8% ~ tenu | kar$_2$ [55x] = to insult, slander | GAN2tenu- GAN2tenu, kar$_2$- kar$_2$ [52x] = to to blow; to light up, shine; to rise

120F9  ~/~; 120FA ~ +-ing ~

..

120FB% GAR, NINDA [11296x] = bread, pastry, baked, food – determinative &ninda; bread / baked items | cf. less common 12252 NINDA$_2$ | ĝar (gar) [2505x] = place, to put, lay down; to give in place of something, replace; to posit (math.) | niĝ$_2$ niŋ$_2$ (nig$_2$ *ning*) [1641x] = thing {TruEtym}, possesion; something | nindan (ninda) [149x] = pole; unit of length; 12 ?? | ŠA$_2$, | LIMMU = 4 | cf. 122E9

120FC% GAR$_3$ [31x] = knob; a unit of measurement cf 120B5 young suckling

120FD% GASHAN / GAŠAN = unit of area: one GAŠAN = 10 BÙRU (648000 M^2) | U *gunû*, BUR_3 *gunû* = lady, mistress

120FE% GESHTIN / ĝeštin (geštin) [796x] = vine; wine | GIŠ+DIN; giš.geštin

120FF ~ x KUR

[various] GE | 1230B ge_{14}; 12038 ge_{15}, saĝtak (santak); 12079 ge_3, saĝtak$_4$ (santak$_4$); 1203A ge_{22}, santak$_2$; 12039 ge_{23}, santak$_3$ = stylus cuneus; (piece of) writing, copy, exemplar, written; blow; wound | 122B9 ● | *TruEtym:* tack, small nail [saĝ ~ = 12295 headed (tack)]

12100% **GI** (*ge*) = [4900x] reed (stylus), [place of reeds / reed stylus => writing => knowledge => power (KI-EN-GI / Sumer – Tigris Euphrates delta ...see note)], cane [see TruEtym note & jpg], tube | gin_6 (gi, gen_6) [924x] = permanent; to confirm, establish (in legal contexts), verify; true; a quality designation; medium quality | ke_2 | determinative reed names &gi;

> GI suffix - "it is written" official marker, permanence token% « to-ken « tu.gen small TU 12305 or tu.gan field, unit of area gan2 iku^deter. 120F7 jr. son TUR dumu 12309 + ~ 12100 marker TruEtym ∴ token > catalyst invention writing.
> GI sign may depict reeds growing in marshlands.
> "KIENGI" homage to reeds as symbol of the culture, both technology stylus vis-à-vis base agriculture.
> igi-ĝu10-ta ĝeš-gi gi-šu2-a mu-e-gir5-gir5-e-ne
> From before me they are diving into the reed-bed and marsh.

[gi-šu$_2$ = marshland » Kramer Orlinsky 142 & Peterson Sumerian Faunal Conception 321
oracc.museum.upenn.edu/epsd2/issl/cbd/sux/summaries.html]

‘Sumerian’ Etymology

Shumerians – Akkad name for the people of the seminal great civilization:

ki-en-gi
ki cosmic place 121A0
en lord 12097
gi the pen (is mightier than the sword) 12100

shu-me-rí-im
šu hand / strength 122D7
me (media) arts of civilization 12228
ri$_2$ civilization 12337
im tablet 1214E
First identified by Jules Oppert '1869
ex. Nabopolassar line i4: oracc.museum.upenn.edu/ribo/Q005374

Many historians and anthropologists provide strong circumstantial evidence to posit that Iraq's Ma‘dān (Marshland) people share very strong links to the ancient

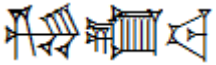
Sumerians - the most ancient inhabitants of southern Iraq... [Wik]
Studies show that Marshland people have a high concentration of Haplogroup J1 [mainly North Africa] for males.
See Genetic footprints of Sumerians in Iraq Marshlands (pdf).
Also see lively discussion here.
IAE, the reed stylus did come from the Marshlands:

gi-dub-ba
reed tablet stylus
[12100 GI reed stem + 1207E DUB tablet + 12040 BA divide tool]

Major cpds

KI-EN-GI = Sumer [121A0 KI cosmic + 12097 EN lord + 12100 GI {not gir_{15}! see notes}]
[ETCSL ex: Poem Išme-Dagan (c.2.5.4.01), line c25401.A.364]

eme-gi [23x cf ~gir_{15} 9x] = Sumerian language [12174 EME language + 12100 GI reed / write]

 gi-dub-ba = reed tablet stylus [12100 GI reed stem + 1207E DUB tablet + 12040 BA divide tool]

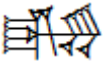
12101 GI x E; 12102 ~ x U

12103% ~ +*ing* GI | GILIM, gi_{16} = to lie across; to be entwined [together]; to entwine, twist; rope of twined reeds; to block; difficult to understand | gel / kel

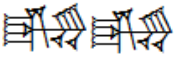
cpd gi_{16}-il = entwined (high up); foliage, forest

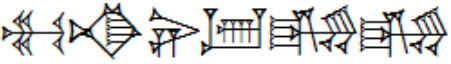
gel-le-e$\hat{g}_3$ (ES) = bad, evil; to forsake, forget; to destroy

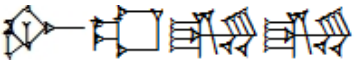
[ES = emisal – female Sumerian]

12104%  **GI_4** [1485x] = to turn, return; to go around; to change status; to return (with claims in a legal case); to go back (on an agreement)

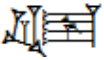
cpd im-ma-ši-in-gi_4 = return leering eye [1214E IM mud, storm + 12220 MA approach + 12146 IGI watch + 12154 IN abuse + 12104 gi_4 return]

 gi_4-gi_4 = conversation (replies); jewellry; diviner (hidden knowledge)

 mu-na-ni-ib-gi_4-gi_4 = reply, advise, to and fro, conversation [1222C MU year, dear, name, son + 1223E NA pestle + 1224C NI comes to pass + 12141 IB oval + ~ x2; ETCSL c133.231]

 im-dab_6-gi_4-gi_4 = turning round and round [1214E IM mood, (copula) 1234F dab_6 go around, + 12104 gi_4 x2 turn, go around, return, change status; gi_4 x 2 therefore:'turn round and round' ??]

12105 ~/~; 12106 ~ +-ing ~

12107%  GIDIM [45x] = haunt

12108% **GIR2**, GIŠ, GÍR [198x] = knife, dagger, razor, sword | UL4.GAL = sword

12109% ~ gunu | ul4 [39x] = to hasten, (be) quick; early | ul4 [12x] = terror | *át*=GÍR *gunû* [syll.]

PLM depicts a 'cocoon' => 'surround' [Jaritz #11]

1210A% **GIR3**, | ĝiri3 (giri3) [10822x] = **foot**; path; via, by means of, under the authority of someone |

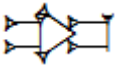
cpd huš (hush) [435x] = furious, angry; reddish, ruddy

1210B ~ x A + IGI

1210C% ~ x GAN2 tenu | gir16% dug^ ~ large jar TruEtym Att. 2x only {so why did 'they' give it a unicode 😒}

1210D ~ x IGI;

1210E ~ x LU + IGI; 1210F ~ x PA

12110%  GISAL | ĝeš^ĝisal (geš^ĝisal) [19x] = rudder, oar; a roof part

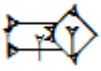
12111% GISH, GIŠ, GEŠ = tree, wood | GIŠ.MI / GISSU = shade [giš = determinative &jic; before wooden objects]

12112 ~ +-ing ~; 12113 ~ x BAD

12114 ~ x TAK4; 12115 ~ tenu

12116% **GU** [1850x] = cord, net; unretted flax stalks; rump

12117 ~ +-ing ~

12118%  GU_2, TIK | gun_2 (gu_2) / talent [5551x] = unit of weight (1 mina = 60 shekels. 1 talent = 60 mina); load; yield; rent, tax, tribute | [753x] = (river) bank; side; neck

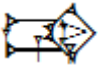
{gu2 du3 (*separate*) neglect (yield to performing)

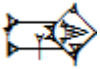
cf. gu2-du3 (*cpd*) enemy (tax around neck)}

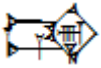
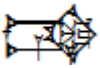
gu2-ni gu2-da mu-ni-in-la2 ne mu-un-su-ub-be2

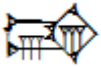
They hugged and kissed

..

12119%  GU_2 x KAK, DUR = binding, knot, umbilical cord, strip Att.: 1@3000 26@2000

1211A  GU_2 x KAK x IGI *gunu*

1211B  ~ x NUN; 1211C  ~ x SAL + TUG2;

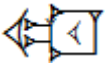
1211D  ~ *gunu*

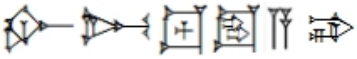
1211E% GUD [17947x], gu_4 = bull, ox; cattle; calf; lion | determinative &gud; cattle names

1211F GUD x A + KUR

12120% GUD x KUR, AM | $^{GU}{}_4$AM = wild bull | ^{UDU}AM = wild ram

12121 GUD/GUD LUGAL

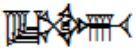
12122%  GUL [518x], SUN_2 = smite, break, to destroy; to break; to flatten; to carve, cut; to engrave (write on) tablet

cf.  im-gu-lu-u_8-a-bi = stirred up (to destroy) [1214E IM anger + 12116 GU rump + 121FB LU stirred up + 121C7 U_8 Oh! + 12000 A bemoan + 12049 BI open]

12123% GUM [18x] = to crush | cf. 12252

12124 GUM x SHE. GAZ, GAS = kill, slay

12125% GUR [27945x!] = capacity unit (c.300 litres), measuring vessel | ŠE.GUR.E ??

12126%  GUR_7 [14x] = harvest, summer

12127 GURUN = fruit ??

12128% GURUSH / ĝuruš (guruš) [9902x] = male, young adult male; able-bodied worker | cf. 12197 powerful; rare

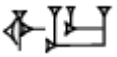
12129% **HA** / ḪA | KU_6 = fish

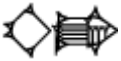
> Haya ^{d}ha-ià ḫa-ia3 (^{d}HA-NI 12129 fish +1224C oil), ^{d}ha-a-a - husband of Nisaba, goddess of scribes; doorkeeper. George Smith 26iii [same Joseph Campbell] '1840 - '1876 Heabani Izdubar Ch. XI 167 - ch XII 193 Meeting Heabani

Ch. XV 241 wandering of Izdubar death of Heabani Hasisadra > Noah Hasis cf Sp. pron. j=h > je.sus TruEtym mixed with Horus
Atra-Hasis ('exceedingly wise' HA = fish) romanized: Atra-ḫasīs) is an 1800 epic, The Atra-Hasis tablets include both a creation myth and one of three surviving Babylonian flood myths. The name "Atra-Hasis" also appears, as king of Shuruppak in the times before a flood, on one of the Sumerian King Lists.
Dumuzid the 'Fisherman' HA 12129 cf Atra-*Hasis* esp Spanish pron. » '*Jesus*'! King of Uruk Ruler of Sumer Uruk period priest King c.3300, predecessor Lugalbanda, successor Gilgamesh.
To be able to distinguish him from the god Dumuzid, the profession of fisherman and the origin from Kuara were assigned to him, probably from a cult in Kuara, where there is evidence of a temple of Dumuzid.
12 tablets 6 col 40 - 50 lines 3000 tot.
cf peacock name ᵈha-ià^mušen
ku6-ĝu10 my fish
..

1212A ~ tenu; 1212B ~ *gunu*

1212C% HAL = [55x] divide, deal out, distribute; to perform an extispicy [shaman fortune readings of organs of sacrificed animals]; to open; a secret; to pour away; to sieve; to slink, crawl away; a qualification of grain .. cpd HAL-HA ~ + 12129 fish | stick; disease; crotch | AD.HAL diviner {TruEtym 'diviner sticks' to find water!}

1212D% **HI** [2735x] ḫi [pron. *throat*y h] ḫi (ḫa$_4$), tí (dí), ḫi (ḫe) = mix | dug$_3$ (du$_{10}$) [1587x] = **good**, good thing, goodness, sweet | dub$_3$ [55x] = knee | cf.  hul, hulu [13901x; uQQ] = bad

cpd  dug_3-ga = good [~ + 120B5 GA suckling, carry]

dub_3-nir = emit [1212D dub_3 knee + nir winnow]

hi(-iz)^{sar} [18x] = vegetable; lettuce [~ + 122AC $^{SAR\ determ.}$ garden; see Sweet Garden MCFC Books]

HI Variants:

1212E% HI x ASH

1212F% HI x ASH2 ($AŠ_2$) | ur_5 [1215x] = interest-bearing loan; debt; requital, favour | ur_5 [190x] = he; that, this same; maid, female slave; one; corresponding (to one another); like (one another) | AR_3, KÍN, MUR | ḪAR (HAR) = ring | ḪUR (HUR) = thick | ḪUR+SAG = mountain

> oldest recorded onomatopoeia #muba: gr-r-r-rinding àr'-ra [cf. stir LU3]
> a si a lu_3-lu_3-(a) zi_3 ar_3-ar_3-ar_3-ar_3-ra
> “Drawing water, muddying water! Grinding flour non-stop!
> - Two Women B - Jana Matuszak

12130% HIxBAD | KAM tune | ‘it’ – may not be pronounced ex. (it) is a… bal-bal-e*h* to ^{d}Inanna-kam, ex. Shu-Suen MCFC Books

12131 ~x DISH; 12132 ~x GAD; 12133 ~x KIN

12134 ~ x NUN | AḪ (aḫ eḫ iḫ uḫ);

12135 HI x (SHE) ŠE | dubur = horizon

12136 ~ x U

12137% HU {human TruEtym} mankind (*ḫu*), mušen = bird | determinative &mucen; after bird names | bird laying egg, see 122DB

Enki, lord Nudimmud 'Begetter of mankind'
dnu-dim2-mud NU-DIM2 « HU.HI

12138% HUB2 / ḪUB$_2$ [3x] = foot | HUBI [7x] = acrobat | left cf. 1218F KAB, GAB$_2$, GUB$_3$ [CVNE = compound verb nominal element] | gab2-bu-bi-a cf. right side ZI » zi-da-bi

12139 HUB2 x AN; 1213A HUB2 x HAL;

1213B HUB2 x KASKAL;

1213C HUB2 x LISH; 1213D HUB2 x UD

..

1213E% HUL$_2$ / ḪUL$_2$, hul$_2$ [347x] = joy

holi.day holy TruEtym

cpd šag$_4$-hul$_2$ (ša$_3$-hul$_2$) [189x] = to be happy [122AE heart + ~] | ukuš$_2$ [39x] = cucumber

1213F% **I**% (vowel) | IA = "**5**" [five numeric] | [5x] hey! | [PLM: The ultimate basal meaning is 'set of eyes'; and from it, the prototypical 'pair', which, of course, is wholly arbitrary in view of 'two hands/legs, etc.'. Its use for 'many' is probably an extension of the idea of a naturally occurring 'set', regardless of the specific number: here, 'five (fingers)']

..

'Copy from the best'. When Mugsar shows so many TruEtym possibilities it really does seem like millennia of replicating. Trickling all the way down to us.
Take our letter "I" also a vowel. There's no clear 'Establishment' etym. A Google mentions the possibility of 'hand' via Semitic, which is in the right neighborhood for plagiarizing track records.
The Sumerian case may shed some light so that we can 'see' some trace of the evolution.

There's a connection between "I" vowel 1213F and the sign for "eye".
It's also "5". *Prima facie* based on hand/fingers.
But seems to have more of a connection to "tears" 😢
Remembering that many signs were rotated 90° (for better line spacing) it started out looking like falling tears—of that original creative dubsar's upset 'other-half' [cf. Eshdam fame].

I vowel etym. 😢 »

Now compare it to IGI eye 12146

"I" "IGI"

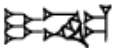
IGI does seem like our went to his local eye doctor for suggestions on its design because it looks exactly like eye structure in profile.

And IGI, that is "eye", which just happens to have the same sound as "I", a dead giveaway to our case, also begins with the vowel "I" (and ends with it too for double emphasis).
What's the probability of Sumerian vowel "I" & "eye" being connected, and 5,000 years later the language with the most 'borrowings' being likewise.
So factoring in so much plagiarizing of the Sumerians across the board—there is no better case for TruEtym of the two operative words I/IGI » I/eye

P.S. cf. cpds

pad$_3$ {TruEtym a few millennia before Steve Jobs Apple iPad} = to find, discover

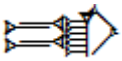
..

cpd  i-bi$_2$ [50x behind igi 1082x] = eye, (prob esp) carved eye (for statues)

[1240A] Í, IÁ, IA$_2$ = 5, 300; 12140 I A

12141% IB = [108x] oval; [0x] profession

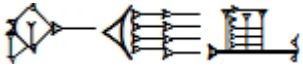
12142% **IDIM** = blocked, heavy, spring (underground water) ??

12143  ~/~ BUR; 12144 ~/~ sq

12145% IG [88x] door | gal$_{2\%}$ / ĝal$_{2\%}$ / ŋal$_{2\%}$ [3954x] = to be (there, at hand, available, ['ready-to-go'] to cause to be, produce, provide; to be in the care or possession of (-da-); to exist; to put, place [/class ?? cf. mi-iq-tum (miqtum, mi-ĝal$_2$-tum) = social class], lay down; to have cf. copula

níĝ-zi-ĝál / nig2-zi-gal2

edin-na - animals of Eden » ZI 12363

cpd  im-mi-ĝal$_2$ = classified [1214E IM mood, is (copula) + 1222A MI black (high) + 12145 ĝal$_2$ place, class]

12146% **IGI**% [1133x], ŠI, LIM = **eye**, vision, watch, notice; carved eye (for statues) | igi [3906x] = first, earlier; front; face | See 1213F for the case on TruEtym, but others could be in the running, like ig-no-re / ig-no-rant (not know/see) <= ig(i) + 12261 nu no .. IGI is an awesome cuneiform design by an unknown scribe (appearing on the earliest literary tablets like the Eshdam 5,000 ya), and the sound / reading too, obviously would have caught the eye of

plagiarists down the millennia; there's also something fishy about our "I" and "eye" (sound and arrangement of letters).

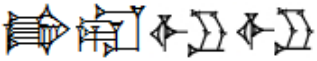
cpds

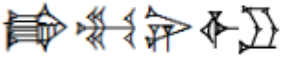
gurum$_2$ [726x] = inspection, provisions [~ + 1209F ERIN$_2$ people, troops]

pad$_3$ (reveal) cpds

pad$_3$ {TruEtym a few millennia before Steve Jobs Apple iPad} [2313x] = to find, discover; to name, nominate [~ + 12292 RU fall; throw]

mu-un-pad$_3$-da = revealed to the people [1222C MU name + 12326 UN (KALAM = Sumer) + ~ + 12055 DA writing board]

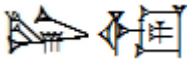
 ga-ra-pad$_3$-pad$_3$ = like threshing grain will be revealed [120B5 GA bring + 1228F RA thresh + cpd pad$_3$ reveal x2]

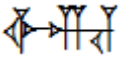
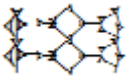
 ga-mu-ni-pad$_3$ = find (esp revenge) [120B5 GA carry + 1222C MU name + 1224C NI in the end + pad$_3$ find]

nu-um-ma-ni-in-pad$_3$-de$_3$ = in all the lands could not find rapist (of Inanna) [12261 NU not + 1231D UM approach, disease + 12220 MA land; approach + 1224C NI in time+ 12154 IN abuse, rape (rapist + pad$_3$ find + 12248 de$_3$ carry]

uQQ HUL, HULU [13901x] = **bad,** to destroy; bad-smelling, maloderous; bad, evil; slight, lightweight; false; criminal, dishonest; enemy; to raid; to strike the eyes; blinker

12147% **IGI** DIB | U_3, Ù [6341x] = and; but; also | LIBIR = sleep, dream

cpd  lu_2-u_3 = other; man and [121FD lu_2 man / him + 12147 u_3 and]

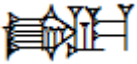
12148  IGI RI | ar [syll.]; 12149  ~/~ SHIR/SHIR UD/UD

1214A% IGI *gunû*, SIG_7 = 10,000 ten thousand% ; [62x] class of worker; [48x] to pluck hair or wool; trimmed, pruned |

Fn | QFv | mL | TOC | Top

1214B% IL = to be(come) high

1214C IL x GAN2 tenu

1214D%  IL_2 = [1362x] to raise, carry; (collect); [2x] worker; [0x] tax

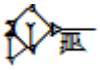
1214E% **IM** [680x] = clay, mud; tablet | determinative &im; made of clay | tumu, tum_9 [49x] = wind | determinative &tum9; winds | [48x] rain, storm (/ steaming anger) - [weather / mood] | [73x] em = to be (is / was) copula variant cf 12228 | ni_2 | TruEtym 'image'?!

A curious development from EME [12174 tongue] 'voice-emit' = 'make a sound' is found in Jaritz #721, which depicts a 'sail with rigging' [cf. harbinger for antenna, radio signal] and reads *îm(i) (for *îm(i)); it means 'wind, storm-wind'; i.e. 'moaning (of the wind), pars pro toto' [a part (taken) for the whole]. Strong support for this

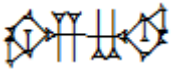
analysis is furnished by another meaning attached to this sign: 'fear'; this is understandable for 'moaning' but not for simply 'wind' or 'storm(-wind)'. 'Moaning' has attracted the reading ni$_2$ [1224E] 'be afraid', 'fear', which represents 'snivel-stative-like' = 'sniveling' = 'fear'.

cpd im-ma-ni-in-su-ub = kissing [1214E IM storm + 12220 MA flow + 1224C NI quiver + 122E2 SU submerge, flesh + 12312 UB praise, ruin]

im-te-a-ni = himself / herself

1214F%  IM x TAK4 | kid$_7$ [6x] = cut; break off; pinch off; scratch; demolish | cf. uQQ kid$_2$ = [1.] do., ~ [4.]

12150 ~ *+-ing* ~;

12151  ~ *opp* ~ [??1224E ni$_2$]; 12152 ~ *sq*

12153% **IMIN [31x] = 7**% (5+2) [seven numeric]

12154% IN [31x] = abuse, rape | gir$_{12}$

cpd hazin (^{urud}ha-zi-in / ^{uruda}ha-zi-in) [128x] = axe [determ 1234F + 12129 HA fish + 12363 ZI raise + ~] See *Nergal's Axe* c573.4

12155% IR, GAG *gunû* = plead, ask; divinate; perfume ?? | DIG = soft [6x] | cf. 1224C NI oil

12156% ISH (iš) SAHAR [15x] = sand (dunes)

TruEtym: Sahara desert – more evidence Sumerians were black » more @ Google Docs: docs.google.com/document/d/1B5X7qw...

| $kuš_7$ ($šuš_3$) [1587x] = high official, bureaucrat, civil servant

12157% **KA** (gù) | KAG_2 [1329x] = **mouth** | du_{11}, dug_4 [3878x] = speak, talk, say; to order; to do, perform [cpd: 12351 + dug_4 = mating]; to negotiate | gu_3, kir_4 | inim (enim) [1329x] = word; matter (of affairs), thing | zú / zu_2 = teeth; plowshare (cutting edge) | kiri = nose

cpds: dug_4-ga-$ĝu_{10}$ = mating [12157 dug4 / KA = perform + 120B5 ga suckling, carry + 1222C $ĝu_{10}$ (MU) phallus, dear, name, son, year]

dug_4-ga-ni = mating

zu_2-kešda = compiler, organizer [12157 zu_2 cutting edge + 1219F kešda bind, organize]

543. lu2 dub zu2 keše2-da en-ḫe2-du7-an-na

The compiler of the tablets was Enheduana.

544. lugal-ĝu10 niĝ2 IGI.DIB(u3)-tud na-me lu2 nam-mu-un-u3-tud[12305]

My King, something has been created that no one has created

before.
[see Dedication | etcsl.orinst.ox...c4801.543 & 544]

KA Variants:

12158 KA x A, nag / naĝ naŋ [400x] = to **drink**

12159 KA x AD; 1215A ~ x AD + KU3;

1215B ~ x ASH2; 1215C ~ x BAD | $uš_{11}$ =

poison [OB]; 1215D ~ x BALAG | $šeg_{11\ [OB]}$; 1215E

~ x BAR; 1215F ~ x BI;

12160 ~ x ERIN2 | syll.: mè | cf. 12128 copula,

me_3 = battle

12161 ~ x ESH2; 12162 ~ x GA | sub [11x

#2 behind su-ub] = suck; rub; 12163 ~ x GAL

12164% KA x GAN2 tenu | PÙ / pu_3 (bù) [21x] =

mouth

12165% KA x GAR, **GU_7** [1672x] (KU_2)= to **eat**

PLM:

12166 ~ x GAR + SHA3 + A; 12167 ~ x GI;
12168 ~ x GIR2; 12169 ~ x GISH + SAR;
1216A ~ x GISH +-ing GISH; 1216B ~ x
GU; 1216C ~ x GUR7; 1216D ~ x IGI

1216E% KA x IM, BUN_2 = thunder, thunderstorm

1216F% KA x KAK, KIR_{14} = nose

12170 ~ x KI; 12171 ~ x KID; 12172
~ x LI; 12173 ~ x LU

12174% KA x ME [mouth x 12228 ME to be] | EME [178x] = tongue, language [*cf. TruEtym eme => phon-eme*]

cpd eme-gi [23x cf ~gir_{15} 9x] = Sumerian language [12174 EME language + 12100 GI reed / write]

..

12175 ~ x ME + DU; 12176 ~ x ME + GI;
12177 ~ x ME + TE;

12178 ~ x MI; 12179 ~ x MI + NUNUZ;

1217A ~ x NE

1217B% KA x NUN, NUNDUM } = lip, rim | SU_6 = bread

1217C ~ x PI; 1217D ~ x RU; 1217E

~ x SA; 1217F ~ x SAR; 12180 ~ x SHA

12181% ~ x SHE | tukur2 hair care » Eshdam

12182 ~ x SHID; 12183 ~ x SHU; 12184

~ x SIG; 12185 ~ x SUHUR; 12186

~ x TAR; 12187 ~ x U; 12188 ~ x U2;

12189 ~ x UD; 1218A ~ x UMUM x PA;

1218B ~ x USH; 1218C ~ x ZI

..

Fn | QFv | mL | TOC | Top

1218D% KA_2, kan_4 [436x] = gate, door | cf. 1208D

E_2 house

1218E KA_2 +-ing KA_2

1218F KAB, GAB_2, GUB_3, $ḪUB_2$ = left | cf. 12138

12190% kad_2 = qqq | "other letter" ?? | cf. 120FO

KAD / GAD linen, flax; 122D9 $šuš_2$ cover

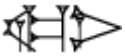
12191% kad_3 sed_x = qqq | "other letter" ?? |

12192% kad_4 = [1x!] fish; [9x] tie | $peš_5$ ($pesh_5$) [53x] = innards; to breathe; grandson; descendant; to give birth (to); pregnant; pregnancy; to gather; thick; wide | also uQQ peš [67x]

12193% KAD, kad_5 = [10x] to tie, gather; to itch, scratch; to weave a mat | $banšur_3$ (banshur) = table ??

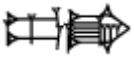
12194 KAD5/KAD5

12195% KAK, gag [126x] = arrowhead; peg, nail | DU, DU_3 {TruEtym 'do' / (alt. TruEtym tack} [cpd 12351 + ~ = mating], RU_2 [7061x] | GAG (dù) = to build, make do, perform

cpd  saĝ-kak [2x] = cuneus; triangle [12295 saĝ head + ~]

12196 KAK x IGI *gunu*

12197% KAL, kalag = [102x] strong, powerful, mighty; to reinforce; to provide for | ^{d}Lamma tutelary / guardian deity 23 @ 3000, ex. Shu-Suen MCFC Books

cpds  kal-ga [2280x] ; kal-la [11x] | kal [389x] = rare, valuable | cf. 12128 young male

12198 ~ x BAD; 12199 ~ +-ing ~

1219A% KAM2, kám = prob. 'th%' e.g. 15th day... [ordinal marker; can't find in PSD et al – see waste of time below – penalty for not following most important rule of 'Scribe School'] cf. "5" | change, desire ?? blood, semen, pus, blister and pustule A.1. diš na ta-at-ti-kám ša kàš gig | (geš'u)-kam = 600 | 60 x U (ten) | za-kam = you ^{gir}Nin-urta-kám Cuneiform Texts in the Metropolitan Museum of Art

and the third *nisḫu* of the balag gu$_4$-ud-nim (é)-kur-ra both have égi-re égi-re as the incipit. A tablet from Nineveh, K 9342 + 10861 (joined by R. Borger; for K 10861 see Black, "Sumerian *Balag* Compositions," p. 47, and Cohen, *CLAM* 2, p. 469) has preserved the rest of an eršemma and the following caption:

Reverse

1. [ér-šèm-ma ^{din}]^{gir}Nin-urta-kám
2. [ér-šèm-ma n]ir-gal lú è-NE

Cuneiform Documents ed RH Sack:

62
WHM 1535

1) 3 BÁN ŠE.BAR *ina* ŠUK.ḪI.A *šá* ^{Id}*na-na-a*-KAM
2) A ⌜*xx*⌝ LÚ ⌜*xx*⌝ [. . .]
3) [. . .] ^{Id}AG-⌜*ú-še-zib*⌝
4) ^{Id}*na-na-a* ⌜*xxxx*⌝
5) ⌜*ina* ŠUK.ḪI.A-*šú*⌝ I ÈR-*ía* GIŠ
6) ⌜*x*⌝ *ina* ŠUK.ḪI.A-*šú* ^{Id}*na-na-a*-KAM GIŠ
7) ITU.BÁR UD.15.KAM MU.⌜8⌝.KAM
8) ^{d}AG-NÍG.DU-ŠEŠ LUGAL TIN.⌜TIR.KI⌝

Translation

(Document concerning) eighteen qa of barley, from the food allotment of Nanâ-ēriš, son of [. . .] Nabû-⌜ušēzib⌝, Nanâ [. . .] Ardija has received from his food allotment (and) [. . .] (which) Nanâ-ēriš has received from his food allotment. Month of Nisanu, fifteenth day, ⌜eighth⌝ year of Nabû-kudurri-uṣur, king of ⌜Babylon.⌝

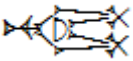
UD. 15 .KAM MU .[8].KAM

day. 15. ?? year .[8]. ??

15th day, [8th] year of

UD=day; MU = year

Therefore, all this bloody trouble just to find that KAM_2 is an ordinal marker (glyph/gloss) i.e. = '**th**'!!!

1219B%  KAM4 | zubi [6x] = watercourse, canal, irrigation

> "These are pa5 canals of the Urindua field"
> pa5 aša5 urin-du3-a-kam
> mur7. dab5% (-ba-ni) seize take accept take charge count quota Att. 8723x @ 2500 146 @ 3000!!

[120F8%] kar_2 [55x] = to insult, slander | GAN2tenu- GAN2tenu, kar_{2}- kar_2 [52x] = to blow; to light up, shine; to rise

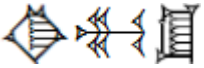
1219C% KASKAL [705x], KAS, RAŠ = way, road; journey, caravan | DANNA = mile [distance]

1219D ~ LAGAB x U/LAGAB x U; 1219E ~/~ LAGAB x U/LAGAB x U

1219F% KESH2 / $keš_2$ (kešda) [853x] = to bind; gather; organize; assemble; compile => {*computer tablet 5000 years later – and kešda looks like the first computer mainframe, brought by aliens of course!*}

zu_2-kešda = compiler, organizer [12157 zu_2 cutting edge + ~]

121A0% **KI** (*gi_5*) [32379xxx!] = cosmic (under)world (cf ABZU) earth, land, place, ground, toward, country, lower, down below | determinative &ki; after place names |

 ki-ĝu$_{10}$-še$_3$ = designated place [121A0 KI place + 1222C MU name, son + 12365 še$_3$ string]

121A1 KI x BAD; 121A2 KI x U; 121A3 KI x UD

121A4% KID, lil_2, ge_2 (*gé*), ke_4 = open field, steppe | ^{gi}kid [509x] = (reed) mat | lil_2 [92x] = wind; ghost; female demon, Lilitu / Lilith of 'Bilgames (Gilgamesh) and the Netherworld'

121A5% KIN = work, procedure; sickle | GUR_{10} [470x] = to reap

kiĝ2 king2% $kiŋ_2$ way%. mug-sar za-$kiŋ_2$ {mugsar zaking}
minus sign -% math. minus sign cf. add interest maš 12226 n290 [ED1 28-27 Bur.]

121A6% KISAL [204x] = courtyard

121A7% KISH / KIŠ [14x] = totality, world

121A8% **KISIM$_5$** = sour milk [2x] [common compound aux. cf 12016 AB$_2$ cow]

121A9 ~/~

121AA% KU = rump | DAB$_5$ [8723x] = to seize, take, hold; to bind; to envelop, overwhelm; to choose (by extispicy); to accept; to take charge of | TUKUL, TUŠ = sit, seated | cf. 12089 | see 12351 for gala *TransG* & Eshdam.

121AB KU/HI x ASH2 KU/HI x ASH2

121AC% KU$_3$, kug [1342x] = pure; [3875x] = metal, silver; bright, shiny | KUG+AN ~ AZAG = demon | KUG+GI ~ GUŠKIN = gold | ~ + BABBAR = silver

cpd kug-ga-na = pure [121AC KUG pure + 120B5 suckling, carry + 1223E NA man, pestle, pounder]

121AD KU$_4$, kur$_9$ [1489x] = to enter

121AE KU4

[122FB%] KUD, ku5 [1100x] = to break off, deduct; to separate, cut off; to cut; to incise; to decide; to make clear

[12129%] KU_6 = (fresh) fish | $^{ku}{}_6$ = determinative &ku6; after names of fish

121AF% KU7 / KU_7 [65x] = good; (to be) (honey-)sweet | KUD

121B0% KUL [59x] = to run | NUMUN [1219x] = seed

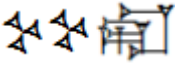
cf. 12044 BAL spindle

cpd $šag_4$-bala ($ša_3$-bal) [1016x] = procreate, to produce offspring [122AE $šag_4$ heart + ~]

121B1 KUL *gunu*

121B2% KUN [225x] = tail; canal outlet

121B3% KUR [2494x] = mountain(s), land, country; underworld; east; easterner; east wind | determinative &kur; before mountains / countries

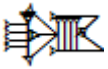
cpd  kur-kur-ra = mountains; lands [~ + 1228F RA aux.]

121B4 KUR opp KUR

Fn | QFv | mL | TOC | Top

121B5% KUSHU2 / $KUŠU_2$ = a paste; phlegm, mucus, sputum; foam, scum, cum; saliva, spittle; poison | creature, [12x] crab [the crabs!] [cuneus]

uQQ KUSHU / KUŠU, $kuš_2$ [149x] = tired, troubled

121B6%  KWU318 = grass

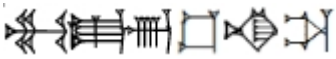
121B7% LA [65x] = bending over (rump); show, display; press; hang; supervise, check | [66x] a stand

PLM bend, carry, press together, crease together, pinch [ass]...practice pederasty, take advantage of a woman, cf. Sukaletuda's rape of Inanna L118 [Jaritz #968]; also Proto-Sumerian Halloran.

cpd LA-LA-MU ass double emphasis or threesome |

cf. 121F2 | la_2 | gal_4-la = behind, rear entry

121B8% **LAGAB** | $niĝin_2$ [214x] = encircle, go around; total sum whole (72@3000) | [116x] block, stump | GUR4 (KUR4) [133x] = thick, big, feel big | KILIB [256x] = total | $LUGUD_2$ = short, tight | gir_8 (kir_3) [2x!] = to break / pinch off |

cpd  mu-un-$niĝin_2$-na-ta = to roam around - see Mugsar 4-Way – Inanna112a

LAGAB Variants:

121B9% LAGAB x A | SUG, AMBAR = swamp, marsh (encircled water) i.e. NÍĜINxA = AMBAR | BUGIN, BUNIN

121BA ~ x A + DA + HA; 121BB ~ x A + GAR;

121BC ~ x A + LAL;

121BD ~ x AL; 121BE ~ x AN; 121BF ~ x ASH ZIDA tenu

121C0% LAGAB x BAD, GIGIR = cart

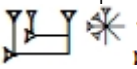
121C1 ~ x BI

121C2% ~ x DAR | gather string/line (of text) » Eshdam ri5

121C3 ~ x EN; 121C4 ~ x GA; 121C5 ~ x GAR; 121C6 ~ x GUD;

121C7% ~ x GUD + GUD | u_8 [4425x] = sheep, ewe; Oh!, (a soothing expression) | cpd nu-u_8-gig = priestess, high status woman, goddess / Inanna

121C8 ~ x HA;

121C9% ~ x HAL | engur [45x] = sea, (cosmic) waters [cf ABZU = abyss;  Ur-Engur aka Ur-Nammu / Ur-Namma / Ur-Gur]

- i7/id2 = A + engur - major canal [see A (12000) cpds river, canal | determinative &id2 ; river names] pa5 1227D secondary canals eg2 dike, ditch (embankment, esp w ditch one side, canal, to control flooding)

121CA ~ x HI x NUN; 121CB ~ x IGI gunu; 121CC ~ x IM; 121CD ~ x IM + HA; 121CE ~ x IM + LU; 121CF ~ x KI; 121D0 ~ x KIN;

121D1 ~ x KU3; 121D2 ~ x KUL; 121D3 ~ x KUL + HI + A; 121D4 ~ x ~ ; 121D5 ~ x LISH; 121D6 ~ x LU; 121D7 ~ x LUL; 121D8 ~ x ME; 121D9 ~ x ME + EN; 121DA ~ x MUSH; 121DB ~ x NE; 121DC ~ x SHE + SUM; 121DD ~ x SHITA + GISH + ERIN2; 121DE ~ x SHITA + GISH tenu; 121DF ~ x SHU2; 121E0 ~ x SHU2 + SHU2

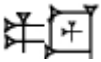
121E1% ~ x SUM | bul$_5$ blow » Eshdam

121E2 ~ x TAG; 121E3 ~ x TAK4; 121E4 ~ x TE + A + SU + NA

121E5% LAGAB x U | NÍĜINxBÙR (U) = pú (pu$_2$) [95x] = water well / hole, pit; depth (encircled area+hole) lower course, footing; cistern; fish pond; source (of river) | TÚL = source ?? | GÍGIR = wagon??

121E6 ~ x U + A; 121E7 ~ x U + U + U; 121E8 ~ x U2 + ASH;

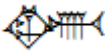
121E9 ~ x UD; 121EA ~ x USH; 121EB ~ sq

cf. cpd  SIPAD, sipa [2463x] = shepherd

121EC% **LAGAR** [21x] = sharman, priest / priestess

121ED ~ x SHE; 121EE ~ x SHE + SUM;

121EF ~ *gunu*; 121F0 ~ *gunu*/~ *gunu* SHE

121F1%  LAHSHU qqq | cf. 122E4 pull |

lahhušu [0x] = pot ; 12263 NUN | 122C3 silaĝ 0x body part

121F2% LAL, LA_2 [9977x] = small, little; minus sign; insignificant, low-value; dimunition | [TruEtym also 'lad'?!] hang 29/204 @ EDIIIa/b

121F3 LAL x LAL

121F4% LAM [47x] = to flourish; to make grow luxuriantly

121F5 ~ x KUR; 121F6 ~ x KUR + RU

121F7% LI / LE, gub_2 [4x] = to bathe, wash; [49x] branch, twig (juniper shrub); pure | en_3 ask

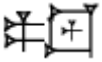
le-um writing board 1 @ EDIIIb

121F8% LIL [8x] = fool, idiot | LÚ+LIL

121F9% **$LIMMU_2$** [1759x] = **4**% ["4" four numeric; 11x]

121FA% LISH / LIŠ, DILIM$_2$, DILI$_2$ [28x] = spoon, balance pan, bowl

121FB% LU | udu [28818xxx!] = sheep; [185x] abundant, to heap up; [130x] to disturb, stir up; to cover completely; to mix | DIB, DAB = grasp | [cf 12073] | determinative &udu; sheep / goats

cpd  sipad (sipa) [2463x] = shepherd [1227A PA overseer + 121FB UDU sheep]

121FC LU x BAD

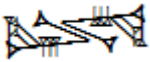
121FD% **LU$_2$** [12429xxx!] = man (him), male; ruler *[alien spaceships!]*; person; who(m), which; (s)he who, that which; of; | determinative &lu2; before male stuff | mu-lu (Emesal form of lú)

- 148. lú [kal]-la a precious man
- 149. lú [zu-a] a knowledgable man
- 150. lú [(ugu determ) ugu$_4$-bi] a monkey (minded) man
- 151. lú [si]-[sá] a righteous man
- 152. lú [si] [sá] an open (minded) man
- 153. lú ní [te] a frightened man
- 154. lú ní [te] a fearful man
- 155. lú ní [te]-[te] a paranoid man (cf 1224E, 1214E PLM note)
- 156. lú [x] a . . . man
- 157. lú a [naĝ]-[naĝ] a drinker
- 158. [lú niĝ$_2$-gu$_7$-gu$_7$] an eater
- 159. [lú kaš sè-sè-ke] a beer drinker
- 160. [lú nú-a] an inebriated man
- 161. [lú nú-nú-a] a playboy
- 162. [lú sig-ga] a weak man
- 163. [lú kalag-ga] a strong man
- 164. [lú inim bala-bala] a talkative man
- 12217 LUGAL king Nam-Lugal "Kingship"

LU_2 Variants:

121FE ~ x AL ; 121FF ~ x BAD; **12200** ~ x ESH2; 12201 ~ x ESH2 tenu;

12202 ~ x GAN2 tenu | šaĝa (šaga) [6x] = a wronged person; slain; afflicted, oppressed

12203 ~ x HI x BAD; 12204 ~ x IM; 12205 ~ x KAD2; 12206 ~ x KAD3; 12207 ~ x KAD3 + ASH; 12208 ~ x KI; 12209 ~ x LA + ASH; **1220A** ~ x LAGAB; 1220B ~ x ME + EN; 1220C ~ x NE; 1220D ~ x NU; 1220E ~ x SI + ASH; 1220F ~ x SIK2 + BU; 12210 ~ x TUG2; 12211 ~ tenu ; 12212 ~ +*-ing* ~; 12213  ~ *opp* ~; 12214 ~ *sq*; 12215 ~ *sheshig*

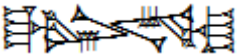
..

12216% LU_3 [18x] = to disturb, stir up; to cover completely; to mix

12217% **LUGAL** [24522xxx!] = **king** [The "King of the Earthlings" rides around in a spaceship man!]

TruEtym.: 12217 LUGAL is made from 121FD LU_2 man + 120F2 GAL big => big man => king (sometimes scribes reverse signs - see Foxvog) cf. Latin *leg-is*; and lu/ru interchangeability => rugal => English 'regal', Latin *regalis*

LUGAL Variants:

12218 ~/~; 12219  ~ opp ~; 1221A ~ *sheshig*

1221B% LUH, $LUḪ$, $LAḪ_3$, sukkal [3469x] = secretary, civil servant, bureaucrat, official - *TruEtym*: sukkal => civil | luh [164x] = to clean, wash

> 'official' ex. Shulgi tablets; Meluḫḫa is the Sumerian name of a prominent trading partner. Its identification remains an open question, but many associate it with the Indus Valley Civilization. [wik]

1221C% LUL [133x] = singer%; naughty | NAR = song, musician

1221D% LUM {TruEtym 'lame'?!} [107x] = full, replete, satisfied (with); grown (tall); to fruit; fructified; to shine

> Att. @3200 fruit; gum2 lame 3 @ EDIIIa P010232

1221E LUM/LUM; 1221F LUM/LUM GAR/GAR

12220% MA = [169x] (come in to) land (like bird; fly in), approach; go, flow (phallus, come), fig tree, house [?? secondary in each]

ma-na% (TruEtym 'money'} mina% cpd [9459x] 12220-1223E

12221 MA x TAK4

1222 2 MA, gunu / *gunû*, ḪAŠḪUR / HASHHUR = apple (tree)

12223% MA2 / MA_2 [5559x] = ship, boat

12224% MAH / MAḪ [3271x] = to be great, exalted

‘master’ TruEtym (chief expert specialist exalted majestic great)

Fn | QFv | mL | TOC | Top

12225% MAR = [13x] wagon chariot {TruEtym mars god of war} | smear [8x] {alt. TruEtym to 'mar' smear something} louse, worm, parasite; [5x] winnow

Falk.Proto: MAR-a + var. [rectangle]— (pullbar) P000103 TAK4 @3200 mar.gid2.da long wagon.

12226% MASH / maš [726x] = goat | maš [1452x] = interest (on a loan); an irrigation tax | HALF; LÚ+MÁŠDA = poor man | MAŠ.EN.GAG = palace dependant | MAŠD+TAB+BA = twin cf. 12047

add% math. '+' sign TruEtym Att. 1582x 1013 @ 3000 psd.museum.upenn.edu/epsd/epsd/e3617.html TruEtym to mash together
cf. 121F2 minus sign LA2. half%

12227% MASH$_2$ / maš$_2$ [10699xx] = goat; extispicy - sacrificial animal for omens | family, relative | MAŠ$_2$+GAL = buck, billygoat

12228% **ME** {'me' TruEtym} **àm** [2860x] = **I am** {'am' TruEtym}, to be {'Amen' TruEtym} (is / was) | [750x] being, divine properties enabling cosmic activity; rite; office [copula | IŠIB = 100; set, take |

ED1 28-2700 - unchanged 5,000 yrs!

The List of the 'me' ("arts of civilization"):

'me' is one of some 200 decrees (elements, physical & abstract) foundational to social institutions, ritual, technologies, human conditions that make civilization possible. They are fundamental to the Sumerian understanding of the relationship between humanity and the gods {**me**dia TruEtym}.

where%

me-a "where?" me-šè "where to?" [me-]eš-še "somewhere, elsewhere" ki-me-a "where" me-ta "from where? me-da-ta "since when?" me-da-aš "how long?"

cf. me-na-šè me-da "at any time", "ever"

day (time) ud etym. → me + u4(-d) + a

cf. u4-da "at the day u4-na "when?"

which may be derived from

u4 a-na "which day?" and me-na "when?"

u4-da iri-né ki ḫa-ba-an-áĝ ĝá-a-ra ḫul ḫa-b[a-gi]g

"if she loves her city (but) hates me"

u4-da iri-né ḫul ḫa-ba-gig ĝá-a-ra ki ḫa-ba-a[n-áĝ]

"if she hates her city (but) loves me"

u4-na-me + nu- = "never"

u4(-)na-me "whenever"

(without negation) ex.

u4(-)na-me den-líl-le ki-en-ge ḫul mu-un-gi4 / úguugu4-bé kurbé-ta è-dè nam-sipa kalam-ma-šè mu-un-íl

Whenever Enlil hates Sumer, he promotes a monkey coming out of its foreign land to the stewardship of the homeland. (monkey refers to Curse of Agade: Išbi-Erra is a foreigner and Enlil promotes him.)

..

[PLM] Jaritz #889 depicts a 'short vertical line abutting a longer horizontal line at its midpoint'. It means 'speak, call, tongue, middle, converse'. Graphic convention designed to bring out the idea of 'middle', the position associated in early thinking with the placement of the tongue in the mouth. Somewhat surprisingly, this simple element has been identified for PIE as *me, 'in the middle, into the middle'. *me is not regarded as meaning 'tongue'; that meaning has been taken by a derivation from it, eme (for *îmî) [12174] another reading of the same sign, which represents 'teeth-middle' = 'tongue'. This compound can be found in PIE with *empi-, 'mosquito', an animal that definitely deserves to be named for its tongue.

uQQ MEŠ / mesh = plural marker {'mesh' TruEtym} more than one thing together [even the sign looks like meshing three together!]

uQQ me$_3$ [243x]= battle, combat cf. 12228 copula

12229% MES, meš$_3$ [56x] black [Gilgamesh was black! nextdoor on list to 1222A MI / gig2 main black]; [29x] = hero; manly; young man cf. Enki and the world order c113.221, Ninurta's exploits c162.310, Samsu-iluna & Inanna c2831.15 [NB computerized transl no ordinary 'tree' more like 'hero']) | ^{ĝeš}mes (^{geš}mes, ^{ĝeš}meš$_3$) [81x] = tree| kišib (-la$_2$) [36x] = cylinder seal, sealed tablet; kišib-rah$_2$ .. with aux. = to seal

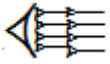
cf. 1231D [less vertical ge than 12229] UM reed (stylus?) stem + 4 var;

1207E% DUB tablet | kišib$_3$ [17468x] = cylinder seal, sealed tablet

..

cpd BIL.GA.MEŠ (Sumerian: Bilgamesh; Akkad.: Gilgamesh) black hero of oldest written epic (quest for immortality) [1224B BIL_2 burnt + 120B5 GA young (bull) + 12229 mes ($meš_3$) black hero (next on the sign list is the more common black sign 1222A MI) ; and 1207E dub able to write = power connotation)]

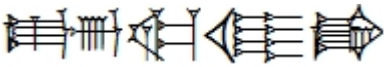
In ’1890 Theophilus Pinches (’1856 – ’1934, Muswell Hill, London) discovered and published the correct reading of the name of Gilgamesh (instead of Izdubar)
re House of Egibi (neoBab. wealthy family over 5 generations) thought to have neoSumero origins – their name is a transliteration of the Sumerian e.gi-ba-ti.la
Pinches worked on their tablets at BritMuseum.
..

1222A%  MI [<=cun-sign | Sumerian=>] ge_6, giggi (ge_6), gi_6, $ĝi_6$, gig_2 [941x] = to be black, night | ge/gi same as 12100 reed stylus => writing => knowledge => power = black | upper / high (class) cf. mi-iq-tum (miqtum, mi-$ĝal_2$-tum) = social class

cf. dome of night sky - cpd ul_4-he_2 firmament, vault of sky
[12109 terror + 120F6 boundless]

M2: Inanna 1222A black hair w necklace 1226D Mugsar »

docs.google.com/document/d/1Dbr...
tinyurl.com/mugsar1222a
[x/twitter facebook google docs posted 11iv22]
{d}en-lil2 sipa sag-ge6-ga-ke4 a-na bi2-in-ak-a-bi
This is what Enlil, the shepherd of the black-headed people, did – Lament of Sumer & Ur
..
Sumerians called themselves black people



ùĝ$_3$-saĝ-gíg$_2$-ga [12326 ùĝ$_3$ people (KALAM Sumer) + 12295 saĝ head + 1222A gíg$_2$ black + 120B5 ga carry / aux.] see tablet examples; not just black plebs either, the '**First professors are BLACK!**'

um-mi-a = scholar, expert, craftsman [scholar 1231D UM reed stem (stylus/writing symbol, 1207E tablet var) + 1222A MI black + 12000 progeny]

ummia [EXPERT] (142x: ED IIIb, Old Akkadian, Ur III
expert, master craftsman

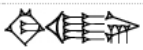
um-mi-a
Not just the Sumerians calling themselves black, the first professors are BLACK!

7000CT/5000ya	7500CT/4500ya	8000CT/4000ya
14	110	18

PSD

..

diĝir [DEITY] (1837x: ED IIIb, Old Akkadian, Lagash II, Ur III
"deity, god, goddess"
The gods are black too!

[1]		diĝir (dingir)
[2]		dim$_3$-me-er (ES)
[3]		dim$_3$-me$_8$-er (ES)
[4]		dim$_3$-mi-ir (ES)
[5]		di-me$_2$-er (ES)

PSD

And even Gilgamesh is black, see previous entry 12229

..

SUMERIAN

earth	lord	black
ki	en	gi
(kih	en	gih)
121A0	12097	1222A

cpd GIG = 1222A black + 1226D beads = gig [313x] = sick, troublesome | (nugig) nu-u8-gig = [black Sumerian woman =] priestess, high status woman, goddess / Inanna

1222B% **MIN** [959x] = **2**% ["2" two numeric; cf. horiz var 122F0 0x as MIN 2, but as TAB 122F0 double, repeat, partner 740x]

1222C% MU = [43667xxx!] **year** | mu = [2994x] name; line of text; son | MUḪALDIM / muhaldim [2185x] = cook | mu (ES) = phallus | young buck, ex. EPDS2 | ĝu$_{10}$ = 'dear one' suffix / honorific | determinative μ before words for items made of wood (Emesal)

mu- cf. ba- prefixes:
mu-
initiator, actor roles, control; agency
ba-
endpoint, under-goer-focused, non-volition; patient, inanimate; medio-passive middle marker

cpd zag-mu [180x] = new year; beginning of cycle [12360 ZAG boundary + ~]

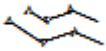
1222D% MU/MU | taḫ / tah (dah) [274x] = to add, increase

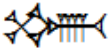
1222E% MUG [162x] = wool [pubic ?? next to MU phallus]; to hew out, hollow out; to engrave

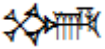
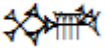
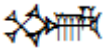
cpd $^{tug}_{2}$-mug [179x] = a kind of garment [determ 12306 tug_2 garment + ~]

1222F% MUG*gunu*, zadim; za-dim_2 [128x] = stone-cutter; bow-maker

12230 MUNSUB [5x] = hair, barber

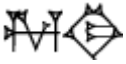
12231%  MURGU2, eĝir$_6$(MURGU$_2$) (egir$_6$) = [10x] back, estate, inheritance | mur_7 [0x] = excrement / shit

12232%  MUSH (**MUŠ**) [192x] = snake

12233  ~ x A; 12234  ~ x KUR; 12235  ~ x ZA

12236% MUSH / MUSH (MUŠ) RI_8 = snake

12237 ~/~ x A + NA; 12238 ~ +-ing MUSH

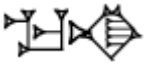
12239% $MUSH_3$ / $MUŠ_3$ = [107x] face, appearance; [81x] flat space, holy area; [3x] curdle | sed_6 ($šed_{12}$) [11x #3 behind sed_4] = cold; winter .. cpd  sed_4 ($še_{17}$, $šed_{10}$)

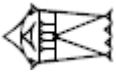
[34x; ~ + 12072 well-being] | MUŠ$_3$INANNA, INNIN = goddess | 1202D AN+ MUŠ$_3$ = ^{d}Inanna / Inanna

1223A% MUSH$_3$ / MUŠ$_3$ x A | se$_{24}$, sed$_3$, še$_{12}$, šed$_9$ = winter, hibernate, rest, be content

1223B ~ x A + DI; 1223C ~ x DI; 1223D *~gunu*

1223E% NA, niĝna = [114x] incense (burner); man; [32x] stone; pestle, pounder

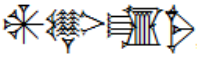
cpd  ma-na / mina [9459x] = unit of weight; 1 mina = 60 shekels, 1 talent = 60 mina [3600 shekels]

1223F%  NA$_2$, NU$_2$ [419x] = to lay down (of people); to lay down; to be ill; bed | NUD | cf. 12029 icon

> "vowel% definitions": ù sleep
> [according to Lieberman, u, ù, & u4 were pronounced /o/]
> mu.de3.nu2 lay down
> ba-nu2 lain down.

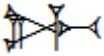
cpd ba-na$_2$ = 12040 BA split, open + ~

12240% NAGA, naĝa [2521x] = potash (potassium compound often used in agriculture); soap | NAG$_2$, NISABA$_2$ = tornado

cpd  DINGIR.NAGA.ZAG.SAL, ^{d}nisaba za$_3$-mi$_2$ = Nisaba praised [1202D AN god + 12240 NAGA + 12360 za$_3$ + 122A9 mi$_2$ cuneus]

12241 ~ INVERTED; 12242 ~ x SHU tenu;

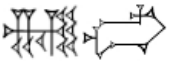
12243 ~ opp ~

12244%  NAGAR [666x] = carpenter

12245% NAM, nutillu | buru$_5$ = [4x] locust

12246% NAM = [567x] determined order; will, testament; fate, destiny | bir$_5$ [35x incl 12 ED IIIa] = locust | sin$_2$ = district | sim = [var < 16x] smell, sniff, filter, swallow | nam-tar = destiny | nam-ra = booty, spoils, captive

> one can only become a true member of humanity / humanism nam.lú.ùlu through the study of Sumerian - the 'oven of humanity'
> [im]šu-rin-na nam-lú-ùlulu

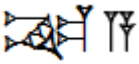
cpd  nam-mah = NAMMAH, earliest known mathematician, see 122B9 [~ + 12224 mah great]

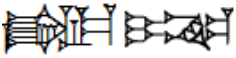
12247% NAM$_2$ = prefix lord / official; thought, planning

12248% NE, (bí / bi$_2$) | de$_3$ [25x] bring / carry (collect) | šeĝ$_6$ (še$_6$, šeg$_6$) [261x] = to cook; to dry a field | izi = [257x] fire (pottery), brazier | kum$_2$ [78x] = hot | bi$_2$ in compounds | nen, ne, ne-en, ne-e [101x] = this, these | bil [7x] = burn

Jaritz #339 burning torch

cpds

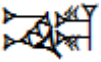
 NE-A = refine [~ + 12000 A water]

 il_2-i-de_3 = collect firewood [1214D il_2 carry + 1213F I "5" + 12248 de_3 collect]

NE-SU-UB = to be on fire, kissing [~ + 122E2 SU submerge, flesh + 12312 UB praise, ruin]

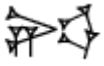
12249% NE x A | $eš_{13}$ [0x] = cold | cf. 12239 sed_4 cold; winter

1224A NE x UD

1224B%  NE sheshig / *šešig*, BIL_2 | gibil [671x] = new, renew; firewood | bil_2 [43x] = burn / burnt

cpd BIL.GA.MEŠ (Sumerian: Bilgamesh [cf. Billjim!]; Akkad.: Gilgamesh%) black hero of oldest written epic [1224B BIL_2 burnt + 120B5 GA young (bull) + 12229 mes (meš) black hero]

Fn | QFv | mL | TOC | Top

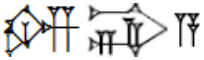
1224C% **NI** <= cun-sign | Sumerian => Ì / i_3, IÀ / ia_3, I, lí / li_2 | (syll.: bè, lé, lí, né) i_3 = [8654x] oil; butter; container for oil vegetable oil, fat | ZAL [2798x] = to pass time; to get up early; to finish, come to an end (come to pass); to dissolve, melt, disintegrate, break down, collapse; to quake; sensual aura / connotation | cpd  na_4 [527x] = stone; stone weight | determinative &na4; stones | cf. 12155 IR ask; perfume

1224D NI x E

1224E% NI_2, | ni_2 [370x] = self | ni_2 [322x] = fear, aura |

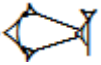
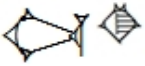
NI2.BI (PD) = itself / themselves NI2.ĝu10 = myself | NI2.TE.A.NI = himself / herself | NI2.ZU = yourself | cf. 1222C ĝu10 my

cf. 1214E im = clay, mud; tablet; copula | TU_{15} = wind cf. ^{d}IŠKUR storm god

cpd  ni_2-bi-a = itself / themselves / all together (1224E ni_2 + 12049 BI + 12000 A)

[ETCSL: ni2=self | ni2-bi=itself / themselves | ni2-ĝu10=myself | ni2-te-a-ni=himself / herself | ni2-zu=yourself]

uQQ NÍG, *šá* [syllabary]

1224F%  NIM = [79x] fly, insect, buzz; [31x] high, elevated; early; easterner; suffix plant | $DIḪ_3$, dih_3 [132x] = thorny weed | $NIN+LAL_3$ = bee | NUM | KUR |  $ELAM^{KI}$ = ELAM

12250% NIM x GAN2 tenu | tum_3 [144x] = bring

12251 NIM x GAR + GAN2 tenu

12252% $NINDA_2$ = [39x] seed-funnel [cf. hand-scoop Jaritz #347 see 12258 below]; fish ??; breeding bull |

INDA = [0x!] bread, food | cf. much more common 120FB NINDA [11296x]

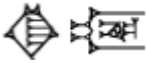
NINDA$_2$ Variants

12253% ~ x AN, ŠAM$_3$ = buy, price ; 12254 ~ x ASH; 12255 ~ x ASH + ASH;

12256 ~ x GUD ; 12257 ~ x ME + GAN2 tenu

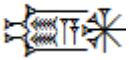
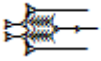
12258% NINDA$_2$ x NE, RAM, AG$_2$ / AĜ$_2$ (ám) = darling; aĝ$_2$ [88x #2 behind 120FB niĝ$_2$ 1542x] thing, possession; measure ??

Jaritz #362 a combination sign which, rather incongruously, depicts a "hand-scoop' (#347) enclosing #339 [12248 NE] burning torch, signifying the 'heat of passionate love' [encapsulated fire].

cpd  ki-aĝ$_2$ (ki-ag$_2$) [666x] = **to love**% [121A0 KI cosmic world + 12258 ag$_2$ heat of passionate love]

12259 ~ x NUN

1225A% NINDA$_2$ x SHE / ŠE, ŠAM$_2$ (NINDA$_2$ x ŠE + A AN variants) = price

1225B  ~ x SHE + A AN; 1225C ~ x SHE + ASH; 1225D  ~ x SHE + ASH + ASH;

1225E ~ x U2 + ASH; 1225F ~ x USH

..

12260% NISAG (nisaĝ), $MURU_2$, $MURUB_4$ [44x] = middle; cuneus | cf. uQQ $murub_6$ ($muru_{13}$) ; $murub_2$; rump, rump; knob; mouth; gate (of city or large building); space between, distance; link; hips | ITI *gunû*

see also ŠID 122C3 | 241x 27@ 2600 (#555 Falk.Proto): "first fruit offering" is a 12-day spring festival held in the first month of the new year starting at the equinox to celebrate the sowing of barley [later plagio » Nissan]. Played a pivotal role in the evolution of rituals and the overall advancement of western civilization as being one of the first recurring forums for social change.

12261% **NU** [785x] = not, **no**% {TruEtym}; without, un-; genitals; sperm; offspring | $NU\text{-}GAL_2$ = nonexistent | NU-TIL = incomplete | cf. quasi “yes” note » 120F6

A (rhetorical) question is marked by in-nu-ù
Gilgamesh & Aka:
lú-še lugal-ĝu10 in-nu
That man is not my king (is he)?

12261 NU = NO
{No Sumerian 'o' vowel, 'u' covers both}
TruEtym of not just 'NO' but also 'N'

12262 NU_{11} | ĝešnu (gešnu) [3x] = light | duri [0x] = male; to be virile

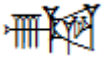
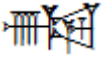
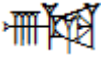
12263% **NUN** = [1x!] guidance (eridu) | [656x] prince; (as attribute) foremost, best | lard | NUN KI = Eridu

The lament for Eridug [Eridu]
5. ud te-eš dug4-ga tug2-gin7 ba-e-dun gada-gin7 ba-e-bur2
6. eridugki-ga tug2-gin7 ba-e-[dun gada-gin7 ba-e-bur2

7. iri-a ud ḫuš-e šeg11 mi-ni-[ib-gi4-gi4
8. eridugki-ga ud ḫuš-e šeg11 mi-ni-ib-gi4-gi4
9. za-pa-aĝ2-bi niĝ2-me-ĝar u18-lu-gin7 ba-e-dun uĝ3-bi
10. eridugki niĝ2-me-ĝar u18-lu-gin7 ba-e-dun uĝ3-bi

The roaring storm covered it like a cloak,
was spread over it like a sheet.
It covered Eridug like a cloak,
was spread over it like a sheet.
In the city, the furious storm resounded…
In Eridug, the furious storm resounded…
Its voice was smothered with silence as by a gale.
Its people... Eridug was smothered with silence as by a gale.

NUN Variants

12264  ~ LAGAR x GAR; 12265  ~ LAGAR x MASH; 12266  ~ LAGAR x SAL;

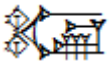
12267 ~ LAGAR x SAL/~ LAGAR x SAL; 12268 ~ LAGAR x USH; 12269 ~ tenu

1226A% NUN/NUN, NIR = NIR.GAL$_2$ = strong, powerful, erection

1226B ~ +-ing ~; 1226C ~ +-ing ~ LAGAR/LAGAR

1226D% **NUNUZ** [109x], ERIN$_2$, RÍN = egg (shape), bead, pearl ??

NUNUZ (so eggs + cow 12016 / sour milk 121A8 = produce farm) Variants:

1226E  ~ AB2 x ASHGAB; 1226F ~ AB2 x BI; 12270 ~ AB2 x DUG; 12271 ~ AB2 x GUD ; 12272 ~ AB2 x IGI gunu; 12273 ~ AB2 x KAD3;

12274 ~ AB2 x LA | laḫtan (lahtan) [19x] = beer vat

12275 ~ AB2 x NE; 12276 ~ AB2 x SILA3;

12277 ~ AB2 x U2; 12278 ~ KISIM5 x BI;

12279 ~ KISIM5 x BI U

..

1227A% PA | ugula = **[9794x]** foreman, overseer | bá [293x] = wing; branch, frond | gidru / ĝidri = [129x] sceptre | sìg (sig3) = to beat, hit | garza = office | SIG hit e.g. cpd SIG-UZU ~ TUD beat whip

> cdli.u5cla.edu/dl/photo/P315467 - tablet in excellent condition, ED IIIa 2500 [Att 9794x incl 390 @ 3000 9322 @ 2500]

..

1227B% PAD, ŠUK /SHUK, šukur$_2$ /shukur$_2$ (šuk, šuku) = [1335x] food allocation, ration | [56x] to break (into bits); pierce

1227C% PAN, tir$_5$ [63x] = bow; geometric figure {PSD} | cf bow-maker, PANA = bow, arrow

1227D% PAP, KUR_2 [607x] = unit of capacity based on a vessel size; PAP = [86x] relation; first and foremost, pre-eminent; father; male, virile; brother | PAB = protect | PA_5 = canal | cpd DIM [13x] = to check; to approach

PA5% secondary canal » 1208B, ditch 1208A eg2 dike
P254853 letter Ensi to King:
eg2-bi- še3 **sahar**
Towards its embankment of reinforcing sand.
eg2 pa5 pa4-agar4-e šu hu-mu--il2-la
The dikes, ditches (i.e., irrigation system) and irrigated fields(?) shall yield crops for you
cf. PA_6 = PAP.SAHAR [J Peterson]. pa4% meadow channel.

1227E% PESH2 / $PEŠ_2$, $PIŠ_2$ [55x] = mouse

1227F% **PI** (bì) [269x] tal_2, | geshtu / geštu, geshtug / geštug = **ear**, hear, reason, intelligence, wisdom, understanding

pi-li-pi-li sag šu-bal mu-ni-ak
Inanna changes gender

PI Variants:

12280 ~ x A; 12281 ~ x AB; 12282 ~ x BI;

12283 ~ x BU; 12284 ~ x E; 12285 ~ x I;

12286 ~ x IB; 12287 ~ x U; 12288 ~ x U2;

12289 ~ +-ing PI

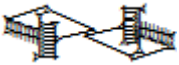
..

1228A% PIRIG (PIRIĜ) [198x] = lion

1228B% PIRIG (PIRIĜ) x KAL, NIB = leopard

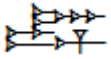
1228C% PIRIG (PIRIĜ) x UD, UG = tiger

1228D% PIRIG (PIRIĜ) x ZA, AZ, AS = bear

1228E  PIRIG (PIRIĜ) *opp* PIRIG

1228F% RA, rah$_2$ [597x] = to beat, kill; to break, crush; to flood; to thresh (grain with a flail) | aux. ~ -ra | see also notes on evolution [PLM (Patrick Ryan '2008)]: – wheel rim with four spokes over curled horn suggests 'back' over 'tall'; also 'stir'; emphasizes flood

cpd im-ta-e$_3$-a-ra = sunrise [1214E IM mood + 122EB TA much + cpd UD-DU sunrise + 12000 A bemoan + 1228F RA beat thresh]

12290%  RAB, raba [37x] = clamp; neck stock; hoop ??

12291% RI, RE {TruEtym (re: matter of)?!} = [475x] to lay down, cast, place; to set in place, collect, imbue; to lean on; to impose; to throw down; to release, let go, take; to walk along;

to pour out, impregnate; to lead away | re [130x] = "that" | auxiliary verb, sar-ri / sar-re 122AC | distant | cf. 12137

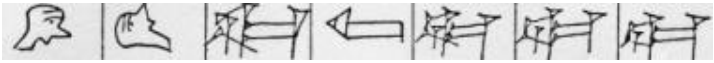
12292% RU, šub (shub), šeg$_3$ (sheg3) [495x] = fall% ('fall as rain'), defeat; throw (boomerang) | ru [92x; #2 behind 12291 RI (above)] imbue; impose; release, pour out; impregnate

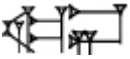
12293% SA = braided, string, net, sinew, muscle | determinative &sa; before braided items

12294% SAG, saĝ, nutillu = head [rare, always 12295]

SAĜ Variants:

12295% SAG, **SAĜ** (saŋ – pron. sang), SUR$_{14}$ [3582x] = head; person / people; capital



cpd  saĝ-ĝa$_2$ = head basket [12295 saĝ head + 120B7 ĝa2 basket]

12296 ~ x A; 12297 ~ x DU; 12298 ~ x DUB; 12299 ~ x HA; 1229A ~ x KAK; 1229B ~ x KUR; 1229C ~ x LUM; 1229D ~ x MI; 1229E ~ x NUN; 1229F ~ x SAL; **122A0** ~ x SHID; 122A1 ~ x TAB; 122A2 ~ x U2; 122A3 ~ x UB; 122A4 ~ x UM; 122A5 ~ x UR; 122A6 ~ x USH; 122A7 ~/~; 122A8 ~ *gunu*

..

122A9% SAL, MUG%, gal_4 (gala), murub ($muru_{13}$), munus {TruEtym moon} [3079x] = cuneus apotheosis of woman, goddess, matriarch, queen | mi_2 = [13x - all ED IIIb] praise; CVNE | determinative before female names &f;
[The scribes who invented writing 5000 years ago clearly had no inhibitions about the basis for the design of their cuneiform, nor should we bowdlerize [etym.: Thomas Bowdler expurgated William Shakespeare (aka Edward de Vere) '1822] for hypocritical luddites / puritans who are still happy to plagiarize the technology revolution started by the Sumerians, and it may

well have been the inspiration for the whole style ~ cunei.form = cuneus writing.

Scratching and dragging a pointed stylus would not have been near as effective and enduring for us to be able to read now. And it can be no coincidence that the Sumerian (innately ᵈInanna/matriarchal) apotheosis of 'woman' {womb-man} through the cuneus-shaped V sign has come down to us as the first letter of vagina, a fundamental example of TruEtym.]

..

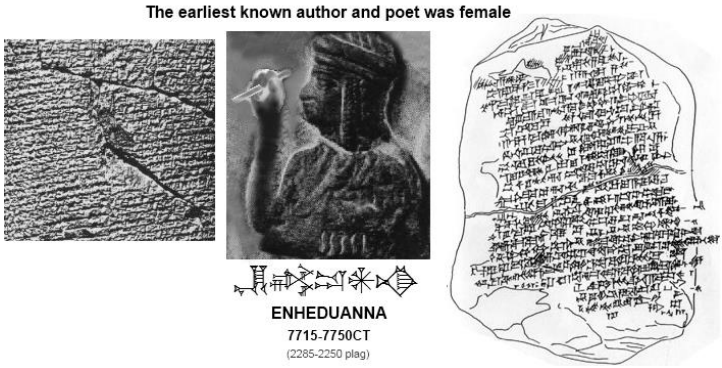
NiFTy Mugsar ✱ ^ Czar of cuneus {C(uneus)-zar} of true origins
origin = ("Tablet 1 - It all begins here") >> ✱ ORIGIN 😏

Enheduanna: earliest known author female & black

And not only were the first scholars black, the earliest known author and poet was female (and most likely black), Enheduanna 7715-7750CT (2285-2250 plagio) ... Westenholz edited a fragmentary hymn dedicated to Enheduanna indicating her apotheosis... [Wik]; she was totally lost to history until her tablets were unearthed in '1926 [Nisaba] by Leondard Woolley [born '1880 in 13 Southwold Road just around the corner from King's Place (now BSix College Brooke House - East London Hackney-Stratford where the '2012 Olympics Games were held) where Edward de Vere wrote 'Shake-speares Sonnets' - only because he was setup by another forgotten proto-feminist, 2nd wife Elizabeth Trentham]; she represented a strong and creative personality, an educated woman, and one who fulfilled diverse roles in a complex society, not unlike women's aspirations today...[Jane Roberts]; "My goddess gave birth to your god" ... Assyriologist

William Hallo referred to her as "The Sumerian Shakespeare". But given that she preceded Shakespeare by several thousand years, it might be more apt to dub the bard "The English Enheduanna" [Kristin Agudelo (Waldorf High School pdf)]; ironically also lost to history is Susan de Vere, Shakespeare's Daughter and Producer of the First Folio.

> "My King, something has been created that no one has created before." [see 'compiler' 12157 cpd]

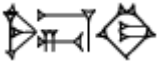


cpds:

emi (e_2-mi_2) [219x] = queen's household [1208D e_2 house + 122A9 mi_2 cuneus]

NIN = lady, mistress [122A9 cuneus + 12306 garment]; e_5 = princely ?? | e_5, ereš

nin_9 [247x] = sister [~ + 121AA ku rump]

 mussa (mi_2-us_2-sa_2) [53x] = son / daughter in-law [122A9 mi_2 cuneus; praise + 12351 us_2 phallus + 12072 sa_2 law]

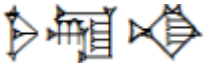
geme$_2$ [4025x] = slave woman [~ + 121B3 mountains - Sumerians associated mountains with breasts and caves with cuneus... mythicjourneys.org]

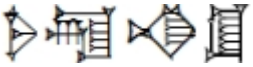
geme2-zu-ur2 ĝiš3 na-an-du3 zu-ur2 šu-/mu\-ri-in-sa4
slave girl ZU-UR2 know.phallus .12351 ĝeš3 phallus. 122E3 NA pestle pounder - 1202D AN goddess - 12195 du3 perform / fuck. ibid. šu hand - mu phallus - 12154 IN abuse rape - ri lead astray - sa4
You should not have sex with your slave girl: she will chew you up.

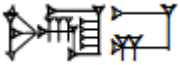
..

lukur priestess companion concubine » ex. TransG Kubatum – Shu-Suen.

MURUB$_2$ = cuneus, rump [~ + 121EC priestess] cf. uQQ murub$_6$ (muru$_{13}$), 12260 murub$_4$ (muru$_2$)

 gal$_4$-la-na = cuneus – bending over, show [122A9 gal$_4$ cuneus + 121B7 LA bending over / rump, show + 1223E NA man, pestle, pounder] *TruEtym*: gala (festive dress, make merry) cf. also GALA-TUR young male performer [12351 us$_2$ phallus + 121AA KU rump + 12309 TUR young]

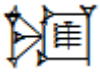
 gal$_4$-la-na-še$_3$ = loincloth [op. cit. + 12365 še$_3$]

 gal$_4$-la-ĝa$_2$ = cuneus (deeper sense) [122A9 gal$_4$ cuneus + 121B7 LA bending over / ass + 120B7 ĝa$_2$ house;

ETCSL: A balbale [12044] Dumuzi-Inanna "Plough my cuneus...(c40816.B.31) the moist and well-watered ground (c40816.B.27)"]

Inana's "loincloth of 7 divine powers" (Ur)

Proto Cuneiform – see Sign Lists

122AA  SAL LAGAB x ASH2

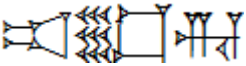
122AB% SANGA$_2$ / saĝa$_2$ = [12x] priest

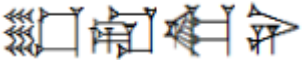
122AC% SAR [377x] = to **write** | sar [4917x] = garden; a unit of area; a unit of volume | SAKAR, MU$_2$, kiri$_6$ = (fruit) plantation, orchard | determinative &sar; after garden / vegetables | šar [26x #2 behind 122B9 šar$_2$] = 3600; totality, world; numerous

King Sargon Šar-ru-gi lugal (/Šar-ru-um-ki-in) - c2300 write.conquer.reed (stylus for tablet) » stylus.king
» King who conquers because they have writing [not surprising then that Sargon was the father of Enheduanna]

[PLM] Jaritz #281 archaic variant of SAR - knot in a cord, fasten together - write - line up characters in a fixed order

cpd dubsar [11320x] = scribe [1207E DUB tablet + 122AC SAR write]

 ab-sar-re = to write [1200A AB cosmic + ~ + 12291 RE aux; that]

cpd  sar-ra-ka-ni = garden plot [122AC SAR garden + 1228F RA thresh + 12157 KA mouth + 1224C NI digest]

122AD% SHA / ša = [74x] heart (variant cf. 122AE); [3x] official

uQQ *šá*=NÍG [syllabary; numeric??]

122AE% SHA_3 / **$ŠA_3$**, $šag_4$ (sag4), tibula = [10808x] **heart**, center, interior

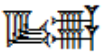
"May my phallus be a harp string" - "ŠÀ.ZI.GA" – (heart/blood rise; erection) Potency Incarnations No. 15 Cuneiform Commentaries. '1967 - Robert D Biggs
{Eshdam epigrapher | re Incantations: rubbing oil on phallus… Biggs covers everything}

cpd a-sag4 [9387x] = field, surface math.

ŠA$_3$ Variants:

122AF ~ x A; 122B0 ~ x BAD; 122B1 ~ x GISH; 122B2 ~ x NE; 122B3 ~ x SHU2; 122B4 ~ x TUR; 122B5 ~ x U; 122B6 ~ x U + A

..

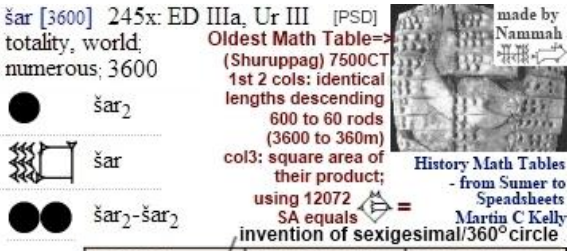
122B7%  SHA$_6$, SAG$_9$ [826x] = good, sweet, beautiful

122B8% SHAB$_6$ (šab$_6$) qqq [cf. 1219A KAM$_2$; numeric??]

122B9% ● SHAR$_2$ / šar$_2$ [245x] = 3600; totality, world; numerous [*TruEtym*: 360° circle, inventors sexagesimal system; math table; etc.] [šar$_2$ *is formed by making a circular indentation with the end of the stylus*]

dubsar had 2 sizes stylii 3600 large & 6 sm - see Englund Proto.
Eleanor Robson – Nippur month by month wages account.

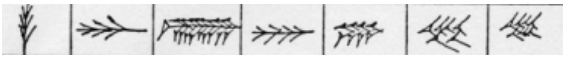
History Math Tables – from Sumer to Spreadsheets Martin C Kelly et al. ch1: Tables & tabular formatting in Sumer: First securely datable mathematical table in world history comes from the Sumerian city of Shuruppag, c. 2600 by Nammah:



	7000CT/3000pl	7500CT/2500pl	8000CT/2000pl
[1]	3	1	181
[2]		25	1
[3]		3	22

Fn | QFv | mL | TOC | Top

122BA% SHE / ŠE | niga, nigu = [**28315x!**] barley, grain; unit of length / area / volume / weght; shekel | TruEtym: origin of Hebrew term for money 'she-kel' re price of bushel of grain | niga [12565x] = to be fattened



Money, like certain other essential elements in civilization, is an institution that goes way further back than we are taught to believe ... the oldest coin currency that we know is a Sumerian bronze piece dating from before 7000CT / 3000plagio.

‘On one side of the coin is a representation of a sheaf of wheat, and on the other, Ishtar, the goddess of fertility.
The Sumerians called it the "Shekel" where "She" meant wheat, "Kel" [12086] was a measurement similar to a bushel, hence this coin was a symbol of a value of one bushel of wheat. (The word "shekel" survives in modern Hebrew as

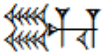
Israel's monetary unit.) The original shekel had as its purpose payment for sacred prostitution at the temple of Ishtar, which was the temple of life and death. The temple, as well as being a ritual center, was the storage place for the reserves of wheat that supported the priesthood, and also the community in lean times. So farmers fulfilled their religious and social obligations by bringing their contributions of wheat to the temple, and receiving in exchange a shekel coin, entitling them to a visit with the temple prostitutes at the festival time. All this also must be understood in its cultural context: The sacred prostitutes were representatives of the goddess, and relations with them was relations with the goddess of fertility herself, nothing to take lightly...' The Future of Money, Bernard Lietaer '1997

..

'…coinage was arranged according to the sexagesimal numbering system developed earlier by the Sumerians
ie. 1, 60 [1x60], and 3600 [122B9 (60x60]
…lowest denomination was a "shekel", then a "mina" [1223E] and finally a "talent" [12118]
1 mina = 60 shekels. 1 talent = 60 mina [3600 shekels]. The mina weighted about 500 gms., and the talent about 30 kgs. These coins were used to pay for property, buy goods and services, pay fines, pay taxes, etc.
Some examples of the use of the shekel from one of the later law codes inscribed on the cuneiform tablets:
"The price of one gur [12125] of barley is one shekel of silver'.
"The price of 2 gurs of salt is one shekel of silver".
"The price of one hal [1212C] seed is one shekel of silver".
"The wage of a labourer is one shekel of silver and his food one ban of barley and he has to serve for this wage for one month"...
Some information on the relative value of the coins and the wealth that each represented... The scribe is lauding the benevolent king for his protection of the poor. "He saw to it

that ... the man of one shekel did not fall a prey to the man of one mina (sixty shekels) ..."' [more]

..

122BB%  SHE-HU, uz [57x] = wild duck

122BC SHE/SHE GAD/GAD GAR/GAR;

122BD% SHE/SHE TAB /TAB GAR/GAR | garadin$_3$ [0x] = bundle (of reeds), stack of sheaves; grain stack

122BE% SHEG$_9$ [11x] = snow; sleet; cold weather; frost, ice; burning, incineration; chills, shivers

122BF% SHEN, ALAL ??, PÌSAN, DUR$_{10}$, ŠEN [107x] = bucket, cauldron

122C0% SHESH / ŠEŠ [1579x] = brother; junior worker, assistant | urin (uri$_3$, uru$_3$) [56x] = standard | cpd ~ + 12015

URIM = (standard of) Ur | cf. 12336

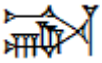
122C1% SHESH$_2$ / šeš$_2$, še$_8$ = [54x] to weep | annoint ??

122C2 SHESHLAM / šešlam qqq | cf. šešlam2 [UNMNG]

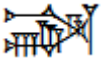
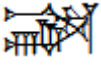
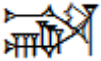
122C3% SHID / ŠID, ŠIT / **SHIT**! ŠITI, LAG | saĝĝa [1862x] (sanga, sangu, saĝa$_8$) = an official, the chief administrator of a temple household | nesaĝ$_2$ (nesag$_2$) [661x] = first-fruit offering; a storage place | šid [292x] = count(ing); number; half (shares); to count [calculate] | silaĝ [0x] = body part

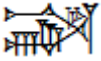
šid-bi ninnu-ussu mu-bi
Its (total) count 58 lines

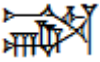
122C4 ~ x A; 122C5 ~ x IM

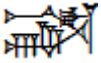
122C6  SHIM / šim [819x] = beer, beer malt - cf. 12049 kaš [13889x] | [35x] type of basin | ŠEM, LUNGA = scent (aromatic substance)

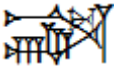
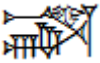
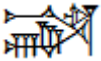
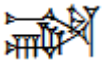
ŠIM Variants

122C7  ~ x A; 122C8 ~ x BAL; 122C9  ~ x BULUG | šembulug$_3$ [OB resin; tree]; 122CA  ~ x DIN

122CB%  ~ x GAR, bappir [64x #3 behind 1204B bappir$_3$] = an ingredient in beer-making, spice

122CC  ~ x IGI;

122CD%  ~ x IGI *gunu* | šembi [38x] = eye makeup, kohl; antimony paste; to anoint, smear on

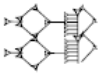
122CE  ~ x KUSHU2; 122CF  ~ x LUL; 122D0  ~ x MUG; 122D1  ~ x SAL

..

122D2% SHINIG / šinig = [28x] tamarisk (small shrub with needle-shaped leaves) | cf 12240

122D3 SHIR / ŠIR, NU_{11}, SIR_4 = [13x] testicle; bulb

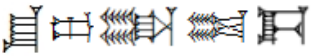
122D4 SHIR tenu x NU11 tenu

122D5  SHIR/SHIR BUR/BUR x NU11/NU11 BUR/BUR

122D6% SHITA / šita [17x] = priest; ~ figurine

122D7% SHU / ŠU [2785x] = **hand** | ŠU+GIR = ring

cpd šu-niĝin$_2$ [18294x] = sum, total [~ + 121B8 LAGAB encircle]

 šu-kal-le-tud-da = Šukaletuda (PN) [122D7 ŠU hand + 12197 KAL mighty + 121F7 LE branch + 12305 TU small, priest + 12055 DA line]

122D8 SHU/INVERTED SHU

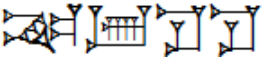
122D9% SHU_2 ($šu_2$) | $šuš_2$ [281x] = to cover, to spread over; to envelop, overwhelm; covering; to sink down; to cloud over; surface; to raise (clothes)

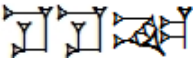
122DA% SHUBUR / ŠUBUR, ŠAḪ, $ŠAḪ_2$ [1117x] = pig | determinative &cah2; pigs

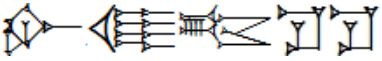
cf uQQ šul [shul; 305x] = manly; youth; young man

Shulgi% dŠulgi (cdli szul-gi aka Dungi) 2nd king of Ur III c. 2094 – 2046. Completed Great Ziggurat of Ur, begun by his father Ur-Nammu. Best known for his extensive revision of the scribal school's curriculum. Referred to himself as "the king of the four-quarters, the guardian of the black-headed people" Foundation Tablet P332680
dNimintabba
"For Nimintabba" (goddess of Ur) NIN-a-ni
"his Lady," SHUL-GI
"Shulgi" NITAH KALAG ga
"the mighty man" LUGAL URIM KI ma
"King of Ur" LUGAL ki en
"King of Sumer" gi ki URI ke
"and Akkad," E a ni
"her Temple he built" mu na DU
Ur-Nammu or Ur-Namma, Ur-Engur, Ur-Gur, Sumerian: ruled c. 2112 BC – 2094 The Code of Ur-Nammu is the oldest known law code c. 2100–2050

122DB% SI = [401x] to fill, load up; to draw water; to brew beer | [262x] horn | finger; fret

cpd  bi_2-ib-si-si = fill [12248 bi_2 carry + 12141 IB oval + 122DB SI fill]

 si-si-de_3 = fill and carry

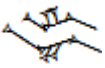
 im-mi-ib_2-si-si = draw / fill (water from well) [1214E IM storm, anger + 1222A MI black + 12308 ib2 cross-beam (of well) + 122DB SI x2 fill]

u_5 = high water [12137 mušen bird + ~]

[PLM] a combination, the top element... 'sitting bird', 'egg-like' = 'bird' (but also possibly 'brood')

122DC SI *gunu*

122DD% SIG [343x] = weak; low; thin; narrow

122DE%  SIG_4, $šeg_{12}$ [572x] = clay / mud brick | MURGU [363x] = shoulder, back

[PLM] sig(a)$_4$, '(dried) brick', depicts 'three bricks/tiles forming a zig-zag pattern':

122DF SIG4/SIG4 SHU2

122E0% SIK_2, SIG_2, SIKI [4753x] = wool, fleece; hair; (animal's) pelt [**cf. TruEtym siki => silk*]

122E1% $SILA_3$ [**43696x!!!**] = a unit of capacity (= 1 litre, Oxford Handbook Cuneiform p64); a vessel

122E2% SU, KUŠ [3818x] = skin, hide, leather, fur; person; [54x] submerge, skin games; [495x] flesh, body, to be inside, entrails | determinative &kuc; before words for items made of leather

122E3 SU/SU

uQQ SU_4, SI_4 [184x] = to be red, brown

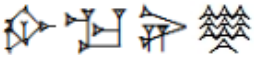
122E4% SUD, ŠUD / shud [488x] = distant; remote, long-lasting; profound | SIR, BU *gunû* = pull; spread; sail; run

122E5% SUD_2 = grind, bite ??

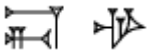
122E6% SUHUR [3x] = to trim or comb the hair | head hair | cf. munsub$_2$

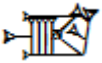
122E7% SUM, ŠUM$_2$, SI$_3$ = give [*TruEtym:* 'sum' (total, add up); Greek 'sigma'] | sig$_{10}$ (si) {TruEtym 'sign'} [836x] = to cast; to fashion

obligate someone or give someone over to do something (Foxvog).
gu2.shum2 wedge cuneiform, hence sig reading to fashion a tablet work.

cpd  im-ma-ni-sig$_{10}$ = to cast (an eye) [1214E IM mud, storm + 12220 MA approach + 1224C NI finish + 122E7 cast]

122E8% SUMASH / sumaš | sumaš^{ku}6 [49x] = an oceanic fish

122E9% SUR {TruEtym surge?!} [82x] = to squeeze, press; to flash; to drip; to rain; to milk - cpd  ĝeš3+sur = phallus + squeeze / milk = piss, urinate, masturbate | [82x] = half | cf. 120FB bread; thing

122EA  SUR$_9$ = [plectrum, musical??]

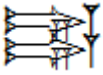
122EB% TA (dá) [85x] = what? | as much as (math./ quantity), from [preposition]

122EC% TA = asterisk [= star = TAra] cf. 1202D

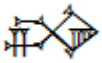
122ED% TA x HI, LAL$_3$ [241x]= syrup, honey, lubricant

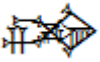
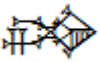
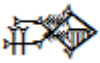
122EE TA x MI; 122EF TA gunu

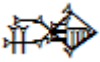
122F0% TAB, **MIN** [0x!] = **2**% ["2" / two numeric] | TAB [740x] = to double; to repeat; companion, partner, friend | cf. more used 1222B [959x] | *TruEtym:* tab (key); tabulate

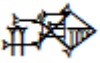
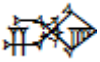
122F1  TAB/TAB NI/NI DISH/DISH

122F2 TAB sq

122F3%  **TAG** [266x] = to touch, take hold of; to bind – *TruEtym*: tag, touch (tuku); to attack | šum [63x] = slaughter | $TUKU_5$ [151x] = beat, strike of cloth; to weave | TIBIR [26x] = hand | ZIL_2 = good, beneficent

122F4  ~ x BI;122F5  ~ x GUD;122F6 

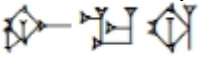
~ x SHE;122F7  ~ x SHU;

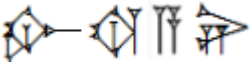
122F8  ~ x TUG2;122F9  ~ x UD

122FA% TAK_4, (da_{13}) [667x] = to set aside, leave behind; to save, keep back, *hold back*

'taka' Att. @3200 P000538 & with MAR wagon P000103 hold back Falk. Proto {even looks like lynchpin clip}

122FB% TAR = [237x] to cut down; to untie, loosen; to scatter, disperse | sila [238x] = street | kud, ku_5 [1100x] = to break off, deduct; to separate, cut off; to cut; to incise; to decide; to make clear | disease

122FC% TE = cheek; to pierce, penetrate, [31x] membrane | cpd  im-ma-te = approach, landing [1214E IM wind + 12220 flow + 122FC TE approach, land cf. 12312 UB as in kiss, suck]

cpd  (im/) ni$_2$-te-a-ni = penetrate; inspect [inspected 1214E IM storm + 122FC TE cheek; penetrate; membrane + 12000 A cry of woe + 1224C NI quiver]

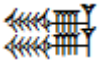
122FD% TE *gunu* | uru5% Great Flood Ark LAK382 » Eshdam o iii 14

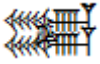
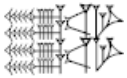
122FE% TI, TIL$_3$ [770x] = life, to live; to sit (down); to dwell | arrow (missile) 21@3000 66@2500 23@2000 cf epsd2 12@ EDIIIb 1@OAkk 2@LagII P222052 ii 3&4, EPSD2 | ^{UZU}TI = RIB

122FF TI tenu

12300% TIL {(un)til TruEtym.} [627x] = complete(d); old, long-lasting; to end | ÚŠ, EŠE$_3$~AŠ.U | SUMUN = sun, old | cf. BAD 12041

dub ḫa-ma-tur ul$_4$-la-bi ga-ab-til
Please let me have a small tablet, so that I can finish quickly. [Class Reunion]

12301%  TIR [404x] = forest, wood; mud

12302  ~ x TAK4 ; 12303 ~/~; 12304  ~/~ GAD/GAD GAR/GAR

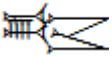
12305% TU = priest [1x!] | sheep [4x!] | [16x] small | tud (du$_2$, tu) utud [ePSD 847x 50@3000, 308@2500] bear, give

birth, create [see Enheduanna dedic.] | TU+TUR^{MUŠEN} = little dove

12306% TUG, TUG$_2$ {TruEtym: Roman ‘toga’} [5078x] = textile, garment (TU$_9$, dul$_5$; [379x] bar-dul$_5$) | usually as determinative &tug2; garments | eš$_2$ | še$_3$, = towards | umuš (uš$_4$) [52x] = (fore)thought, plan(ning); understanding; instruction; consideration, sagacity | gi$_7$, gir$_{15}$, zi$_3$, zid$_2$ | azlag$_2$ = fuller (cleans thickens woven cloth) | TUG$_2$, TU$_9$, NAM$_2$ | cf. 12247 | *TruEtym*: Roman toga

cpd ^{tug}$_2$dara$_4$ = (Inanna's) loinclth, sash, G-String, belt [~ + 12071 dara4 = red, brown, blood]

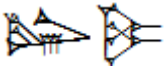
12307% TUK, tuku = powerful able-bodied (cpd a$_2$-tuku); proud | TUG = anger

12308%  TUM, (du$_4$) | ib$_2$ [36x] = hips; middle | ib$_2$ [35x] = angry; to curse | tum [19x] cross-beam| cf. mi-iq-tum (miqtum, mi-ĝal$_2$-tum) social class

ED IIIa 2600 ex. U2-TUM [legs] middle hips 12308 + 12311 food in tummy (stomach) TruEtym

12309% TUR | DUMU [28245xxx!] = child, son; apprentice | TUR [1719x] small; to reduce, diminish; to subtract; young

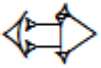
cpd dumu-munus [660x] = daughter [~ + 122A9 MUNUS cuneus]

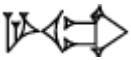
 lu$_2$-tur [35x] = son [121FD lu$_2$ *hot rod* + ~]

1230A TUR/TUR ZA/ZA

1230B% **U** (vowel, basic cuneus); **10**%; BUR_3 = hole | $UḪ_7$ = curse, bewitch | 121E5 NÍĜINxU) = PÚ = well (encircled area+hole) | $šu_4$ [24x] = totality, world | $burud_x$(U) (bur_3, $buru_3$) [49x] = breach, hole; depression, low-lying area, depth; to perforate / penetrate; deep | $šu_4$ = anus | $šuš_2$ ($šu_4$) [74x #2 behind 122D9 $šu_2$] = to cover, to spread over; to envelop, overwhelm; covering; to sink down; to cloud over; surface; to raise | bur_3 [54x #2 behind 12053 BUR 67x] = a unit of area; a unit of volume | ge_{14} = stylus cuneus | [*winkelhaken* = angle hook]

[PLM] means 'hole', and reads both u, '(oral) cavity', and hu3 'anus ('anal sphincter' or 'anal cavity')'. This is supported by another reading of this same sign: *šu4 (for *šü4), 'excrement-palm', the left hand being used mandatorily for the hygiene of unclean bodily functions. It is, to this day, a serious insult to offer a MidEasterner the left hand as a greeting because of the traditional use of the left hand.

1230C%  U-GUD, ul [161x] = **distant (in time)**; distant time

cpd niĝul (nigul)  niĝ$_2$-ul (nig$_2$-ul) niĝul niŋul (ningul) 120FB niĝ$_2$ possession + 1230C ul distant time]

[33x] = an everlasting possession, asset; eternity, immortality; cf. etym. god

{ = "Mugsar Benefactor whose family has been assigned a sign, cpd or section forever!" | mugul mug(sar)-ul 👉 Mugsar Immortality Equation MIE tinyurl.com/mugsar-immortality }

1230D U+U+U | ESH / EŠ = 30 (numeric) | UŠU$_3$ | SIN = moon

1230E U/U PA/PA GAR/GAR

1230F% U/U SUR/SUR | garadin$_9$ = sheaf, bundle (of reeds)

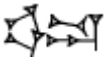
12310 U/U U rev/U rev

12311% U$_2$ [4129x] = plant(s); food; bread, loaf; grass; herb; pasture; firewood | determinative &u2; plants

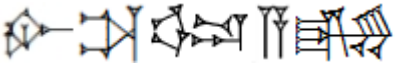
[12147%] ù / u3 [6340x] = and; but; also

12312% UB = [78x] corner | ar$_2$ = [56x] praise, fame; [11x] ruin

12313% **UD** ud / u$_4$ [29106xxx!] = **sun, day,** time / "Once, ..."; summer, heat, fever | UTU | TAM, ZALAG, ZIMBIR (~UD.KIB.NUN) è (~UD.DU), ZABAR UD BABBAR |
BABBAR = white, shining | ZABAR = bronze | determinative &zabar; bronze | ÀH = dried, withered

cpd  e3 (UD-DU) [1850x] = to leave, to go out; to thread, hang on a string; to remove, take away; to bring out; to enter; to bring in; to raise (sunrise), rear (a child); to sow; to

rave; to winnow; to measure (grain) roughly (with a stick); to rent [~ + 1207A DU]

 im-ta-e$_3$-a-ra = sunrise

ud-ba = day (open, halved, noon?, Later?) [~ + 12040 BA]

UD Variants:

12314 UD KUSHU2 | *úḫ* [syl.] = weathervane??;

12315 UD x BAD ; 12316 UD x MI

12317% UD x U + U + U | ITI (UD×EŠ) itud, itid [2145x cf 36175x ??] = moon {munus 122A9 TruEtym, month

12318 UD x U + U + U *gunu*

12319% UD *gunu* | murub$_6$ (muru$_{13}$) [446x] = cuneus, rump (rear view) – cf. 12260 murub$_4$

1231A% UD *sheshig (šešig),* itud$_x$, ITI | UD x EŠ ITI$_2$ ~ ITI x BAD = month [0x!]

1231B UD *sheshig* x BAD

1231C% UDUG = a demon (of desert, mountain, sea, tomb); ~ figurine ??

1231D% **UM** = [34x] reed (stylus? writing / black hero comes next to wheel UMBIN!), stem of

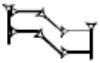
cf. 1207E DUB tablet; 12229 mes (meš$_3$), kišib black hero

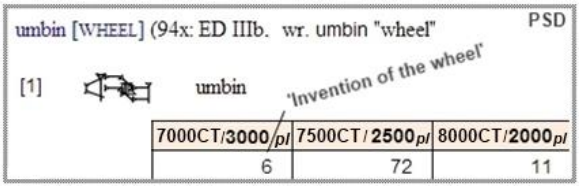
It's not just the Sumerians calling themselves black, **the first professors are BLACK!** um-mi-a = scholar, expert, craftsman [scholar 1231D UM reed stem (stylus/writing symbol, 1207E tablet var) + 1222A MI black + 12000 progeny]

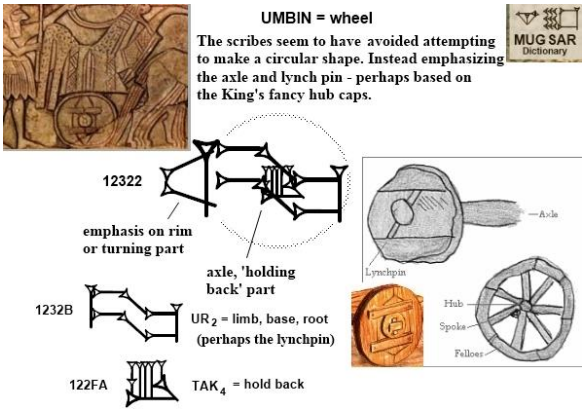
1231E ~ x LAGAB; 1231F ~ x ME + DA;

12320 ~ x SHA3; 12321 ~ x U

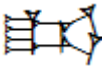
Invention of the Wheel

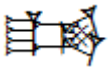
12322% UMBIN = **wheel** | **cf. 1232B**  **UR2 (lynchpin),** 122FA TAK4, = hold back (the King's fancy hub caps)

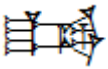


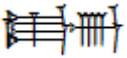


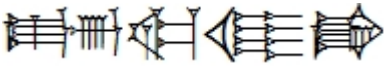
Fn | QFv | mL | TOC | Top

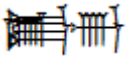
12323%  UMUM, SIMUG [396x] = metalworker, smith suffix [*TruEtym. simug => -smith*] | umun2 [16x] = knowledge source; deep thinking

12324%  ~ x KASKAL | DE2 [702x] = to pour, to winnow

12325  ~ x PA

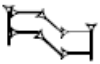
12326%  UN | ûg$_3$ (ug$_3$, un) = [704x] **people**, KALAM = The Land (of Sumer)

cpd  ùĝ sag gig.ga = Black Sumerians

12327  UN *gunu*

12328% UR = dog; ecstatic [cf. city of UR] | cpd NIG ~ MUG + UR = bitch

12329 UR +-ing UR; 1232A UR *sheshig*

1232B%  **UR$_2$** = phallus (male cf. MUG, MUNUS vagina, vulva) loin limb, root, base

UR$_2$ Variants

1232C ~ x A + HA; 1232D ~ x A + NA ;

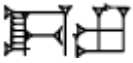
1232E ~ x AL; 1232F ~ x HA; 12330 ~ x NUN; 12331 ~ x U2; 12332 ~ x U2 + ASH; 12333 ~ x U2 + BI

12334% UR$_4$ [612x] = to pluck; to gather, collect; to harvest

12335% URI, BUR/BUR = [17x] vessel; 12335 uri-ke = Agade / Akkad [~ + 121A4 KE$_4$ open field]

12336% UR_{I3} qqq | cf. 122C0 ŠEŠ [in cpd Ur / UMIN] = brother, assistant | cf. 120E3 ur_{14} [UNMNG]

12337% **URU**, IRI [2070x] RÍ (ri_2), U_{19} = **Civilization** = Black Sumerian city-dwellers

cpd  dari [100x] = eternal [12055 da (line, writing board) + 12337 ri_2 (civilization)]

URU Variants:

12338 ~ x A: 12339 ~ x ASHGAB

1233A URU x BAR, ukkin / unkin = [69x] assembly

1233B ~ x DUN; 1233C ~ x GA; 1233D ~ x GAL; 1233E ~ x GAN2 tenu; 1233F ~ x GAR; 12340 ~ x GU; 12341 ~ x HA; 12342 ~ x IGI; 12343 ~ x IM; 12344 ~ x ISH; 12345 ~ x KI; 12346 ~ x LUM

12347 ~ x MIN | ulu_3, lu_7 | cpds lu_2-ulu_3= human [121FD lu_2 man + ~] | namlulu = [117x] humanity [12246 NAM destiny + op. cit.]

12348 ~ x PA; 12349 ~ x SHE; 1234A ~ x SIG4; 1234B ~ x TU; 1234C ~ x U + GUD; 1234D ~ x UD

1234E% URU x URUDA, banshur / banšur = [256x] table

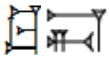
..

1234F% URUDA, urud [992x] = copper | dab$_6$ = [30x] go around | determinative &urud; copper / bronze

12350% URUDA x U, TABIRA = copper

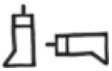
12351% USH%, **UŠ**, nita, nitaḫ = [2267x] man, male, phallus | ĝeš$_3$ ŋeš3 (ĝiš$_3$) / gesh = phallus | [312x] unit of length | us$_2$ (uš) [9695x] = to accompany / follow / adjacent; of a lesser quality; to drag; to stretch; a qualification of grain; to thresh (grain) by treading; to coagulate? | us$_2$ [4087x] = side, edge; path | us$_2$ [109x] = to lean on, impose; to check | determinative &m; before male names

With cpd's *ng*esh *ng*ish nita nitaḫ male Att. 1140x @ 3000! 1027x @ 2500
munus-ra munus nita-ra ku4-ku4-dè Inanna za-kam
Turning a male into a female and a female into a male is yours, Inanna!

 gala% gala, uš ĝiš3 phallus + ku ass 121AA ['gala priest', whore (lamentation) singer, ^{d}Inanna asst. of TransG—▷ Eshdam renown] » ‘gala’ (show) TruEtym

TransG dissertation » Ilan Peled (’16) The Gallae TransG Priests of Ancient Greece Rome Near East KA Lucker ’05; et al »

Inanna’s Descent to the Netherworld
gala-tur-ra a nam-tìl-la ba-an-šúm uš.ku
etcsl.orinst.ox.ac.uk/edition2/etcslgloss.php?lookup=c141.225&char...
Proverb 5: SP 2.100
165 gala-e bìd-da-ni ḫa-ba-an-da-zé-er
166 ág ga-ša-an-an-na ga-ša-an-gu10 ba-ra-zi-zi-dè-en-e-še
165 A gala spread / wiped his ass (saying:)
166 “I must not have unready what belongs to my lady Inanna.”
In an ED IIIb land-grant from Girsu, DP 591, a gala named ur-munus (phallus-cuneus interesting personal name!) was documented as receiving a land plot (DP 591 rev. iv 7–9)
The lands were distributed by Šagšag, wife of Urukagina ruler of Lagash. (Peled)
..

[PLM]  The Sumerian sign (Jaritz #424), depicts a 'phallus with scrotum. Its main reading is uš (for *ûš), which means 'cohabit, impregnate, stud-animal', representing 'surround-excrete'. The Sumerian word can be found in PIE (Proto-Indo-European): *wes-, 'dampen, wet, male animal', and *wegw-, 'damp, sprinkle'.

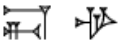
cpds

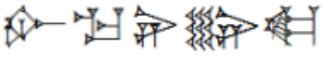
ĝeš$_3$-dug$_4$ [46x] = mating [~ + 12157 dug$_4$ perform]

ĝeš$_3$-du$_3$ (/KAK) = mating [~ + 12195 du$_3$ perform]

ĝeš$_3$-zig (12363) = erection [~ + 12363 zig rise]

MU-USH (mu-uš) = 60 variant; erection??

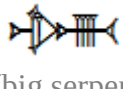
 ĝeš$_3$-sur = piss, masturbate [~ + 122E9 sur squeeze / milk]

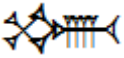
 IM-MA-NI-IN-KA/dug$_4$ = mating [1214E IM storm + 12220 MA flow + 1224C NI quiver + 12154 IN = abuse, rape + 12157 dug4 / KA = perform, mating]

12352 ~ x A; 12353 ~ x KU; 12354 ~ x KUR; 12355 ~ x TAK4

12356 USH$_X$ qqq | cf. 12230 hair

12357% USH$_2$ / uš$_2$ = [3556x] to die; to be dead; to kill; death | [50x] = blood; gore | [2x] = dead / dry reed (stylus) | ug$_7$ [259x] = plural and imperfect singular stem of uš (to die) | cf. 12041 BAD remote

12358%  USHUM = serpent | cf. USHUM.GAL = dragon (big serpent)

12359 UTUKI = prob. honorific suffix | 3 signs: 12300% TIL = complete, end; sun + 12155 IR = ask, divinate + ?? ; could be a link to 12232  **MUŠ** = snake| cf. Marduk is derived from the Sumerian Amar-utu(ki) (see 1202B) “the heifer [young cow?] of the sun-spirit”

1235A% UZ3, uzud (ud$_5$, uz$_3$) [3299x] = (female) goat

1235B UZ3 x KASKAL

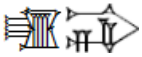
1235C% UZU [274x] = flesh cf. SIG+UZU hit + flesh = TUD to beat / whip | determinative &uzu; body parts

1235D% ZA, **LIMMU$_5$** [11x] = **4**% ["4" four numeric; cf. more used 121F9 limmu$_2$ [1759x] | NIGIDA LIMMU, DIŠ/DIŠ+DIŠ/DIŠ | ZA = [113x] man; [43x] bead, gem; [113x] CVVE | cpd ZA-E = you [~ + 1208A E interjection]

1235E ZA *tenu* | ad4 [5x] = crippled

1235F ZA sq x KUR

12360% ZAG, ZA$_3$ [902x] = side; arm; shoulder; border, boundary, district; limit; right side, the right

cpd  zag-bi = boundary open – endless [12360 ZAG boundary + 12049 BI open]

12361 ZAM$_X$

12362% ZE$_2$ = you; live | zi$_2$ [157x] = cut | cf. give | la (lalamu) [66x] = lust, rump

12363% ZI, ZID | zig$_3$ (zi) [8574x] = to issue; to levy, raise, muster; to expend; to swell / rise (have an erection)

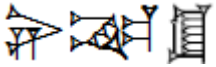
Instructions of Shuruppak (Abu Salabikh no. 256 sister to no. 255 Eshdam see Biggs Inscriptions pdf): Ziudsura% (Ziusudra) zi-ud-su3-ra2 = living (muster to ark).sun.removed.multiply/flood (cf. su3 = sud distant removed sud4 1204D;
flood RA 1228F; multiply 1207A var.) - Noah's ark plagio SU.KUR.RU^ki [Shuruppak / Ut-napishtim (sun-living) cf. Epic of Gilgamesh » Atra-Hasis] in king lists as SU.KUR.LAM SU person flesh KUR land mountains RU

conquer LAM flourish Instructions to ~ (wisdom tablet) father of Ziudsura.
Abu Salabikh tablet (cf. Eshdam), dated to c2600 is the oldest extant copy: Instructions to Ziudsura níĝ-zi-ĝál2 = thing.living (muster).classification (gal2 12145) - living creatures (of Eden see EDIN note:)
cf. Gudea Cylinder B iv-18:
maš-anše níĝ-zi-ĝál edin-na
the gregarious animals, the animals of Eden
máš-anše níĝ-úr-limmú níĝ-zi-ĝál nu-mu-un-bu-e
the gregarious animals, the quadrupeds, all the animals did not run about there
etcsl.orinst.ox.ac.uk/section5/tr561.htm
..
P010644 Shuruppak (mod. Fara) Anton Deimel '1923 [Centennial!] : rev col 6: column 6
1. GA{sar}-bi-sze3 igi-bar#!(ASZ) il2#
2. kur#-szubax(MUSZ3)#-sze3 DU
3. igi gig mu-ak
4. a {d}en-lil2 lu2-pa mu-da-gi4
5. a-ne a-na nun-zu
*6. ge26 a-na-pa3
*7. ge26 igi-bur-bur mu-ak [12053 BUR offering stone bowl] 8. igi-kun szu nam-tab
9. igi-bar!(ASZ) ha-mu-ta-tag KA+UD
..
The Literary Sumerian of Old Babylonian Ur: UET 6/1-3 in Transliteration and Translation with Select Commentary - J Peterson ('19) includes new content of the Sumerian Flood Story, particularly the divine appointment of Alulim (see 12009), the first antediluvian king.
cdli.ucla.edu/?q=cuneiform-digital-library-preprints
etsy.com/shop/AncientTextModTablet
mobile.twitter.com/anctxtmodtablet
..

ĝeš3+**zig** | zid (zi) = [1475x] right; to be right, true, loyal, faithful | [815x] life, to breathe, self | syll.: sé, sí, ze, zi, | ZI+GA = insurgency, attack

12364 ZI/ZI

12365% ZI_3, zid_2, *the real* **ESH_{2}**% / $eš_2$ ($eše_2$) $še_3$ [7223x] = flour | [62x] rope, string [G-string – loincloth – Eshdam% » 1206E], thong (leather strip) | PSD as *italic* perhaps to distinguish from 120A0 (see note) native

cpd  i_3-ne-$eš_2$ [ETCSL] = now Akk. Inanna [1224C NI time passes + 12248 NE fire; this + 12365 $eš_2$ string (loincloth)]

12366% ZIB = [16x] mark, token; colour, paint

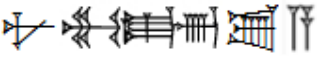
12367 ZIB KABA tenu

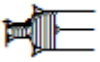
12368% ZIG = lower body

12369% ZIZ_2 [2856x] = wheat, work team

1236A% ZU [964x] = to know; learn

cpds **ABZU** = abyss [1200A AB cosmic sea + 1236A ZU know]

 nu-mu-un-zu-a = not know [(in all of Sumer) 12261 NU not + 1222C MU name + 12326 UN (KALAM / Sumer) + 1236A ZU know + 12000 A bemoan]

1236B%  ZU_5 = doctor | cf. a-zu [81x]; $a\text{-}zu_5$ [11x; 12000 A water + ~]

1236C ZU5 x A

1236D ZUBUR [UNMNG] | cf. 12367

1236E% ZUM [37x] = revolve [*on what!*] | haš$_4$ (hash$_4$) = lower body, abdomen; thigh

.~.

[END]

A | Fn | QFv | mL | TOC | Top

MugsarSCD 1st Ed. ('13) Spec. Summary:
A p22 to Z p110 = 78 pp of listings of total book 293 pp
U+12000–U+123FF (922)
Cuneiform U+12400–U+1247F (116)
Cuneiform Numbers and Punctuation U+12480–U+1254F (196)
905 - 927 signs - say 354 variants = 560 actually in use
cf. QF - at least 40, not used much - quick count 58 lines x say 7 per line = 526 less duplicates say 46 = 480

1. unicode 2. sign 3. lemma 4. translation [28x12013CT] 444

4-Way Library

- Sumerians – Kings of the Earthlings
- Sumerians called themselves "black-headed people"
- There in the tablets, "black people" are the "city-dwellers" and "rulers of Sumer"
- First Professors are Black!
- Inanna & 7 Cosmic Powers of Her Loincloth
- Ninĝirsu's Temple (Gudea Cylinders)

Firstly, the issue over the more correct cuneiform. Clearly, it make much more sense that 'gi' 12100 *reed stylus* (writing => knowledge => power; reed marsh of Tigris and Euphrates delta) should be the one we use. Rather than the much less used non-Sumerian {Borger notes that only the spelling ge7 is properly attested in vocabularies, not gi7 or gir15}, later Babylonian 'gir$_{15}$' 120A0 (local), as shown at PSD for the individual logogram, 4900x to 7x, and the compound for Sumerian language 'eme.gi' 21x over 'eme.gir$_{15}$' only 1x, in the older period. And similarly for tablets refering to the King of Sumer, mainly use 'ki.en.gi', rather than ki.en.gir$_{15}$ e.g. the famous Ur-Nammu tablet (see below, also ETCSL, e.g.1: Poem Išme-Dagan (c.2.5.4.01), line c25401.A.364; e.g.2: "Then the Martu peoples, who know no agriculture, arose in all Sumer...", c1822.369). So why do the elites misquote the cuneiform sign actually used?!

Also see Proto Language Monosyllables – Patrick Ryan clearly knows what he is talking about, "...*Emegi*, the language of males in Sumer, differs in some interesting ways from equivalent forms in *Emesal*, the language of females..."

gi [REED] (4900x: ED IIIa, ED IIIb, Old Akkadian, Lagash II, Ur III
"reed, cane; a unit of length" Akk. *qanû*

gi

7000CT/3000Pl	7500 / 2500	8000 / 2000
977	3725	189

ĝir [NATIVE] (7x: Old Babylonian) wr. $ĝir_{15}$ "native, local"

$ĝir_{15}$

7000CT/3000Pl	7500 / 2500	8000 / 2000
		7

emeĝir [SUMERIAN] (32x: Ur III, Old Babylonian) wr. eme-gi; eme-$ĝir_{15}$
"the Sumerian language" Akk. *šumeritum*; *šumerû*

[1] eme-gi

[2] eme-$ĝir_{15}$

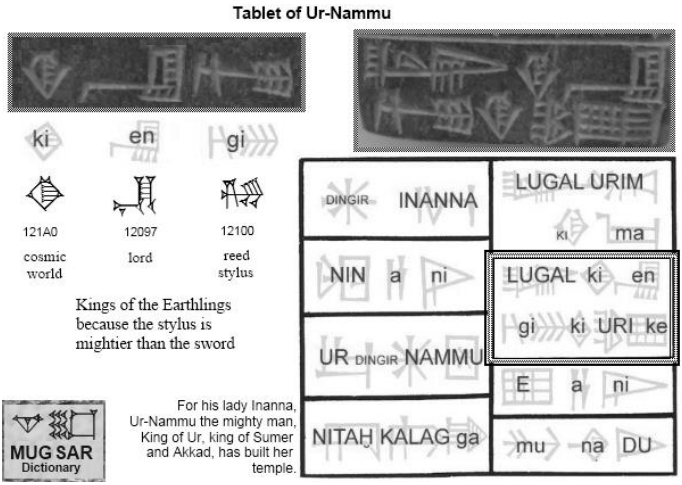
	7000 CT 3000*plag.*	7500 2500	8000 2000
[1]		21	2
[2]		1	8

PSD

[12174 'eme' = tongue, language + 12100 GI reed / write]

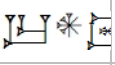
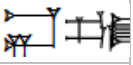
One can imagine that the Sumerians were dominant and respected by other states because they could write, hence the emphasis on reed stylus. Thus, they were looked on as, "Kings of the Earthlings because the stylus is mightier than the sword".

Tablet of Ur-Nammu

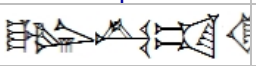
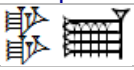


4-Way follows...

Inanna lady (wonder) come to pass Ur-Nammu the mighty man

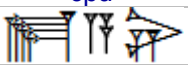
12239	cpd	12000	1224C	cpd	cpd
					
^{d}Inanna	nin	a	ni	Ur-Nammu	nitaḫ-kalag-ga
Inanna determ. 1202D AN + 12239 MUŠ$_3$	lady, mistress 122A9 MUG cuneus + 12306 TUG$_2$ garment	bemoan / sigh of wonder ; progeny; (water)	comes to pass	(Ur-Engur) 12328 UR dog, city? + determ. 1202D AN + 121C9 cosmic waters	mighty man 12351 NITAḪ male + 12197 KALAG mighty + 120B5 GA suckling, young

King of Ur, King of **Sumer** and Akkad

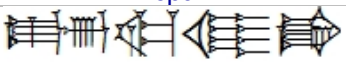
cpd	cpd	cpd
		
lugal ur-im-ki	lugal ki-en-**gi** ki	uri-ke
King of Ur 12217 LUGAL King + cpd Ur-im + 121A0 KI city	King of Sumer 12217 LUGAL King + Sumer: "121A0 KI cosmic world + 12097 EN lord + 12100 GI place of reeds stylus, writing, knowledge, power" + 121A0 KI city	and Akkad 12335 URI vessel, (Akkad) + 121A4 KE_4 open field

..

temple build

cpd	cpd
	
e-a-ni	mu-na-du
temple 1208D E_2 temple + aux a-ni: "12000 A wonder + 1224C NI timelessness"	build 1222C MU year, name + 1223E NA pestle + 12195 DU build

Sumerians called themselves ***"black-headed people"***

cpd

ùĝ$_3$-saĝ-gíg$_2$-ga
Sumerians 12326 ùĝ$_3$ people (KALAM Sumer) + 12295 saĝ head + 1222A gíg$_2$ black + 120B5 ga carry / aux.

Examples in tablets follow...

There in the tablets, "black people" are the "city-dwellers" and "rulers of Sumer"!

231. His father replied to the boy;
232. his father replied to Šukaletuda:
233. "My son, you should join the **city-dwellers** your brothers **the rulers of Sumer**.
234. Go at once to **the black-headed people**, your brothers!
235. Then this woman [Inanna] will not find you in the lands of **Sumer**."
236. He joined the **city-dwellers**, his brothers all together.
237. He went at once to **the black-headed people**, **his brothers**,
238. and the woman did not find him in the lands.
[ETCSL: c133.231]

231. lu$_2$-tur ad-da-ni mu-na-ni-ib-gi$_4$-gi$_4$
232. šu-kal-/le\-tud-da ad-[da-ni] mu-na-ni-ib-gi$_4$-gi$_4$
233. dumu-ĝu$_{10}$ **iri šeš-zu** ḫe$_2$-eb-us$_2$-**en**
234. **saĝ gig$_2$** šeš-zu-ne ĝiri3 gub-ba ĝen-na
235. munus-e šag4 kur-kur-ra-ka nu-um-ma-ni-in-pad$_3$-de$_3$-**en**
236. **iri šeš-a-ni** ni2-bi-a im-us2
237. **saĝ gig$_2$ šeš-a-ni** ĝiri3 gub-ba im-ĝen
238. munus-e šag4 kur-kur-ra-ka nu-um-ma-ni-in-pad3

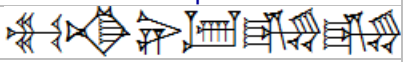
4-Way follows...

Inanna & Šukaletuda (c.1.3.3), line c133.231 [cont. from Inanna 138b]

231. lu_2-tur ad-da-ni mu-na-ni-ib-gi_4-gi_4

[ETCSL: His father replied to the boy]

son father for a time tossed the problem around

cpd	cpd	cpd
		
lu_2-tur	ad-da-ni	mu-na-ni-ib-gi_4-gi_4
son 121F D lu_2 male + 12309 TUR son	father 1201C AD father + 12055 DA line (gen.) + 1224C NI in time	tossed the problem around 1222C MU year, dear, name, son + 1223E NA pestle + 1224C NI comes to pass + 12141 IB oval + 12104 x2 gi_4-gi_4 (conversation) reply

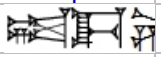
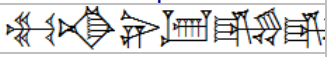
etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.231 (or c133.177)

..

232. šu-kal-/le\-tud-da ad-[da-ni] mu-na-ni-ib-gi_4-gi_4

[ETCSL: his father replied to Šukaletuda]

Šukaletuda father for a time tossed the problem around

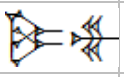
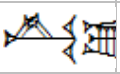
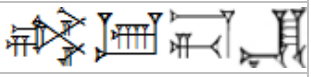
cpd closeup	cpd	cpd
		
šu-kal-le-tud-da	ad-da-ni	mu-na-ni-ib-gi_4-gi_4
Šukaletuda 122D7 ŠU hand + 12197 KAL mighty + 121F7 LE branch + 12305 TU small + 12055 DA line	father op. cit.	advised op. cit.

etcsl.ohinst.ox...c133.232

233. dumu-ĝu10 **iri** **šeš-zu** ŋe2-eb-us2-**en** [Inanna-Šukaletuda c133.233]

[ETCSL: "My son, you should join the city-dwellers your brothers.]

son **city-dwellers your brothers** get protection from them the **rulers of Sumer**

12309	12337	122C0	cpd
			
dumu-ĝu$_{10}$	**iri**	**šeš-zu**	ŋe$_2$-eb-us$_2$-**en**
son 12309 TUR son + 1222C ĝu$_{10}$ dear, son	city-dwellers	brothers 122C0 šeš brother + 1236A ZU know	get protection from the rulers of Sumer 120F6 ŋe$_2$ be he + 12141 IB oval + 12351 us$_2$ lean on + 12097 EN rulers of Sumer

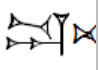
etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.233

..

234. **saĝ gig2** **šeš-zu-ne** ĝiri3 gub-ba ĝen-na [Inanna-Šukaletuda c133.234]

[ETCSL: Go at once to the black-headed people, your brothers!]

black people your brothers hop to it go

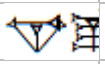
12295	1222A	122C0|12248	1210A	1207A	cpd
					
saĝ	**gig$_2$**	**šeš-zu-ne**	ĝiri$_3$	gub-ba	ĝen-na
head / people	black	brothers your op. cit. | 12248 NE these / your	foot; path, via	stand 1207A DU stand + 12040 BA split	go 1207A ĝen go + 1223E pestle

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.234

235. munus-e šag4 kur-kur-ra-ka nu-um-ma-ni-in-pad3-de3-en

[ETCSL: Then this woman [Inanna] will not find you in all the lands."]

That woman! interior of all the land talking did not find in Sumer the rapist

122A9	122AE	cpd	cpd
			
munus-e	šag$_4$	kur-kur-ra-ka	nu-um-ma-ni-in-pad$_3$-de$_3$ EN
That woman! munus + 1208A E interjection	interior	in all the land talking (about the rape) 121B3 KUR lands + 1228F RA aux. + 12157 KA talk	not find in Sumer the rapist (of Inanna) op. cit. pad$_3$. + 12097 EN abbrev. for Sumer

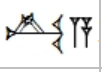
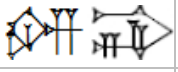
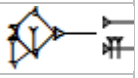
etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.235

..

236. iri šeš-a-ni ni2-bi-a im-us2

[ETCSL: He joined the city-dwellers, his brothers all together.]

city dwellers his brothers in time all together joined

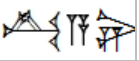
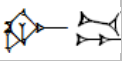
12337	cpd	cpd	12351
			
iri	šeš-a-ni	ni$_2$-bi-a	im-us$_2$
city-dwellers	brothers his 122C0 šeš brother + 12000 A bemoan + 1224C NI in time	themselves (1224E ni$_2$ + 12049 BI + 12000 A) [see ETCSL]	joined 1214E IM copula+ 12351 us$_2$ accompany, follow

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.236

237. **saĝ gig2** šeš-a-ni ĝiri3 gub-ba im-ĝen

[ETCSL: He went at once to the black-headed people, his brothers,]

black people his brothers hopping to it went

12295	1222 A	cpd	1210 A	1207A	cpd
					
saĝ	gig$_2$	šeš-a-ni	ĝiri$_3$	gub-ba	im-ĝen
head / people	black	brothers his op. cit. 236	foot op. cit. 234	stand op. cit. 234	went 1214E IM copula + 1207A ĝen go

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.237

..

238. munus-e šag4 kur-kur-ra-ka nu-um-ma-ni-in-pad3

[ETCSL: and the woman did not find him in the land.]

That woman! interior of all the land did not find the rapist

122A 9	122 AE	cpd	cpd
munus-e	šag$_4$	kur-kur-ra-ka	nu-um-ma-ni-in-pad$_3$
That woman! op. cit. 235	interior	in the land op. cit.	not find the rapist (of Inanna) op. cit. pad$_3$.

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.238

[END extract] | 231 | 4-Way top

ETCSL Search**: "black-headed people"** saĝ-gig2 (-ga)

137-148. The francolin …… to the …… of its ……. The francolin …… to the birthplace of Dumuzid. Like a pigeon on its window ledge it took counsel with itself; the francolin in its shelter took counsel. Only his mother Durtur can gladden my master! Only his mother Durtur can gladden Dumuzid! My goddess, born in Kuara, the maiden who is the crown of all ……, the admiration and acclaim of **the black-headed people**, the playful one who also voices laments and the cries, who intercedes before the king -- Ĝeštin-ana, the lady, did …….

..

137. […]-ba-še3 buru5-ḫabrudmušen-e nam /il2\

138. ki-ulutim2 ddumu-zid-da-še3 buru5-ḫabrudmušen-e […]

139. tum12mušen-gin7 ab-lal3-ba ni2-bi-a ad-e-eš ba-ni-ib2-gi4

140. buru5-ḫabrudmušen-e a2-bur2-ba ad-e-eš ba-ni-ib-gi4

141. lugal-ĝu10 ama-ni ddur7-/tur\-ra-am3 i3-ḫul2-le

142. ddumu-zid-de3 ama-ni <ddur7-tur-ra-am3 i3-ḫul2-le>

143. in-nin-ĝu10 u3-tud-da kuaraki

144. ki-sikil amar sig7-ga men-bi

145. u6 di niĝ2-me-ĝar **saĝ gig2-ga**

146. e-ne dug4-dug4 i-lu akkil dug4-dug4

147. nam-šita dug4-dug4 lugal-la […]

148. dĝeštin-an-na-ke4 nin […]

..

c.1.3.2/Tr/Gl saĝ gig2-ga šir3-re-eš bi2-ib-ra

She shall determine fates. She shall apportion the divine powers among the Anuna, the great gods. And as for you, I will place in your hands the lives of **the black-headed**

people." When you get there, let the woman I have chosen for her beauty …… her mother. Do not go to her empty-handed, but take her some jewellery in your left hand. Waste no time. Return with her answer quickly."

--

31-38. In the Gagiššua of the great palace, where she renders verdicts with grandeur, he made the great mother Ninlil glad. Enlil and Ninlil relished it there. In its great dining hall, the trustworthy hero chosen by Nunamnir made them enjoy a magnificent meal: the E-kur was rejoicing. They looked with approval at the shepherd Ur-Namma, and the Great Mountain decreed a great destiny for **Ur-Nammu** for all time, making him the mightiest among his **black-headed people**.

..

31. ĝa2-ĝiš-šu2-a /e2\-gal maḫ-di gal ku5-ru-da-ni

32. /ama\ gal dnin-lil2-ra ul mu-na-ni-in-de6

33. den-lil2 dnin-lil2-bi dug3 mi-ni-in-ĝal2-le-eš

34. unu2 gal-ba šul zid mu pad3-da dnu-nam-nir-ra-ka (zi-kir šu-mi)

35. ninda maḫ am3-mi-ni-dug3 e2-kur ḫul2-la-am3

36. igi zid mu-un-ši-in-bar-re-eš sipad dur-dnamma-ra

37. kur gal-e sipad dur-dnamma-ra nam gal ud su3-ra2-še3 mu-ni-in-tar

38. **saĝ gig2-ga**-na a2 mi-ni-in-maḫ

..

ETCSL translation : t.2.5.3.4

http://etcsl.orinst.ox...c.2.5.3.4

A šir-namerima (?) for Iddin-Dagan (Iddin-Dagan D)

1-2. Great lady, majestic physician to **the black-headed**, holy Ninisina, daughter of An, may you be praised!

3-9. Lady whose tempest, like a raging storm, …… the interior of heaven and the trembling earth, whose upraised fierce face, like a fire, rips the bodies of the enemy; who, like a dragon, does not bring up venom in her place where ……, paws of a lion, sharpened knives, claws constantly dripping blood, …… which prick the body with fear! When you draw through the flesh the scalpel and the lancet, knives like lion's claws -- the bodies of **the black-headed people** tremble because of you!

..

1. nin gal <a>-zu maḫ **saĝ gig2-ga**
2. kug dnin-isin2si-na dumu an-na me-teš2 ḫe2-i-i
3. nin tum9u18-lu-ni ud mir-a-gin7 an-šag4-a ki? dub2-bu X
4. dgibil6-gin7 igi /ḫuš il2\-la-ni erim2-ma su dar-dar-re
5. ušumgal-gin7 ki KA X-a-na uš11-bi nu-ed3-de3
6. /šu piriĝ\-ĝa2 ĝiri2 u3-sar ak umbin uš2 biz-biz-biz
7. su X ḪA E de2-de3 ni2 su-a ru-ru-gu2
8. ĝiri2-zal bulug-kiĝ2-gur4 ĝiri2 piriĝ-ĝa2-gin7 uzu e3-a-zu-uš
9. **uĝ3 saĝ gig2** su ma-ra-sag3-sag3-ge

A praise poem of Ḫammu-rābi (Ḫammu-rābi A)

etcsl.orinst.ox...c.2.8.2.1

1-17.

1 line fragmentary …… acting as its lord ……

7 lines fragmentary …… **the black-headed** ……. …… the Euphrates ……. …… the Tigris …….

10. […]-zu X um-ma-ri **saĝ gig2-ga** [(…)] /IM?\ en GIL

..

etcsl.orinst.ox...c.5.5.4

18-27. Here, {in {'Where Flesh Came Forth'} {(1 ms. has instead:) 'Where Flesh Grew'} (the name of a cosmic location), he set this very hoe (al) to work;} {(1 other ms. has instead:) in 'Where Flesh Grew' the unassailable (?),} he had it place the first model of mankind in the brick mould. His Land started to break through the soil towards Enlil. He looked with favour at his black-headed people. Now the Anuna gods stepped forward to him, and did (ĝal) obeisance to him. They calmed Enlil with a prayer, for they wanted to demand (al-dug) **the black-headed peopl**e from him. Ninmena, the lady who had given birth to the ruler, who had given birth to the king, now set (alĝaĝa) human reproduction going.

..

18. {{uzu-e3-a} {(1 ms. has instead:) uzu-mu2-a} ĝišal am3-mi-ni-in-du3}

{

(1 other ms. has instead the line:)

18A. uzu-mu2-a saĝ nu-ĝa2-ĝa2-de3

}

19. saĝ nam-lu2-ulu3 u3-šub-ba mi-ni-in-ĝar

20. den-lil2-še3 kalam-ma-ni ki mu-un-ši-in-dar-re

21. saĝ gig2-ga-ni-še3 igi zid mu-ši-in-bar

22. da-nun-na mu-un-na-sug2-sug2-ge-eš

23. šu-bi giri17-ba mu-un-ne-ĝal2

24. den-lil2 a-ra-zu-a mu-ni-in-ḫuĝ-e-ne

25. **uĝ3 saĝ gig2-ga** al mu-un-da-be2-ne

26. nin en u3-tud-de3 lugal u3-tud-de3

27. dnin-men-na-ke4 tud-tud al-ĝa2-ĝa2

--

etcsl.orinst.ox...c.5.3.6

1-10.

2 lines fragmentary of Enlil ……. Small ten-**shekel** pieces of silver ……

6 lines fragmentary ... unknown no. of lines missing

1-11.

5 lines fragmentary …… in aromatic oil of cedar ……. …… humans, **the black-headed people**. Let him anoint each with my …… aromatic oil of cedar. …… it is an abomination to my king.

..

7. […] /lu2\-ulu3 **ûĝ3 saĝ gig2**-ge

8. […] i3 šim ĝišerin-na-ĝa2-ta-am3 ḫa-mu-ta-/šeš4\-e

9. […] ḪI-bi-ra lugal-ĝa2 niĝ2-gig-bi-[im]

Sumer

The Victory of Utu-Hengal, ETCSL transliteration : c.2.1.6.

4. ki-en-gi-ra2 nij2-a-erim2 /bi2-in\-si-a

21. sig-ce3 ki-en-gi-ra2 {gana2} {(1 ms. has instead:) jic} bi2-kece2

etcsl.orinst.ox.ac.uk...c533.236

236-247. "When the šem and ala drums, …… and other instruments play together for him, he passes the time with your heart-gladdening tigi and zamzam instruments. But it is I who have made the wine plentiful and made much to eat and drink. I perfect the garments with fine oil. I bring up the ……, the šutur and aktum garments. As for safeguarding, the best in **Sumer**, in the oppressive heat (?) of Summer, where they had been put away in the bedrooms amongst **the black-headed**

people, moths destroy the blankets and make the aktum cloth perish because of you. …… exhausts itself for you ……. The wooden chest ……. I am Ninkasi's help, for her I sweeten the beer, with as much cold water, the tribute of the hills, as you brought."

..

236. šem3 kuša2-la2 si-ŠIR3 ĝiš-gu3-di ni2-ba u3-mu-na-du12

237. tigi za-am-za-am niĝ2 šag4 ḫul2-la-zu ud mi-ni-ib-zal-zal-e

238. ĝe26-e ĝeštin lu-lu-me-en gu7 naĝ gal-gal-me-en

239. tug2 i3 dug3-ge ba-ab-du7-me-en

240. /niĝ2\-tug2-ba tug2šutur tug2aktum-ma a2 ba-ni-e3-a-me-en

241. /kum2\-ma dugud e2-me-eš **saĝ ki-en-gi*-ra** zi-bi tum2-tum2-de3

242. **uĝ3 saĝ gig2-ga** ur2-bi-a ki-nu2 ĝar-ĝar-ra-bi

243. tug2niĝ2-barag2 nim mu-ra-be4-be4 tug2aktum mu-ra-saḫ6

244. ĝišniĝ2-keše2-da a2 mu-ra-ab-kuš2-u3 e2-gal ma-ra-ŠEŠ-ŠEŠ

245. ĝišgu2-ne-saĝ-ĝa2-ke4 mu-un-kiĝ2-kiĝ2 en3 tar mu-ni-ĝal2

246. dnin-ka-si-ke4 a2-taḫ-a-ni-me-en kaš mu-un-na-ab-dug3-ge-en

247. a sed4 gu2-un ḫur-saĝ-ĝa2 a-na mu-e-tum2-tum2-mu

So here in one of the few extant examples, 'Sumer' = "saĝ ki-en-gi" = head(/people) + cosmic world + lord + *reed stylus* 'gi' [not little used 'gir$_{15}$' *native*]

First Professors are Black!

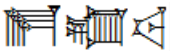
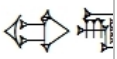
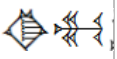
The advice of a supervisor to a younger scribe (E-dub-ba-a C)

(*The supervisor speaks*:)

1. dumu e_2-dub-ba-a ud ul-la ĝa$_2$-nu ki-ĝu$_{10}$-še$_3$

[ETCSL: {Apprentice!} One-time member of the school, come here to me,]

Apprentice scribe school once supervised won't you come down to the designated place

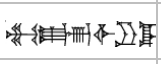
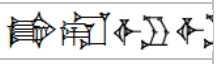
12309	cpd	12313	1230C+121B7	120B7+12261	cpd
					
du mu	e_2-dub-ba-a	U D	ul-la	ĝa$_2$-nu	ki-ĝu$_{10}$-še$_3$
apprentice	scribe school 1208D e_2 school, house + 1207E DUB tablet + 12040 BA allot, share + 12000 progeny	day, once...	distant time + show, supervise	place, come down + NU not (won't you come)	designated place 121A0 KI place + 1222C MU name son + 12365 še$_3$ string

Note: Original translation inexplicably doesn't bother to translate the very first word, "dumu" = apprentice – probably the most interesting and important part of the whole introduction...

etcsl.orinst.ox....c513.1

2. niĝ$_2$ **um-mi**-a-ĝu$_{10}$ mu-un-pad$_3$-da za-e ga-ra-pad$_3$-pad$_3$
http://etcsl.orinst.ox...c513.2
[ETCSL: and let me explain to you what my teacher revealed]

something, dear **professor, who of course must be black,** revealed to the people of Sumer, you, like threshing grain will be revealed

120FB	cpd	cpd	cpd	cpd
				
niĝ$_2$	um-mi-a-ĝu$_{10}$	mu-un-pad$_3$-da	za-e	ga-ra-pad$_3$-pad$_3$
something	**professor who of course must be black** 1231D UM reed stem (stylus / writing symbol) (1207E tablet var) + 1222A MI black* + 12000 progeny + 1222C ĝu$_{10}$ dear	revealed to the people of Sumer 1222C MU name + 12326 UN (KALAM = Sumer) + cpd pad$_3$ reveal + 12055 DA writing board	you 1235D + 1208A	like threshing grain will be revealed 120B5 GA bring + 1228F RA threshing + cpd pad$_3$ reveal x2

* There are some who say that when the Sumerians call themselves black it should not be taken literally, and black means local or something. Also in signs for other professions the scribes don't add this extra point, but here they emphasize the first professors that started the education revolution 5000 years ago are BLACK!

ummia [EXPERT] (142x: ED IIIb, Old Akkadian, Ur III

expert, master craftsman

um-mi-a

Not just the Sumerians calling themselves black, the first professors are BLACK!

7000CT/5000ya	7500CT/4500ya	8000CT/4000ya
14	110	18

PSD

3. za-e-gin$_7$-nam nam-lu$_2$-tur i$_3$-ak šeš-gal i$_3$-tuku-am$_3$
[ETCSL: "Like you, I was once a youth and had a mentor]

za-e-gin$_7$-nam	nam-lu$_2$-tur	i$_3$-ak	šeš-gal	i$_3$-tuku-am$_3$
you (sg.) ZA-E-DIM$_2$-NAM	status as child NAM-LU$_2$-TUR	to do NI-AK	elder brother ŠEŠ-GAL	to have NI-TUK-A.AN

etcsl.orinst.ox.c513.3

END 4-Way WIP

3-8.
"Like you, I was once a youth and had a mentor.

The teacher assigned a task to me -- it was man's work.

Like a springing reed, I leapt up and put myself to work.

I did not depart from my teacher's instructions, and I did not start doing things on my own initiative.

My mentor was delighted with my work on the assignment.

He rejoiced that I was humble before him and he spoke in my favour."

3.za-e-gin7-nam nam-lu2-tur i3-ak šeš-gal i3-tuku-am3

4. um-mi-a lu2-ta kiĝ2-ĝa2-am3 a2 aĝ2-ĝa2 ĝiš bi2-in-ĝar

5. gi al-gu4-ud-da-gin7 i3-gu4-ud-de3-en kiĝ2-ĝa2 bi2-in-sig10-ge-en

6. inim um-mi-a-ĝu10 nu-un-taka4 niĝ2 ni2-ĝa2 li-bi2-ak

7. šeš-gal-ĝu10 a2 ĝiš ĝar-ra-ĝa2 šag4-ga-ni i-ni-in-dug3

8. i3-sun5-ne na-mu-da-ši-ŋul2 silim-ĝa2 i-ni-in-dug4

9-15.

9. "I just did whatever he outlined for me -- everything was always in its place.
10. Only a fool would have deviated from his instructions.

11. He guided my hand on the clay and kept me on the right path.

12. He made me eloquent with words and gave me advice.

13. He focused my eyes on the rules which guide a man with a task:
14. zeal is proper for a task, time-wasting is taboo;
15. anyone who wastes time on his task is neglecting his task."

9. ĝiš ma-an-ḫur-ra na-an-dim2 ki-bi-še3 al-ĝar-ĝar

10. na de5-ga-ni-ta lu2 ḫu-ru-um šu bar dib-ba-e

11. im-ma šu-ĝu10 si ba-ni-in-sa2 us2 zid mu-un-dab5

12. ka-ĝu10 inim-ma ĝal2 ba-ni-in-taka4 ad gi4-gi4 ma-an-pad3

13. ĝiš-ḫur lu2 a2 aĝ2-ĝa2 si sa2-e igi ma-ni-in-si-si

14. gu2 zi-zi-i ḫa-la a2 aĝ2-ĝa2-kam ud zal-le niĝ2-gig-ga

15. lu2 ki a2 aĝ2-ĝa2-ni-še3 ud zal-la a2 aĝ2-ĝa2-ni ab-taka4

16-20.
"He did not vaunt his knowledge: his words were modest.

If he had vaunted his knowledge, people would have frowned.

Do not waste time, do not rest at night -- get on with that work!

Do not reject the pleasurable company of a mentor or his assistant:

once you have come into contact with such great brains,
you will make your own words more worthy."

16. niĝ2-zu-a-ni pa nu-um-e3 ka-ga14-ni ba-an-la2

17. tukum-bi niĝ2-zu-a-ni pa ba-an-e3 igi mu-un-suḫ-suḫ-u3-ne

18. ud na-ab-zal-e-en ĝi6 na-ab-sed4-e-en a2-bi-še3 ĝen-na

19. šeš-gal šeš-ban3-da ḫi-li-a-bi na-an-na-ni-ib-gi4-gi4

20. saĝ-ki gal-gal-la um-ma-te inim-zu ba-dugud-de3-en

21-26.
"And another thing: you will never return to your blinkered vision;
that would be greatly to demean due deference, the decency of mankind.

Worthy plants [offerings?] calm the heart, and sins are absolved.

An empty-handed man's gifts are respected as such.

Even a poor man clutches a kid to his chest as he kneels.

You should defer to the powers that be and …… -- that will calm you."

21. 2-kam-ma-še3 igi keše2-da-zu-še3 nu-ra-ni-ib-gi4-gi4

22. ki za-za teš2 lu2-u18-lu-ka maḫ-bi gu2 ḫe2-ri-du3

23. u2 teš2-a-ka šag4 ab-sed4-de3 nam-tag-ga al-du8-e

24. lu2 šu sug4-ga-ka kadra-ni ur5-še3 nir mu-un-ĝal2

25. lu2 niĝ2 nu-tuku maš2 gur-ra-na gaba-na i-im-tab

26. lu2-ĝarza2-ra ki ḫe2-en-ne-za ḫe2-keše2 ba-sed4-de3

27-28.

"There, I have recited to you what my teacher revealed, and you will not neglect it.

You should pay attention -- taking it to heart will be to your benefit!"

27. niĝ2 um-mi-a-ĝu10 mu-un-pad3-de3 e-ra-šid nu-mu-ra-ab-taka4

28. ĝizzal ḫe2-bi2-ak šag4-še3 gid2-i-de3 sag9-ge-zu mu-da-an-ĝal2

29-35.
The learned scribe humbly answered his supervisor:

"I shall give you a response to what you have just recited like a magic spell,
and a rebuttal to your charming ***ditty*** *delivered in a bellow.*

Do not make me out to be an ignoramus -- I will answer you once and for all!
You opened my eyes like a puppy's and you made me into a human being.

But why do you go on outlining rules for me as if I were a shirker?

Anyone hearing your words would feel insulted!"

29. dub-sar umun2 ak sun5-na-bi ugula-a-ni mu-un-na-ni-ib-gi4-gi4

30. ud mu7-mu7-gin7 ab-šid-en-na-a ba-an-gi4-bi a-ra-ab-ḫa-za-an

31. mu gud-gin7 i-lu dug3-ga-zu-še3 ĝiš i3-la2-a-bi

32. lu2 nu-zu nam-mu-ni-ib-ku4-ku4 1(DIŠ)-am3 ga-ra-ni-ib-gi4
(1 ms. inserts lines 60A and 60B here instead of after line 60)

33. ur-gir15 tur-gin7 igi mu-e-bad-bad nam-lu2-ulu3 mu-e-ak

34. a-na-aš-am3 lu2 ĝa2-la dag-ga-gin7 ĝiš ma-ab-ḫur-ḫur-re-en

35. lu2 inim-zu ĝiš ba-ni-in-tuku-a šu am3-ma-kar2-kar2

36-41.
"Whatever you revealed of the scribal art has been repaid to you.

You put me in charge of your household and I have never served you by shirking.

I have assigned duties to the slave girls, slaves and subordinates in your household.

I have kept them happy with rations, clothing and oil rations,
and I have assigned the order of their duties to them,
so that you do not have to follow the slaves around in the house of their master.

I do this as soon as I wake up, and I chivvy them around like sheep."

36. nam-dub-sar-ra a-na mu-e-pad3-da-zu šu-za ba-ni-in-šum2

37. e2-za ḫe2-bi2-gub-be2-en ud na-me niĝ2 ĝa2-la dag-ga-ĝu10-uš sa2 ba-ra-am3-mu-ri-ib-dug4

38. geme2 arad2 ĝiri3-sig10-ga e2-za kiĝ2-gi4-a ḫe2-bi2-ne-gi4

39. šukur2-bi tug2-bi u3 i3-ba-bi šag4-bi ḫa-ma-dug3-ga

40. a-ra2-bi-še3 kiĝ2-gi4-a ḫe2-bi2-in-ne-gi4 e2 lugal-ka arad2 ba-ra-bi2-in-us2

41. gaba ud-ĝa2 ḫe2-bi2-ak udu-gin7 ḫe2-eb-us2-u3-nam

42-49.
"When you have ordered offerings to be prepared, I have performed them for you on the appropriate days.

43] I have made the sheep and banquets attractive, so that your god is overjoyed.

44] When the boat of your god arrives, people should greet it with respect.

45] When you have ordered me to the edge of the fields, I have made the men work there.

It is challenging work which permits no sleep either at night or in the heat of day, if the cultivators are to do their best at the field-borders.

I have restored quality to your fields, so people admire you.

Whatever your task for the oxen, I have exceeded it and have fully completed their loads for you."

42. sizkur2 sa gi4-gi4-da ḫe2-mu-e-dug4 ud-bi sa2 ḫe2-ri-ib-dug4

43. udu-bi u2-gu7-bi ḫa-ma-sag9-sag9 diĝir-zu ḫe2-ḫul2

44. ud ma2 diĝir-za us2-sa-bi giri17 šu ḫa-ra-ab-tag-ge-ne

45. gaba a-šag4-ga-še3 a2 ḫe2-mu-e-da-a-a-aĝ2 erin2-e kiĝ2 ḫe2-bi2-ak

46. kiĝ2 a-da-min3-na ĝi6 an-bar7-ba u3 ba-ra-bi2-ku-am3

47. us2-a-DU dumu engar-ra-ke4-e-ne saĝ ḫu-mu-un-kal-le-ne

48. a-šag4-za šu nam-sag9-ga ḫe2-bi2-gi4 uĝ3-e u6 di ḫe2-ri-ib-dug4

49. gud-de3 a-na-am3 gub-zu dirig ḫe2-em-tum3 gu2-un-bi ḫa-ra-ab-silim-ma-am3

50-53.
"Since my childhood you have scrutinised me and kept an eye on my behaviour,
inspecting it like fine silver -- there is no limit to it!

Without speaking grandly -- as is your shortcoming -- I serve before you.

But those who undervalue themselves are ignored by you --
know that I want to make this clear to you."

50. tur-ra-ĝu10-ta ḫe2-em-ma-dim4-e-en a-ra2-ĝu10 igi ḫe2-bi2-du8

51. kug sag9-ga-gin7 kurum7 ḫe2-bi2-ak ki-šer11 la-ba-an-tuku

52. gal-bi nu-di niĝ2-gig-zu-gin7 e-ra-da-tuš-u3-nam

53. ni2 tur-tur-re e-ra-da-saḫ6-saḫ6-na pa ga-ra-ab-e3 zu-a

54-59. (The supervisor answers:)
"Raise your head now, you who were formerly a youth.
You can turn your hand against any man, so act as is befitting."
(The scribe speaks:)
"Through you who offered prayers and so blessed me,
who instilled instruction into my body as if I were consuming milk and butter,
who showed his service to have been unceasing,
I have experienced success and suffered no evil."

54. ud-bi-ta lu2-tur ḫe2-me-en-na i3-ne-eš2 saĝ-zu il2

55. šu-zu lu2-ra mu-da-an-gi4-gi4-in a-ra2-bi-še3 DU-mu-un

56. šudu3 ḫe2-mu-e-ša4 nam mu-tar-ra

57. na de5-ga ga i3 gu7-a-gin7 su-ĝa2 i-ni-in-kur9-ra

58. gub-bu ĝa2-la nu-dag-ge pad3-da-zu

59. ki sag9-ga-bi sa2 ḫe2-ri-ib-dug4 niĝ2-ḫul-bi li-bi2-in-ak

60-61. (The supervisor answers:)
"The teachers, those learned men, should value you highly.
{(2 mss. add 3 lines, 1 of the 2 mss. adds 2 more lines which
correspond to lines 67 and 68 in this edition:)
They should ... in their houses and in prominent places.
Your name will be hailed as honourable for its prominence.
For your sweet songs even the cowherds will strive gloriously.
For your sweet songs I too shall strive and shall ...
The teacher will bless you with a joyous heart.}
You who as a youth sat at my words have pleased my heart."

60. um-mi-a lu2 inim zu-u3-ne saĝ ḫu-mu-un-kal-le-ne

{2 mss. add 3 lines:)

60A. e2-bi-a ki saĝ-kal-la-ba DI-DI ḫu-mu-un-e-ne

60B. mu-zu dug3-ge-eš pad3-de3-da-bi saĝ-ki-bi ma-ĝal2

(1 of the 2 mss. has lines 67 and 68 after line 60B instead of after line 66)

60E. um-mi-a šag4 ḫul2-la-ni-ta šudu3 mu-na-an-ša4

61. lu2-tur inim-ĝu10-še3 ba-tuš-u3-nam šag4-ĝu10 bi2-dug3-ga-am3

..

62-72.
"Nisaba has placed in your hand the honour of being a teacher.
{For her, the fate determined for you will be

changed and so you will be generously blessed}
{(1 ms. has instead:)

You were created by Nisaba! May you … upwards}.
May she bless you with a joyous heart and free you from all despondency. …
at whatever is in the school, the place of learning.

66] The majesty of Nisaba … silence.
For your sweet songs even the cowherds will strive gloriously.

For your sweet songs I too shall strive and shall ....[omitted: 'do something for your MUNUS']

They should recognise that you are a practitioner (?) of wisdom.

The little fellows should enjoy like beer the sweetness of decorous words:
experts bring light to dark places, they bring it to culs-de-sac and streets."

62. dnisaba dugud-da um-mi-a šu-za i-ni-in-ĝar-ra

63. {nam i-ri-tar-ra mu-na-ra-kur2-ru šu zid ŋa-ra-an-ĝa2-ĝa2}
{(1 ms. has instead the line:)
šu dug4-ga dnisaba-me-en gu2 an-še3 […]}

64. šag4 ŋul2-la nam-še3 ŋe2-bi2-tar šag4 sag3 ŋe2-da-zig3

65. e2-dub-ba-a ki-umum-ma a-na ĝal2-la […]

66. nam-maḫ dnisaba niĝ2-me-ĝar pad3-pad3 di-da-/bi?

67. gud-us2 šir3 dug_3-dug_3-ga-zu-še3 ĝiš la2-bi maḫ

68. šir3 dug$_3$-ga-zu-še3 ĝiš ga-mu-ni-in-la2 MUNUS-zu-gin7 ga-mu-ni-tag-tag

69. niĝ2 ĝeštug2-ga nu-u18-lu-me-en ḫu-mu-un-pad3-pad3-de3-ne

70. di4-di4-la2 inim-inim-ma ḫe2-du7 kaš ḫu-mu-un-ku7-ku7-de3-ne

71. gašam ki ku10-ku10-ga ud ĝa2-ĝa2

72. sila saĝ gi4-a sila-a ba-an-ĝa2-ĝa2

..

73-74.
Praise Nisaba who has brought order to ...
and fixed districts in their boundaries,
the lady whose divine powers are divine powers
that have no rival!

73. us2 teš2-ba ri-a si sa2-e in ki-bi sur-sur

74. nin me-ni-da me nu-sa2-a dnisaba za3-mi2

[End Scribe School]

..

“Don’t neglect the Sumerian language!”

eme-gi-še$_3$ gu$_2$-zu na-ab-šub-be$_2$-en

(Letter from Inim-Inanna to Lugal-ibila c.3.3.12.3.)

'Ipiq-Aya The Apprentice Scribe' [Google Books] p145 of *The Scribe of the Flood Story and His Circle* Ch7 p140-166 - Frans van Koppen - The Oxford Handbook of Cuneiform Culture, ed. Karen Radner, Eleanor Robson OUP '2011 (see also free download at academia.edu; a backup of the Mugsar is there too).

IPIQ-AYA, THE APPRENTICE SCRIBE

Fragments of a set of three tablets that originally contained the whole story of *Atram-hasis* in 1245 lines are nowadays located in museum collections in London, New York, and Geneva. Each tablet ends with a colophon that gives its sequence number and the name of the composition, the number of lines it contains, the name and title of the scribe, and the date when the tablet was written. This is the work of Ipiq-Aya, the ‘apprentice

Google Books

The Oxford Handbook of Cuneiform Culture
edited by Karen Radner, Eleanor Robson

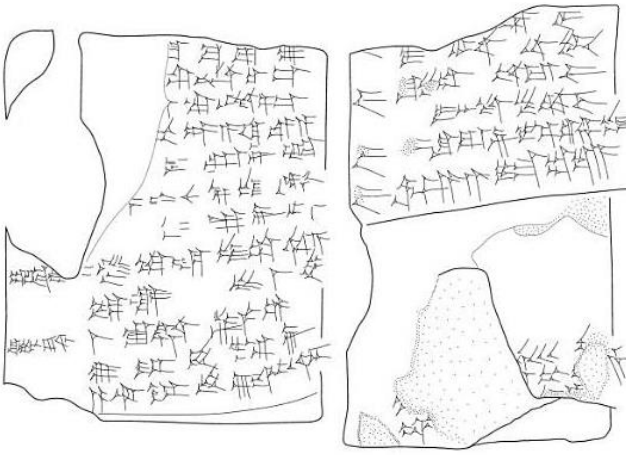


FIGURE 7.1 House rental contract: the only text written by Ipiq-Aya as a contract scribe

Oldest Written Romance

Ecology of Romance in a Myth of Inanna - Judy Grahn
Inanna went into the mountains and began flying around. From one border of the territory to the other, she flew round and round. She flew around the Tree whose roots intertwine with the horizon of heaven, by now so tired that she lay down beside its boundary roots. She had in her loincloth a weaving of the seven cosmic powers, across her thighs. Her thoughts were with her shepherd lover, Dumuzid. On the same plot of land a youth, Šukaletuda, was working, and saw her; he approached, untied the loincloth of divine powers...

It was only in '1949, in an article of the volume XVII of Archive Oriental called A Blood-Plague Motif in Sumerian Mythology, that Samuel Noah Kramer translated for the first time this myth...[more]

See also The Literature of Ancient Sumer edited Jeremy A. Black

Inana's "loincloth of 7 divine powers" (Ur)

"Inanna needed to pass through the seven gates of the 'abzu' (abyss), and was not allowed to pass through unless she removed an article of clothing / jewelry for each of gate. Her clothes were symbolic of her divine power, thus she was systematically weakened in this fashion. By the time she arrived in the inner palace, she was almost naked and almost dead..." [more]

cf.
academia.edu/1247599/Inanna_and_Sukaletuda_A_Sumerian_Astral_Myth

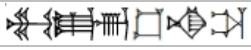
..

The true translation of the first written literature like Inanna’s romance powers with the Mugsar 4-Way highlights that well-funded universities like Oxford's Oriental Institute ETCSL et al have everything separated, don't give unicodes at all, and for the sign they link off to PSD (University of Pennsylvania) where it is often not clear which is the relevant one; and their translations are superficial, probably computer generated. When you work with the actual cuneiform signs, rather than just impotent readings using our boring English phonetic script, you start to see that the scribes were not just telling a story, but literally painting the scene.
When we start going deeper than such misleading translations it becomes very revealing...

Inanna & 7 Cosmic Powers of Her Loincloth

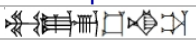
Note Intro above

112a.
u$_4$-/ba nin-ĝu$_{10}$ an\ mu-un-niĝin$_2$-na-ta
Once, lady dear heaven (flew/) roamed around,

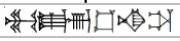
cpd	cpd	1222C	1202D	cpd closeup
				
ud-ba	nin	- ĝu10	an\	/mu-un-niĝin2-na-ta\
Once 12313 UD day + 12040 BA open halve	lady, mistress 122A9 MUG cuneus + 12306 TUG2 garment	'dear one' determ. / honor.	heaven	roamed around 1222C MU name + 12326 UN (KALAM = Sumer) + 121B8 niĝin2 encircle + 1223E NA incense + 122EB TA much

..

112b.
ki /mu-un- niĝin$_2$ \-[na]-/ta\
cosmic world roamed around

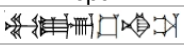
121A0	cpd
	
ki	/mu-un-niĝin$_2$-na-ta\
cosmic world	to roam around op. cit. 112a

113a. [Inanna top]
^{d}Inanna an mu-un-niĝin$_2$-na-ta
Inanna heaven roamed around,

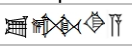
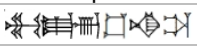
12239	1202D	cpd
		
dInanna	an	/mu-un-niĝin2-na-ta\
Inanna Determ. 1202D AN + 12239 MUŠ3	heaven	roamed around op. cit. 112a

..

113b.
ki /mu-un- niĝin$_2$ \-[na]-/ta\
cosmos roamed around

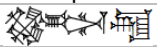
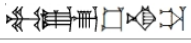
121A0	cpd
	
ki	/mu-un-niĝin2-na-ta\
cosmic	roamed around op. cit. 112a

114. [Inanna top]
/elam^{ki}\ su-bir$_4^{ki}$-a mu-un-niĝin$_2$-na-ta
Elam & Subir roamed around

cpd	cpd	cpd
		
/elamki\	su-bir4ki-a	/mu-un-niĝin2-na-ta\
Elam 'NIM' 1224F 'ki' Detern. place	Subir 122E2 SU skin games + bir4 = EDEN 12094 + 'ki' Detern. place + 12000 A water / river	roamed around op. cit. 112a

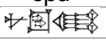
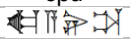
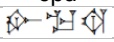
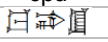
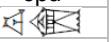
..

115. [Inanna top]
/dubur an\ gil-gi$_{16}$-il-la mu-un-niĝin$_{2}$-na-ta
{[She flew around the Tree whose roots]
horizon heaven entwined roamed around,}

12135	1202D	cpd	cpd
			
dubur	an	gil-gi16-il-la	/mu-un-niĝin2-na-ta\
horizon	heaven	entwined 12103 gilim /gi16 entwined + 1214B IL = high up + 121B7 LA = bend over	roamed around op. cit. 112a

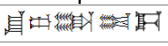
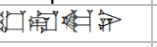
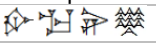
..

116. [Inanna top]
nu-gig kuš$_2$-a-ni-ta im-ma-te dur$_2$-bi-še$_3$ ba-nu$_2$
Sumerian high status woman (wore bead and was black) so tired landed
rump exposed [through skimpy loincloth] lay down [beside its boundary roots.]

cpd	cpd	cpd	cpd	cpd
				
nu-gig	kuš2-a-ni-ta	im-ma-te	dur2-bi-še3	ba-na2
Sumerian high status woman was black 1222A wore beads 1226D + 12261 NU offspring + 121C7 U8 encircle	so tired uQQ kuš2 tired + 12000 A cry of woe + 1224C NI come to an end + 122EB TA much	landed 1214E IM wind + 12220 MA flow + 122FC TE approach, land [cf. 12312 UB as in kiss, suck]	rump 12089 rump + + 12049 BI open + 12365 še3 string [cf. loincloth]	lay down 12040 BA split, open, rump + 1223F na2 lay down

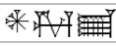
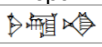
etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.116

117. [Inanna top]
šu-kal-le-tud-da zag sar-ra-/ka\-ni igi im-ma-ni-/sig10\
Šukaletuda beside lair watched / perved.
[On the same plot of land a youth, Šukaletuda, was working, and saw her;]

cpd	12360	cpd	12146	cpd
				
šu-kal-le-tud-da	zag	sar-ra-ka-ni	igi	im-ma-ni-sig10
Šukaletuda 122D7 ŠU hand + 12197 KAL mighty + 121F7 LE branch + 12305 TU small, priest + 12055 DA line	(be-) side	lair 122AC SAR garden + 1228F RA thresh + 12157 KA mouth + 1224C NI digest	eye, watch	to cast (an eye) perve 1214E IM mud, storm + 12220 MA approach + 1224C NI finish + 122E7 cast

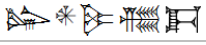
etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.117

118. [Inanna top]
^{d}Inanna-ke4 tug$_{2}$dara$_{4}$ me imin gal$_{4}$-la na
Inanna on reed mat [lying on her side – exposing rear view] …
loincloth divine powers seven over her cuneus/rump...
[She had in her loincloth a weaving of the seven cosmic powers, over her cuneus/rump.]

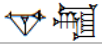
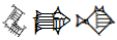
12239+121A4	cpd	12228	12153	cpd
				
dInanna-ke4	tug2dara4	me	imin	gal4-la-na
Inanna (DN) Determ. 1202D AN + 12239 MUŠ3 + 121A4 reed mat [lying on]	loincloth Determ. 12306 tug2 garment + 12071 dara4 = red, brown, blood	divine powers (enabling cosmic activity)	seven (IA 5 + MIN 2)	cuneus 122A9 gal4 cuneus + 121B7 LA bending over – rear view cuneus and rump in same angle + 1223E NA man, pestle, pounder

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.118
119. {do. 118} tug2dara4? me 7 gal4-la-na […]

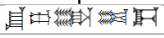
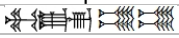
120. Inanna ^{d}Inanna ki-aĝ$_2$ sipad dumuzi
Inanna's thoughts were with her shpeherd lover Dumuzi

12239	cpd	cpd	cpd
			
dInanna	ki-aĝ2	sipad	lu2-ddumu zi-da
Inanna determ. 1202D AN + 12239 MUŠ3	loves 121A0 KI cosmic world + 12258 ag2 heat of passionate love	shepherd 1227A PA overseer + 121FB UDU sheep	dumuzi 121FD lu2 ruler + determ. 1202D AN 12309 + DUMU son + 12363 ZI faithful, true + 12055 DA line (gen.)

121. [Inanna top]
gal4-la kug-ga-na lu_2 SU X […]
cuneus so pure guy skin games (in the offing)

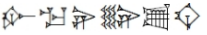
122A9+121B7	cpd	121FD	122E2
			
gal4-la	kug-ga-na	lu2	SU
cuneus op. cit. 118	(so) pure 121AC KUG pure + 120B5 suckling, carry + 1223E NA man, pestle, pounder	guy (in cool spaceship)	skin games

122. [Inanna top]
šu-kal-le-tud-da mu-un-du$_8$-du$_8$ da-/ga\-[na ba-nu2]
Šukaletuda (Inanna about to be) 'ravaged in Sumer' [epic connotation] as in lair lay.
[std tr: Šukaletuda approached, untied the loincloth of divine powers...]

cpd	cpd	cpd	cpd
			
šu-kal-le-tud-da	mu-un-du8-du8	da-ga-na	ba-nu2
Šukaletuda op. cit. 117	'ravaged in Sumer' 1222C name, phallus + 12326 (KALAM = Sumer) + 120EE (/12083) du8 (GABA) x2 strip off; spread; breast; equal [NB double emphasis on strip / ravage]	lair 12055 DA lair + 120B5 GA suckling, hold + 1223E NA man, pestle, pounder*	lay op. cit. 116

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.122
*Note repeated use of GA-NA (procreation connotation) first with KUG (121) pure, now contrasted with DA lair (122)

123. [Inanna top]
ĝiš3 im-ma-ni-in-dug4 ne im-ma-[ni-in-su-ub]
skin games...

12351	cpd	12248	cpd
			
ĝiš3	im-ma-ni-in-dug4	ne	im-ma-ni-in-su-ub
phallus	mating 1214E IM storm + 12220 MA flow, come, emit* + 1224C NI orgasmic, quiver + 12154 IN abuse, rape + 12157 dug4 perform, mating	on fire	kissing... 1214E IM storm + 12220 MA flow, emit + 1224C NI orgasmic, quiver + 122E2 SU submerge, flesh, to be inside + 12312 UB praise, ruin

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.123
Note repetition of im-ma-ni-in - probing then oral. *cf dub_3-nir

As a temple harlot one of Shamhat's several duties would be to have relations in the temple with paying 'Johns' or 'Customers', said funds being 'donated/ to the temple's upkeep. Below, a drawing after a lead votive offering found in a temple showing a 'John' having relations with a priestess atop an altar with a special incline to accomodate the act. Inanna / Ishtar [Eash-tar => Easter fertility goddess] fulfilled many roles, she was the 'Courtesan of Heaven' ('polite' scholarly language for a prostitute) and wives beseeched her aid in becoming pregnant.

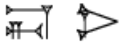
"... figurines depicting relations, the man stands and the woman always rests upon a high structure, usually interpreted as an altar. These figurines may very likely represent ritual relations...they are probably in some way associated with the cult of Inanna / Ishtar as goddess of physical love and prostitution, and were, in fact found in her temple at Asshur..." [Black & Green]

... Adam and Eve in the Garden in Eden [a straight lifting from the Sumerians see 12094 – the original too cool sounding to use an inferior replacement name] being a later recasting of Enkidu and Shamhat ... thus nothing more than a recasting and sanitizing of an earlier 'ribald' Sumerian story about 'Whores and their Johns'

For more see Walter Reinhold Warttig Mattfeld on plagiarism of Enkidu and the Temple Courtesan Shamhat from the Epic of Gilgamesh for much later Adam and Eve editing; and p. 152. 'Prostitution and Ritual Sex' Jeremy Black and Anthony Green. Gods, Demons and Symbols of Ancient Mesopotamia, An Illustrated Dictionary. Austin, Texas. University of Texas Press with British Museum Press. London. '1992. And the money side see 122BA shekel.

Note other sensual compounds from PSD:

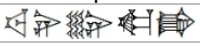
ĝeš$_3$-dug$_4$ = mating [12351 phallus + 12157 perform]

 ĝeš$_3$-du$_3$ = mating [12351 phallus + 12195 perform]

na-an-du$_3$ = erect [1223E NA stone pestle + cpd
{12009 a$_2$ horn + 1202D an determ. god!} a$_2$-an spadix (plant spike); erect) + 12195 perform]

124. [Inanna top]

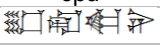
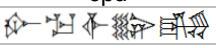
ĝiš3 ba-ni-in-dug$_4$-/ga\ [ne ba-ni-in-su-ub-ba]
skin games...
(but with more violent threshing about)

12351	cpd	12248	cpd
			
ĝiš3	ba-ni-in-dug4-ga	ne	ba-ni-in-su-ub-ba
phallus	mating* 12040 BA thresh about in mating + 1224C NI orgasmic, quiver + 12154 IN = abuse, rape + 12157 dug4 / KA = perform, mating + 120B5 GA suckling, hold	on fire	kissing...* 12040 BA thresh about in mating + 1224C NI orgasmic, quiver + 12154 IN = abuse, rape + 122E2 SU submerge, flesh, to be inside + 12312 UB praise, ruin

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.124

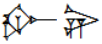
*Note now the scribe replaces IM-MA with the more violent threshing about connoted by BA (but of course Inanna is so tired, she sleeps through it all, or maybe Šukaletuda was a yawn!)

125. [Inanna top]
zag sar-ra-ka-ni im-ma-ši-/in\-[gi4]
near lair returned leering eye .

12360	cpd	cpd
		
zag	sar-ra-ka-ni	im-ma-ši-in-gi4
near	lair 122AC SAR garden + 1228F RA thresh + 12157 KA mouth + 1224C NI digest	return leering eye 1214E IM mud, storm + 12220 MA approach + 12146 IGI watch + 12154 IN = abuse + 12104 gi4 return

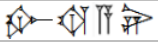
etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.125

126. [Inanna top]
ud im-zal ^{d}utu im-ta-/e$_{3}$-a\-[ra]
day had broken and Utu had risen,

12313	1214E+1224C		12313	cpd
				
ud	im-zal		utu	im-ta-e3-a-ra
day	come to pass IM mood + ZAL pass		sun (deity)	sunrise 1214E IM mood + 122EB TA much + cpd UD-DU sunrise + 12000 A bemoan + 1228F RA beat thresh

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.126

127. [Inanna top]
munus-e ni$_2$-te-a-ni igi im-kar$_2$-/kar$_2$\
My cuneus! checked herself anger shock

122A9	cpd	12146	1214E-uQQ
			
munus-e	ni2-te-a-ni	igi	im-kar2-kar2
My cuneus! 122A9 MUNUS cuneus + 1208A E interjection - fear	fingered herself 1214E IM anger + 122FC TE cheek; penetrate; membrane + 12000 A cry of woe + 1224C NI quiver	eye	anger-shock

128.
kug ^{d}Inanna-ke$_4$ ni$_2$-te-a-ni igi im-kar$_2$-kar$_2$
purest Inanna...

121AC	12239	[do. 127]
kug	dInanna-ke4	
purest	Inanna (DN)	

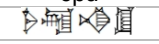
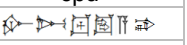
..

129. [Inanna top]

ud-ba munus-e nam gal$_4$-la-na-še$_3$ a-na im-gu-lu-u$_8$-a-bi

[Then the woman was considering what should be destroyed because of her cuneus]

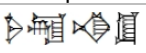
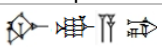
Later. My cuneus! destiny – (considers) cuneus loincloth - as much as (it takes) stirred up (for revenge)

cpd	122A9	12246	cpd	cpd	cpd
					
ud-ba	munus-e	nam	gal4-la-na-še3	a-na	im-gu-lu-u8-a-bi
day 12313 UD day + 12040 BA open halve noon? Later?	My cuneus! op. cit.	destiny	cuneus loincloth 122A9 gal4 cuneus + 121B7 LA + 1223E NA man, pestle, pounder + 12365 še3 G-string	as much as (it takes) 12000 A + suffix element 1223E NA	stirred up (for revenge) 1214E IM anger + 12116 GU rump + 121FB LU stirred up + 121C7 U8 Oh! + 12000 A bemoan + 12049 BI open [cf. 12122 GUL destroy]

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.129

130. [Inanna top]

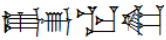
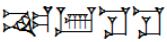
kug ^{d}Inanna-ke$_4$ nam gal$_4$-la-na-še$_3$ a-na im-ak-a-bi
[Inanna was considering what should be done because of her cuneus]
Purest Inanna – destiny – (considers) cuneus loincloth – what to do (to get revenge)

121AC	12239	12246	cpd	cpd	cpd
					
kug	Inanna-ke4	nam	gal4-la-na-še3	a-na	im-ak-a-bi
purest	Inanna	destiny	cuneus loincloth op. cit 129	as much as (it takes) oc129	to do (revenge) 1214E IM anger + 1201D AK to do + 12000 A bemoan + 12049 BI open

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.130

131. [Inanna top]

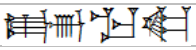
pu$_2$ kalam-ma-ka uš$_2$ bi$_2$-ib-si-si
[She filled the wells of the Land with blood]
water wells it was said in the land of Sumer blood filled

121E5	12326	12357	122DB
			
pu2	kalam-ma-ka	uš2	bi2-ib-si-si
water wells pu2	it was said in the land (of Sumer) UN-MA-KA kalam 12326 UN (KALAM = Sumer) + 12220 MA land + 12157 KA talk	blood	filled 12248 bi2 carry + 12141 IB oval + 122DB x2 SI fill (over and over)

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.131

132. [Inanna top]

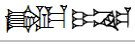
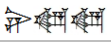
pu$_2$-^{ĝiš}kiri$_6$ kalam-ma-ka uš$_2$-am$_3$ i$_3$-tum$_3$-tum$_3$
[so it was blood that the irrigated orchards of the Land yielded,]
orchards it was said in the land of Sumer blood wrought havoc

122AC	12326	12357	12250
			
pu2-ĝiškiri6	kalam-ma-ka	uš2-am3	i3-tum3-tum3
orchard GIŠ-SAR 12111 ĝiš determ. wood + kiri6 orchard	it was said in the land (of Sumer) op. cit. 131	blood was 12357 uš2 blood + cpd am3 copula	bring (wrought havoc) 1224C i3 end up + 12250 tum3 x2

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.132

133. [Inanna top]

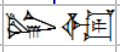
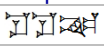
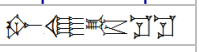
arad$_2$ lu$_2$-/u$_3$ \ u$_2$ il$_2$-i-de$_3$ ĝen-na uš$_2$-am$_3$ i$_3$-na$_8$-na$_8$
[it was blood that the slave who went to collect firewood drank,]
slaves and others collecting food and firewood go blood come to drink

12035	cpd	12311	cpd	cpd	12357	12158
						
arad2	lu2-u3	u2	il2-i-de3	ĝen-na	uš2-am3	i3-naĝ-naĝ
slaves	and others	food	collect firewood (carry) IL2-I-NE 1214D il2 carry + 1213F I "5" + 12248 de3 collect; fire	go 1207A ĝen go + 1223E pestle	blood was op. cit 132	drink 1224C (i3) come to pass + 12158 naĝ x2 drink

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.133

134. [Inanna top]

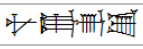
geme$_2$ lu$_2$-u$_3$ a si-si-de$_3$ ĝen-na uš$_2$-/am$_3$ \ [im]-mi-ib$_2$-si-si
[it was blood that the slavegirl who went out to draw water drew,]
slave girl and others water fill and carry go blood draw (from well)

cpd	cpd	12000	cpd	cpd	12357	cpd closeup
						
geme$_2$	lu$_2$-u$_3$	a	si-si-de$_3$	ĝen-na	uš$_2$-am$_3$	im-mi-ib$_2$-si-si
slave girl	and others	water	fill and carry 122DB SI x2 fill + 12248 de$_3$ carry	go op. cit. 133	blood was op. cit 132	draw from well 1214E IM storm, anger + 1222A MI black + 12308 ib2 cross-beam (of well) + 122DB SI x2 fill

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.134

135. [Inanna top]

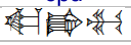
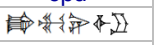
saĝ gig$_2$ uš$_2$-/am$_3$ \ i$_3$-na$_8$-na$_8$ zag-bi nu-/un\-zu
[and it was blood that the **black-headed people** drank.
No one knew when this would end.]
black people blood was drunk no bounds no one new

12295	1222A	12357	12158	cpd	1236A
					
saĝ	gig2	uš2-am3	i3-naĝ-naĝ	zag-bi	nu-un-zu
head / people	black	blood was op. cit 132	drink op. cit. 133	boundary open - endless 12360 ZAG boundary + 12049 BI open	no one knew 12261 NU not + 12326 UN one + 1236A ZU know

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.135

136. [Inanna top]

lu$_2$ ĝiš$_3$ dug$_4$-ga-ĝu$_{10}$ kur-kur-ra ga-mu-[ni]-/pad$_3$ \ im-me
[She said: "I will search the lands for the man who matinged (raped) me."]
man phallus mating (rape) for years mountains find (for revenge) in the end and do battle

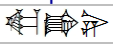
121FD	12351	cpd	cpd	cpd	1214E-1201E
					
lu$_2$	ĝiš$_3$	dug$_4$-ga-ĝu$_{10}$	kur-kur-ra	ga-mu-ni-pad$_3$	im-me
man	phallus	mating 12157 dug4 / KA = perform, mating + 120B5 suckling, carry + 1222C ĝu$_{10}$ (MU) for years	lands 121B3 KUR lands + 1228F RA aux.	find (for revenge) 120B5 GA carry + 1222C MU phallus, dear, name, son, year + 1224C NI in the end + cpd pad$_3$ find	battle 1214E IM wind, storm, anger / mood, to be (copula) + 1201E me$_3$ battle

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.136

137. [Inanna top]

lu$_2$ ĝiš$_3$ / dug$_4$\-ga-ni kur-kur-ra nu-um-/ma\-[ni-in-pad$_3$]-/de$_3$ \
[But nowhere in all the lands could she find the man who matinged (raped) her.]

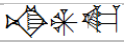
man phallus mating time passes in all the lands could not find rapist

121FD	12351	cpd	cpd	cpd
				
lu$_2$	ĝiš$_3$	dug$_4$-ga-ni	kur-kur-ra	nu-um-ma-ni-in-pad$_3$-de$_3$
man	phallus	mating 12157 dug4 perform, mating + 120B5 GA suckling, carry + 1224C NI time passes	lands 121B3 KUR lands + 1228F RA [phrase ender]	in all the lands could not find rapist 12261 NU not + 1231D UM approach, disease + 12220 MA land; approach + 1224C NI in time + 12154 IN rapist + cpd pad$_3$ find + 12248 de$_3$ carry

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.137

138a. [Inanna top]

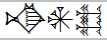
[i_3-ne-eš$_2$ lu$_2$-u$_3$] / lu$_2$\-ra a-na na-an-dug$_4$
[Now, what did one say to another?]
time passes this Inanna loincloth this man and others what mating with the gods

cpd	cpd	121FD	cpd	
				
i_3-ne-eš$_2$	lu$_2$-u$_3$	lu$_2$-ra	a-na	na-an-dug$_4$
(now - Akk *Inanna*) 1224C i_3 time passes + 12248 NE fire; this + 12365 eš$_2$ string (loincloth)	man and 121FD lu$_2$ man / him + 12147 u$_3$ and	others 121FD lu$_2$ man + 1228F RA aux.	what 12000 A wonder + 1223E NA aux.]	mating with the gods 1223E NA stone, pestle + 1202D AN gods + 12157 dug4 perform, mating

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.138

138b.

/ lu$_2$-u$_3$ \ [lu$_2$-ra dili a-na na-an-taḫ]
[What further did one add to the other in detail?]
man and other one what add for the gods (why should they live)

cpd	121FD	12038	cpd	cpd
				
lu$_2$-u$_3$	lu$_2$-ra	dili	a-na	na-an-taḫ
man and 121FD lu$_2$ man / him + 12147 u$_3$ and	other 121FD lu$_2$ man + 1228F RA aux.	one	what 12000 A wonder + 1223E NA aux	add for the gods 1223E NA stone, pestle + 1202D AN gods + 1222D taḫ add

etcsl.orinst.ox...c133.138

[Continues: Black Sumerian city-dwellers – father advises Šukaletuda to join brothers]

Inanna top | 4-Way top

Sweet Lettuce – Shu-Suen

ETCSL: t.4.08.05

Vigorously he sprouted, vigorously he sprouted and sprouted,
water it - it being lettuce!
In his black garden of the desert bearing much yield did
my darling of his mother,
My barley stalk full of allure in its furrow, water it - it being
lettuce,
Did my one - a very apple tree bearing fruit at the top – water
it - it being a garden!
The honey-sweet man, the honey-sweet man, was doing sweet
(things) to me…

Cont.

◇Sweet Garden Pamphlet

Sumerian Erotic Love Songs
featuring
Shu-Suen
World's Oldest Love Song
#mcfc-sweet #MCFC #MugsarMania

docs.google.com/document/d/1cD-PqI4lFlwbZAIdZFnDtT0XAo0BbxX-4gCKT279pFw/edit?usp=drivesdk

or

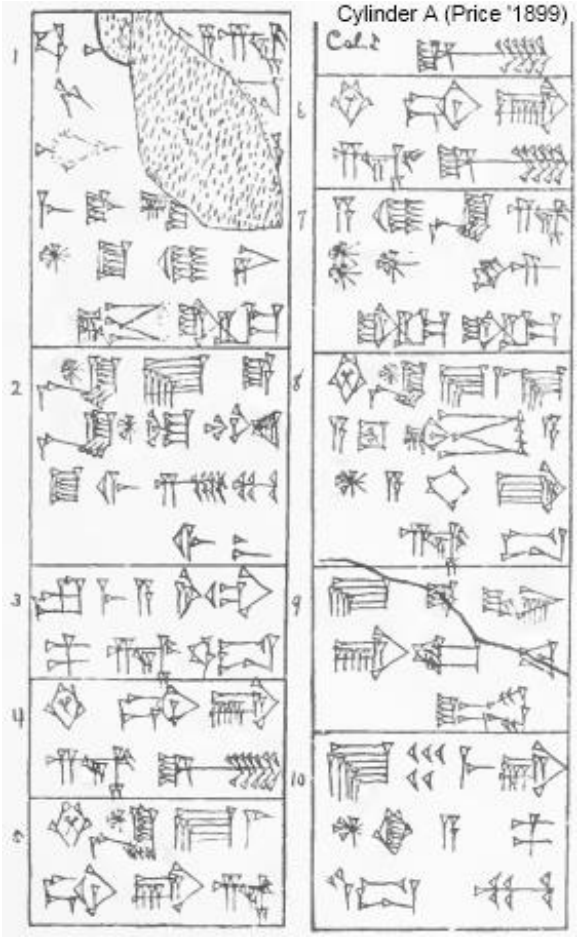
tinyurl.com/mcfc-sweet

..

Gudea Cylinders

The Gudea cylinders are a pair of terracotta cylinders dating to circa 7875 CT [2125 *plag.*] on which is written in cuneiform a Sumerian myth called the Building of Ningursu's temple.

The cylinders were found in '1877 during excavations at Telloh (ancient Girsu), Iraq and are now displayed in the Louvre in Paris, France. They are the largest cuneiform cylinders yet discovered and contain the longest known text written in the Sumerian language... [Wik]


Cylinder A (Price '1899)
Col. 2

The Building of Ninĝirsu's Temple

Gudea Cylinders A and B (c.2.1.7), line c217.110
Paragraph t217.p14 (line(s) 110-114)

..

110. munus 1(DIŠ)-am$_3$ a-ba me-a nu a-ba me-a-ni
[ETCSL: Then there was a woman -- whoever she was.]
woman one was who "to be or not to be"*

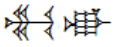
122A9	cpd	cpd	12228	12261	cpd	12228
munus	DIŠ-am$_3$	a-ba	me	nu	a-ba	me
woman	one was 12079 DIŠ one + cpd A-AN copula	who 12000 A progeny + 12040 BA share	to be	not	who 12000 A progeny + 12040 BA share	to be

*So that's where Shakespeare / Edward de Vere plagiarized it from!
cdli.ox.ac.uk/etcsl/...c217.110

111. saĝ-ĝa$_2$ e$_3$ ki garadin$_9$ mu-ak

[ETCSL: She …… sheaves.]

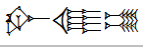
head basket bring place sheaves do

cpd	cpd	121A0	1230F	cpd
				
saĝ-ĝa$_2$	e$_3$	ki	garadin$_9$	mu-ak
head basket 12295 saĝ head + 120B7 ĝa2 basket	bring 12313 UD sun + 1207A DU leave, bring	place	sheaf / bundle (of reeds)	to do 1222C MU name + 1201D AK do

112. gi-dub-ba kug NE-a šu im-mi-du$_8$

[ETCSL: She held a stylus of refined silver in her hand,]

stylus silver refined hand proudly displayed

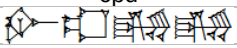
cpd	121AC	cpd	122D7	cpd
				
gi-dub-ba	kug	NE-A	šu	im-mi-du8
(reed tablet) stylus 12100 GI reed stem + 1207E DUB tablet + 12040 BA divide tool	silver, shiny metal	refined 12248 NE brazier + 12000 A water	hand	(proudly) display 1214E IM mood, is (copula) + 1222A MI black [cf miqtum (high) class?] + 120EE (/12083) du8 (GABA); spread

cdli.ox...c217.112

113. dub mul-an dug$_3$-ga im-mi-ĝal$_2$
[ETCSL: and placed it on a tablet with propitious stars,]
tablet cosmic star good ones classified

1207E	cpd	cpd	cpd
dub	mul-an	dug3-ga	im-mi-ĝal2
tablet	cosmic star 1202F MUL star + 1202D AN cosmic	good ones 1212D dug3 good + 120B5 GA suckling, carry	classified 1214E IM mood, (copula) + 1222A MI black, high ?? + 12145 ĝal2 place class ?? cf. mi-iq-tum (miqtum, mi-ĝal2-tum) social class

..
114. ad im-dab$_6$-gi$_4$-gi$_4$
[ECSL: and was consulting it."]
recited (mantra) turning round and round

1201C	cpd
	
ad	im-dab6-gi4-gi4
voice, cry, recited (mantra) ??	turning round and round 1214E IM mood, (copula) 1234F dab6 go around, + 12104 gi4 x2 turn, go around [gi4 x 2 therefore: 'turn round and round' ??]

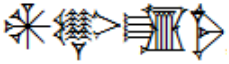
..

ETCSL:

"Then there was a woman -- whoever she was.
She …… sheaves [bundles].
She held a stylus of refined silver in her hand,
and placed it on a tablet with propitious stars,
and was consulting it."
..
110. munus 1(DIŠ)-am$_3$ a-ba me-a nu a-ba me-a-ni
111. saĝ-ĝa$_2$ e$_3$ ki garadin$_9$ mu-ak
112. gi-dub-ba kug NE-a šu im-mi-du$_8$
113. dub mul-an dug$_3$-ga im-mi-ĝal$_2$
114. ad im-dab$_6$-gi$_4$-gi$_4$

dNisaba – Goddess of Scribes

The god of wisdom, Enki, organized the world after creation and gave each deity a role in the world order. *Nisaba was named the scribe of the gods*, and Enki then built her a school of learning so that she could better serve those in need.

Nidaba / Nindaba / Nisaba = goddess of writing (and teaching) she was often praised by Sumerian scribes. Many clay-tablets end with the phrase  DINGIR.NAGA.ZAG.SAL, ^{d}nisaba za_3-mi_2, “Nisaba be praised” to honor the goddess. She is considered the teacher of both mortal scribes and other divine deities...

As the goddess of knowledge, she is related to many other facets of intellectual study and other gods may turn to her for advice or aid. Some of these traits are shared with her sister Ninsina. She is also associate with grain, reflecting her association with an earth goddess mother.

12240 NAGA = potash; soap

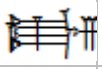
AN.NAGA is read as NANIBGAL, and AN.ŠE.NAGA as NÁNIBGAL. NAGA is read as NÍDABA or NÍSABA, and ŠE.NAGA as NIDABA or NISABA... [Wik]

etcsl.orinst.ox...t.2.1.7#

[Nisaba is referenced in Eshdam r i 10]

Very Common Signs

vcs-1

1228F	12244C	1231D	1222C	12326	120B5
					
RA	NI	UM	MU	UN	GA
1228F RA (rah_2) kill; flood; aux.	12244C NI (i_3) comes to pass; quiver	1231D UM reed stem (stylus/ writing symbol)	1222C MU ($ĝu_{10}$) year, dear, name, son, phallus **43667x!**	12326 UN people (KALAM / Sumer)	120B5 GA suckling, carry, bring

..

12157	12261	12154	1214E	12220	12248
dug4	NU	IN	IM	MA	NE
12157 dug4 perform mating	12261 NU not	12154 IN abuse	1214E IM wind, storm, anger / mood, is (copula)	12220 MA land; approach	12248 NE fire; this

1222A	122E1	1202D	cpd	121FD	121A0	12000
gig_2	$SILA_3$	AN	nin	lu_2	ki	A
1222A gig_2 / MI black	122E1 $SILA_3$ vessel, capacity **43696x!**	heaven	lady, mistress 122A9 cuneus + 12306 garment	man	cosmic world; place **32379x!**	water / river; bemoan; progeny

..

cpd	12309	12365	1208D	1207E	cpd
pad_3	dumu	$eš_2$	e_2	DUB	dub-sar
find, discover; name, nominate 12146 IGI eye + 12292 RU fall; throw	child, son, daughter; apprentice 28245x! TUR = small	flour, rope, string	house, school, temple	tablet, document	scribe 1207E DUB tablet + 122AC SAR write

12313	12040	cpd	120FB	1207A	12195
UD	BA	ud-ba	GAR	DU	DU
day, once...	divide, allot, share; open; halve; noun-aux.	Once... Later... noon 12313 UD day + 12040 BA open halve	bread; ĝar place; niĝ2 thing	(gen) go, come	build, perform

..

122A9	1223E	cpd		
MUG	NA	kur-kur-ra		
SAL, munus woman, matriarch, queen, goddess, cuneus	1223E NA incense, (burner) pestle	lands 121B3 KUR lands + 1228F RA aux.		

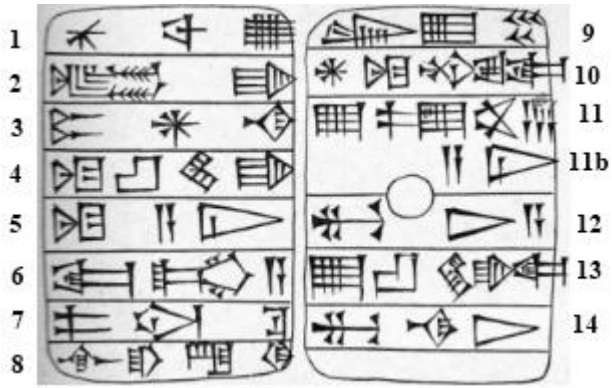
..

4-Way template

..

..

Not Translated Tablet (Gudean Period) Challenge



Mmnm ... not translated huh? Let's apply Mugsar 4-Way and see how far we get...

1 | **2** | **3** | **4** | **5** | **6** | **7** | **8** | **9** | **10** | **11** **11b** | **12** | **13** | **14**

..

	12040	12311
	BA	U_2
	allot	food

..

Line 2

	120B5
	GA
122A9 woman + ? + 122BA grain	suckling, carry (cow)

Line 3

12309	1202D	1223E
dumu	AN	NA
child, son, daughter; apprentice	heaven	incense; pestle

..

Line 4

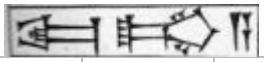
cpd		121AC	120B5
NIN		KUG	GA
lady, mistress 122A9 cuneus + 12306 garment	cf. 12085 SHEKEL grain price	KU_3, kug pure	GA suckling, carry (cow)

Line 5

cpd	12000	1224 C
NIN	A	NI
lady, mistress 122A9 cuneus + 12306 garment	water / river; bemoan	(i_3) in time; quiver

..

Line 6



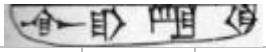
	12323	12000
	SIMUG	A
cf. 12295 head (var)	metal worker cf. 12324 winnow	water / river; bemoan

Line 7

1227A	122EB	122DB
PA	TA	SI
overseer; branch; sceptre	much; from	fill, load; horn

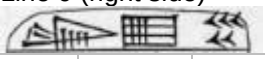
..

Line 8



	12053	121B7	0 121A
	BUR	LA	KI
	food offering; priest	rump, bend over, hang, show, supervise	cosmic world

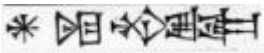
Line 9 (right side)



121FD		
lu_2		
man		? numeric 1230D (50) | cf. 122BA barley

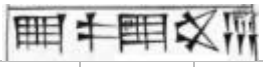
..

Line 10



1202D	cpd	12108		
AN	NIN	GIR		
heaven	lady, mistress 122A9 cuneus + 12306 garment	knife, sword		cf. 12295 head (var)

Line 11



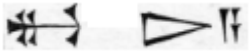
121A4	1227A		12153
KID	PA		IMIN
field, mat	overseer; branch; sceptre		7 (5+2)

..

Line 11b

12000	1224C
A	NI
water / river; bemoan	(i_3) in time; quiver

Line 12



1222C	12195	12000
MU	KAK	A
1222C MU (ĝu10) phallus, dear, name, son, year	build, perform	water / river; bemoan

..

Line 13

121A4		121AC	120B5	12157
KID		KUG	GA	KA
field, mat		KU3, kug pure	suckling, carry	mouth; speak; perform

Line 14

..

1222C	1223E	12195
MU	NA	KAK
(ĝu$_{10}$) phallus, dear, name, son, year	incense; pestle	build, perform

..

1 | **2** | **3** | **4** | **5** | **6** | **7** | **8** | **9** | **10** | **11** **11b** | **12** | **13** | **14**

cf. etcsl.orinst.ox...c432e.D.54

A šir-namšub to Utu (Utu E) (c.4.32.e), line c432e.D.54

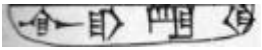
lu_2	zi d-zid-da-ke_4	k aš-zu	bu r-ra	me-ri	ki	a -da-ab-KU
LU_2	ZI -ZI-DA-KID	I-ZU	BUR-RA	ME-RI	KI	A -DA-AB-KU
lu_2	zi d	aš	bu r	ĝiri$_3$ (ES: me-ri)	ki	U
person	right	eer	type of bowl	foot	place	U

Paragraph t432e.p10 (line(s) 51-58)

51. mu-lu zid-de$_3$ mu-lu zid-zid-da-[ke$_4$] gu$_2$-bi mu-un-ši-ib$_2$-[gi$_4$]
52. u$_3$-mu-un erim$_6$-ma kur gal ^{d}mu-ul-lil$_2$ gu$_2$-bi mu-un-ši-ib$_2$-gi$_4$
53. nin erim$_6$-ma ama gal ^{d}nin-lil$_2$ gu$_2$-bi mu-un-ši-[ib$_2$-gi$_4$]
54. lu$_2$ zid-zid-da-ke$_4$ kaš-zu bur-ra me-ri ki a-da-ab-KU
55. zabar-bi ši su$_3$-ud-ma-al de$_3$-ra-ab-dirig-ge
56. nibru^{ki} du$_3$-du$_3$-a-ba X KI X X X-a-ba še-eb e$_2$-e X-a-ba
57. dam til$_3$-la e$_2$ X [...] dirig$^{?}$-ge
58. a e$_2$-a a X [...]

51. The righteous man, the most righteous of men, has filled them to overflowing.
52. O lord of the storehouse, Great Mountain Enlil, he has filled them to overflowing.
53. O **lady** of the storehouse, great mother Ninlil, he has filled them to overflowing.
54. The most righteous of men has …… the **bowls** with your beer.
55. May this bronze vessel increase his long life.
56. When Nibru had been fully built, when …… had been ……, when the brickwork of this house had been ……,
57. the living spouse ……,
58. the seed of the house, the seed …….

cf. Line 8



..

	12053		121A0
	BUR		KI
	food offering; priest		cosmic world

[END]

REFERENCE & LINKS

PSD

oracc.museum.upenn.edu/epsd2/sux | cf. original ('06 if still available) Pennsylvania Sumerian Dictionary Project – monumental, but shame no interest in unicodes / putting everything together.
Anyway, once you get the hang of it, you can see Steve Tinney and his colleagues have still done a terrific job.

Early Dynastic and Early Sargonic Tablets from Adab - Giuseppe Visicato, Aage Westenholz 2010; Bureaucracy of Fara - Giuseppe Visicato 1995; The Proto-Elamite Texts from Tepe Yahya 1989 – Peter Damerow, Robert K Englund, OrNS 1995; K. Maekawa, Mesopotamia 1973-74, ASJ – 1982, 1987; A. Cavigneaux and F. Alrawi 2002; P. Steinkeller SDU 1989, 1995; Earliest Land Tenure Systems in the Near East: Kudurrus. I. J. Gelb, P. Steinkeller, and R. M. Whiting, Jr. 1991; W. Sallaberger, Kalender 1993; M. Sigrist, Drehem 1992; C. Wilcke, ZA 1996; M. Stol, BSA 1995; M. Sigrist, Drehem 1992; W. Sallaberger, Ur III-Zeit 1999; F. Pomponio and G. Visicato, ED Szuruppak 1994; J.N. Postgate and P. Steinkeller, LAT 1992, SDU 1989; M. van de Mieroop, Isin crafts 1987; T. Maeda, ASJ 1982; P. Steinkeller, AuOr, SDU 1989 ; J. Hoyrup, Lengths Widths Surfaces 2002; W. Rollig and H. Waetzoldt, RlA 1993-1997; P. Attinger and M. Krebernik, Schretter 2004; M. Powell, Drinking in Ancient Societies 1994

ETCSL

etcsl.orinst.ox.ac.uk/ - The Electronic Text Corpus of Sumerian Literature (ETCSL), a project of the University of Oxford, comprises a selection of nearly 400 literary compositions [Jeremy Black ['1951-'2004, founder]

ETCSL Search Advanced - Simple | Glossary | Proper Nouns | sitemap

Fast Find: substitute in hypertext edit composition parameters composition c.1.3.3 line 129 = c133.129
etcsl.orinst.ox.ac.uk/edition2/etcslgloss.php?lookup=c133.129&charenc=gcirc&sn=ON

scp

Sumerian Cuneiform Pioneers

As mentioned earlier the problem with fancy databases of the zillion dollar endowment elite university professors with lifetime salaries is that plebs like us (especially considering the average web user's short attention span of 5 nano seconds) struggle to find actual Sumerian cuneiform on their databases – just boring pages of English alphabet. That you now get straight up with the Mugsar QuickFinder & 4-Way. So for true reference, to really get a feel for what the Sumerian scribes were trying to say, it seems easier to go back to the Sumerian cuneiform ~~icebraking~~ codebreaking pioneers of a century ago, like these guys below where you can instantly and easily browse their works on the amazing Internet Archive:

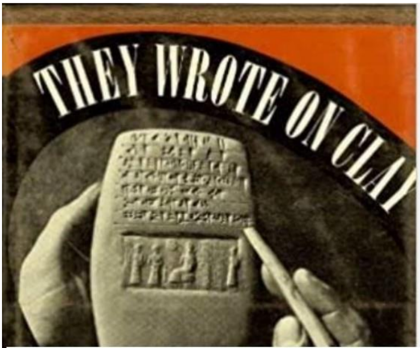
Sumerian Tablets from Umma - Published '1915 Ed. Charles Lees Bedale ('1879-'1919) - Internet Archive

A Sumerian Reading Book - Published '1924 - C.J. Gadd - Internet Archive

Sumerian Proverbs - glimpses of everyday life in Mesopotamia - Edmund I. Gordon, Ed. Thorkild Jacobsen - Published '1959

The Exaltation of Inanna - Enheduanna - William W. Hallo and J. J. A. van Dijk - Published '1968

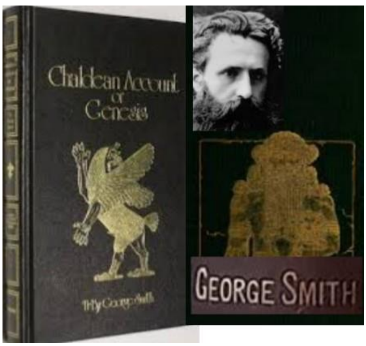
Sumerian Epics & Myths Cuneiform Series III - Published '1934 - Edward Chiera (b. Rome '1885 - d. Chicago '1933) – Internet Archive



For recreational reading in my college years, I followed up on a youthful interest in ancient Egypt and its pyramids and mummies. At some point I had read **Edward Chiera's They Wrote on Clay** (Chicago, 1938, reprinted 1957) that was my introduction to the world of Babylonia and Assyria and its mysterious cuneiform script. I was fascinated by the thought of someone being able to read cuneiform and to read something that no one had read in thousands of years.

—Robert Biggs, Abu Salabikh No. 255 Eshdam Epigrapher

Creation, Deluge ...Legends of the Gods - Cuneiform Inscriptions - Published '1876 – Internet Archive - George Smith (b. '1840 London - d. dysentery '1876 Aleppo Syria) first to discover and translate *The Epic of Gilgamesh*.



For updates see online Mugsar Reference

Unicode ***Explorer***

unicode-explorer.com/c/12100 | Google (Images)

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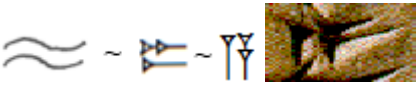
Closeups of actual signs on tablets

John Heise on Cuneiform  12000 A = water (shame he seems to have disappeared after '96)

..

CDLI

Note: CDLI seems to have moved from UCLA to the Max Planck Institute in Germany, so links may change, try: cdli.mpiwg-berlin.mpg.de

Fantastic tablet images, line-art, and more »

Tablet | Search

List of determinatives

1. &ance; before donkey / horse
2. &d; before divine names
3. &dug; before words for vessels
4. &e2; before words for buildings and rooms
5. &f; before women's names and words denoting women's occupations
6. &gi; before words for items made of reed
7. &gud; before words for cattle
8. &jic; before words for items made of wood
9. &id2; before river names
10. &iku; after words denoting surface measures
11. &im; before words for items made of clay
12. &kac; before types of alcohol
13. &ki; after place names
14. &ku6; after words for fish
15. &kur; before words for mountains / countries

16. &kuc; before words for items made of leather

17. &lu2; before gentilics and words denoting men's occupations

18. &m; before (men's) names

19. μ before words for items made of wood (Emesal)

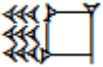
20. &mucen; after names of birds

21. &mul; before names of stars and planets

22. &na4; before words for stones

23. &ninda; before words for bread and other baked items

24. &sa; before words for braided items

25. &sar;  after words for vegetables

26. &cah2; before words for denoting varieties of pigs

27. &tug2; before words for garments

28. &tum9; ?? before words for winds

29. &u2; before words for plants

30. &udu; before words denoting varieties of sheep and goats

31. &urud; before words for items of bronze and copper

32. &uzu; before words for parts of the body

33. &zabar; before words for items of bronze

Misc.

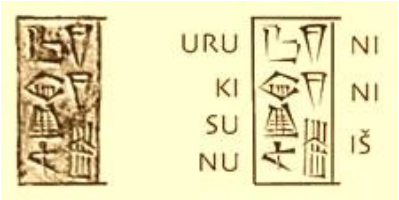
ORACC: oracc.museum.upenn.edu/ The Open Richly Annotations Cuneiform Corpus

Sumerian Lexicon pdf & The Proto-Sumerian Language Invention Process – John Halloran - sumerian.org/prot-sum.htm

Literature of Ancient Sumer, Jeremy Black - Google Books

..

The Initiative for Cuneiform Encoding (ICE)



..

Sign Lists

Note: CDLI seems to have moved from UCLA to the Max Planck Institute in Germany, so links may change, try: cdli.mpiwg-berlin.mpg.de/

Otherwise, try Mugsar Founder's Personal Share Library

drive.google.com/drive/folders/1-EGzmA80btNdCUZh08c48kRWVfjl7nyp

or

tinyurl.com/mugsar-library

Preliminary proposal Proto-Cuneiform unicode 12600→ [Robert K Englund (’1952- ’2020) CDLI - UCLA/Berkeley] '16 - didn't seem to get anywhere :

unicode.org/L2/L2016/16267-n4760-proto-cuneiform.pdf

see also

cdli.ucla.edu/tools/SignLists/protocuneiform/archsigns.html

then significantly updated '20 (43mb):

unicode.org/L2/L2020/20193-proto-cuneiform.pdf

.

0. Proto-literate period (Kish tablet oldest) 31-26: Falkenstein (y36) lists 939 signs

cdli.ucla.edu/tools/SignLists/ATU1.pdf

1. 2800 - 2700 : Burrows 420 signs proto, some lemma/translations

2. Early Dyn IIIa Fara 2600 - 2500 Deimel y22 826-870 signs, some cuneiform, mostly proto - some lemma, signs simplified into logosyllabic script.

cdli.ucla.edu/tools/SignLists/LAK.pdf

3. Early Dyn IIIb 2500 - 2340 Rosengarten y67 [no var. > 900+] **signs w lemma** {*** THIS ONE! ***} lists 468 signs used in Sumerian (pre-Sargonian) Lagash – incl. ĝir2-su Girsu' Gudea cylinder

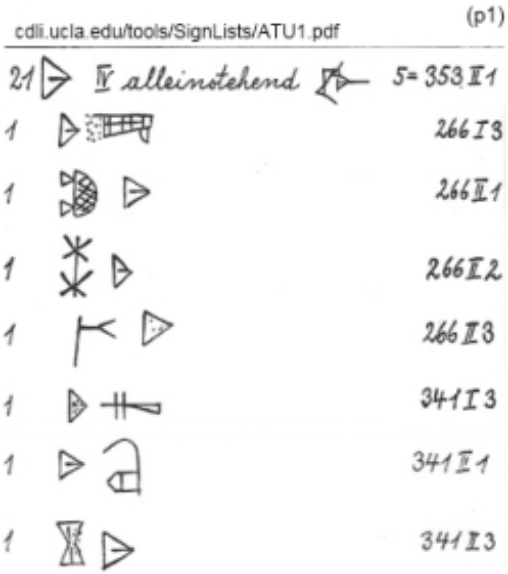
{Classical Sumerian: 2600 – 2300}

4. Ur III 2120-2000 appears to list 905 - 927 signs pp 107 n 122 cf M / signs only - no lemma! - Numbers p123

5. OldBab (Akk ??) 2000 - 1600 Mitte y06 - 480 Akk signs - lemma only!

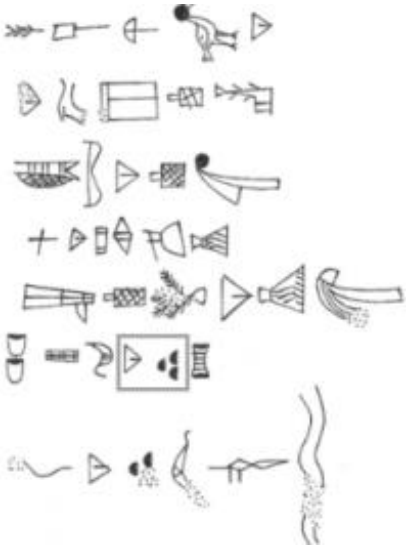
..

Late Uruk Period signs – 'MUG' 122A9 examples:



p1

..

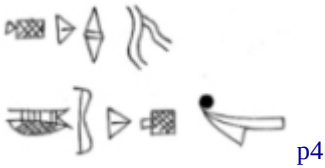


p2

..

p3

..



p4

..

LAK

(Liste der archaischen Keilschriftzeichen ’1922 WVDOG 40, Berlin)

LAK is a dictionary of Sumerian cuneiform signs of the pre-classical Fara period (Early Dynastic II), published in '1922 by Sumerologist **P. Anton Deimel** ('1865–'1954). The list enumerates 870 distinct cuneiform signs.

The sign inventory in the archaic period was considerably larger than the standard inventory of texts of the classical Sumerian (7400-7650CT [2600-2350plag]) or Neo-Sumerian (7900CT; all dates short chronology) periods. This means that numerous signs identified by their classical reading continue several distinct signs of the pre-classical period. If it is necessary to identify the pre-classical sign intended, its LAK number is customarily given, in the form of LAK-1 to LAK-870 [Wik] :

1	„Zahleinheit" & junges Fischchen	R, PN, 9070,8; 12729,14; ^{d}R-nab, 12806, 1/3. R^{ḫa}, 12751,1; ^{d}R-nab-áb/gu(d)/amar/am, 12806; R^{ḫu}, 9124,8; R-nab-ab, 12573,4. R-mun^{ḫu}, 9124,8; R-nab-mu, 9124,3. s. 9112,5; R-saḫar^{ḫu}, 9124,9; s. die Zahlzeichen; lù + R. Zuweilen R = [sign], z. B. ^{giš}R-uš = ^{giš}bar-uš, 12625,11; 12729; s. auch zabar. ú-R(=rum)-ma, SAK 22,5,12.	[sign], [sign]
2	[sign]	R^{ḫa} (Var. von 3), 12751,1; 12693,2; s. [sign]^{ḫa}; s. die Zahlz. du-R-da, 12574,10.	
	[sign], [sign]	s. die Zahlz.	
3	[sign]	R^{ḫa} (Var. von 2), 12693,2; 12751,1.	
	[sign], [sign]	s. n. 46.	
4	[sign], [sign] „Zahlz. (=1¼ gan)" und ?	^{d}R, 12760,13; R$_{ub}$-ud-ub, 12503,1; R.....ku, 12503,4 gan-R | ^{d}gan-R^{šú} ki, 9124,2; R-nun-ud ^{d}Ur, 12582,3. igi-R-kur [sign], 9112,9; R-kur [sign] 12606,3 nun-túg-ru R-kur [sign] nun-mu, 12680,7.	
5	[sign] „etwas Geteiltes"	^{d}R, 12737,4; R-la, s. Frauennam. bei Urukag. R-dur-a, 12778,2; gal-R-dur, 9130,6. RTC 58 Zf. in allen arch. T. R(=ḫala(ḫ)?)-ḫa-dam, BP 222;	[sign]
6	[sign] „Lanzenspitze, Messer"	R, pass. in allen arch. T.; ^{d}Nin [sign] (Var. [sign], [sign]). su, Déc. ép. p. XXXIV: [sign], Blau (=Brit. Mus. n. 86260)	[sign]
7	[sign] „lanzettförmiges (Myrrhen?) Blatt"	R, pass. in allen arch. T. iá R-ka-kam, Tö. 123,3; 40 ma-na ^{šim}R, TSA 6,2; 10 ma-na R!, Amherst 7f. Oft Syn. von n. 6	[sign]
8	[sign] „Stern"	pass. in allen arch. T.; verziertes R: [sign], REC 5 bis; 12606, R R-na; R-ra/ri/rí, pass.	[sign]

cdli.ucla.edu/staff/englund/publications/englund1995b.pdf

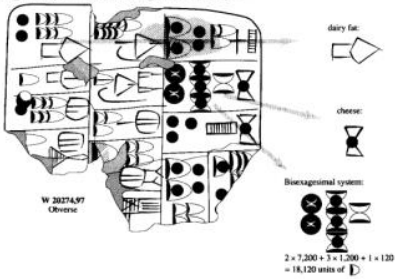


Figure 5: Simple accounts of dairy products from the Uruk IV period (above; copies from R. Englund, ATU 5) and a large account from the Uruk III period (below; see ATU 2, pl. 55, and Archaic Bookkeeping, p. 94) of products from animal husbandry, including the signs for dairy fat (DUG$_B$) and cheese (GA'AR).

..

Civilization Time

CT	plagio	Event
0	- 10000	End of the last Ice Age, allows sedentary living and the rise of civilization
6600	-3400	Writing invented by the black Sumerians - first students and professors, the original gods, first epic, Gilgamesh, creation and flood myths complete with ark, calendar festivals like birth and death of Marduk bull calf of sun god Utu - northern hemisphere December Solstice => Roman Saturnalia => religio plagiarists, spring equinox rebirth festival fertility goddess Innana => Ishtar => Oestre => Easter, invention of the wheel, sexagesimal (base 60) system, first law codes, first details of musical instruments, the TruEtym of many Greek/Roman words, all subsequently recorded on clay tablets. Instead of being lauded as pioneers, they are now categorized as 'ancient' – supposedly everything they achieved has no connection to the plagiarists.
9956	-45	Sosigenes of Alexandria's Western Calendar for Julius Caesar begins
10000	-1*	No extant record of anything significant happening, as confirmed by Dead Sea Scrolls. So why do modern, enlightened, non-racist sapiens have to start counting backwards and insult the achievements of the Sumerians (and Kumets aka Egyptians)?!
10001	+1*	do.

* *The plagiarists forgot to put in a zero year!*

10100	+100	China invents paper replacing brittle papyrus. Later they would add weapon superiority gun powder.
10600	+600	India invents our numeral system replacing cumbersome Roman numerals.
10340	+340	Denis Little plagiarizes Sosigenes' calendar for religio bureaucrats – by chance events, plagio-religio impostor would be forced on all cultures for international dating, even in government and law courts where constitutionally there is supposed to be separation of state and religio; beginning of Dark Ages – writing lost to all but a few, who rehash the same group of plagiarized stories, for 1000 years until the Renaissance / Enlightenment
12023	+2023	October 7th

tinyurl.com/ct2wordbook

{ 'CIVILIZATION' has 12 letters 😉 }

Civilization Time 2-Word Book tinyurl.com/ct2wordbook

A little bit of video of Tara (then 6 yo) making and ‘unearthing’ the CT Book on YouTube:

1. **Unearthing the CT Book** (16s)
youtu.be/_kmiWiLdki4
2. **Tara Designing CT Book** (1m 41s)
youtu.be/rk0Qp03Vv2Q

..

Sumerians Invented the System of Time 5,000 Years Ago – And We Still Use It Today!

..

Papyrus, parchment, paper ... videotape, DVDs, Blu-ray discs – long after all these materials have crumbled to dust, the first recording medium of all, the cuneiform clay tablet of ancient Mesopotamia, may still endure.

Sumerian math was a sexagesimal system, meaning it was based on the number 60. The system "is striking for its originality and simplicity," says mathematician Duncan J. Melville of Lawrence University, in Canton, N.Y.

The same cuneiform (12079) stands for 1 or 60 or 3,600, depending on its place in the number, Dr. Melville said, just as 1 in the decimal system denotes 1, 10 or 100, depends on its place.

– Nicholas Wade » more |

Sumer Periods

Ubaid = 5000-6000CT (5000-4000 *religio-plagio*) – Early settlements in Sumer (southern Iraq).

Uruk = 6000-7000CT (4000-3000 *plag*) – Civilization develops rapidly through cuneiform writing.

Early Dynastic = 7000-7650CT (3000-2350 *plag*) – Independent, sometimes conflicting Sumerian city states. [Literature of Ancient Sumer, Jeremy Black]

ED IIIa = The Early Dynastic IIIa (Fara) period - c.7400-7500CT (2600-2500 *plag*)

ED IIIb period = c. 7460-7650CT (2540-2350 *plag*)

The Early Dynastic period began after a cultural break with the preceding Jemdet Nasr period that has been radio-carbon dated to about [7100CT (2900 *plag*)] at the beginning of the Early Dynastic I Period. No inscriptions have yet been found verifying any names of kings that can be associated with the Early Dynastic I period. The ED I period is distinguished from the ED II period by the narrow cylinder seals of the ED I period and the broader wider ED II seals engraved with banquet scenes or animal-contest scenes. The Early Dynastic II period is when Gilgamesh, the famous king of Uruk, is believed to have reigned. Later inscriptions have been found bearing some Early Dynastic II names from the King List. The Early Dynastic IIIa period is when syllabic writing began. Accounting records and an undeciphered logographic script existed before the Fara Period, but the full flow of human speech was first recorded around [7400CT (2600*plag*)] at the beginning of the Fara Period.

Hegemony, which came to be conferred by the Nippur priesthood, alternated among a number of competing dynasties, hailing from Sumerian city-states traditionally including Kish, Uruk, Ur, Adab and Akshak, as well as some from outside of southern Mesopotamia, such as Awan, Hamazi, and Mari, until the Akkadians, under Sargon of Akkad, overtook the area...

Ur III = The Third Dynasty of Ur: 107 years, 7954-8061CT (2047–1940 *plag*)
[cf. 108 years, 7888-7996CT (2112–2004 *plag*) - Black, ibid.]

Also known as the Neo-Sumerian Empire or the Ur III Empire, refers to a Sumerian ruling dynasty based in the city of Ur and a short-lived territorial-political state that some historians regard as a nascent empire... [Wik]

The Third Dynasty of Ur came to preeminent power in Mesopotamia after several centuries of Akkadian and Gutian kings. It controlled the cities of Isin, Larsa and Eshnunna and extended as far north as the Jazira.

The Third Dynasty of Ur arose some time after the fall of the Akkad Dynasty. The period between the last powerful king of the Akkad Dynasty, Shar-kali-sharri, and the first king of Ur III, Ur-Nammu, is not well documented, but most Assyriologists posit that there was a brief "dark age", followed by a power struggle among the most powerful city-states... [Wik]

..

periods%

Signs rotated 90° left - first occurred slightly before the Akk. period, at time of the Uruk ruler Lugalzagesi c. 2294–2270.
Sargon Šar-ru-gi /gen6 (estab.) 2334–2279 ~um-ki-in (daughter Enheduanna)
Neo-Sumerian – 2300 - 2100
Utu-hengal, Dutu-ḫe$_2$-ŋal$_2$ 2019-12 defeated Gutians then assassinated Ur-Nammu, ruled c. 2112 – 2094 founded Sumerian Ur III
Shulgi 2094 – 2046 extensive revision scribal school's curriculum
Late Sumerian – 2000 - 1800

Post-Sumerian – after 1700.
Late Uruk 34-3300
ED I-II 29-2700
ED IIIa 2600
ED IIIb 25-2350
Old Akk 2350-2200
Lagash 22-2100
Ur III 21-2000
Old Assyr 20-1900
OB 20-1600
MB 15-1000
Neo Assyr 10-600
Neo B 10-540
Achaemenid 540-330
Hellenistic 330-140

..

ED IIIb
full flow% of human speech was first recorded around [7400CT (2600 plagio)] at the beginning of the Fara Period (Eshdam time).
Abbreviations abb%
s.1: ED1 28-27
s.2: EDIIIa 26-25
s.3*: EDIIIb 25-23
s.4: UrIII 21-20
s.5: OB 20-16

{s.1: ED1 28-27 s.2: EDIIIa 26-25 s.3: EDIIIb 25-23 s.4: UrIII 21-20 s.5: OB 20-16}

	Period	Writing Phase	Historical Developments
3400		Clay bullae and numerical tablets	Beginning of large-scale settlement of Babylonia
3300	Late Uruk	Archaic texts from Uruk: Writing Phase Uruk IV, Writing Phase Uruk III	
3200			First urban centers
3100			Age of early civilization
3000	Jemdet Nasr		
2900	Early Dynastic I		
2800		Archaic texts from Ur	
2700	Early Dynastic II		Formation of large irrigation networks
2600		Texts from Fara	
2500	Early Dynastic III		Rival city-states
2400		Old Sumerian texts	

Proto Cuneiform Account… Englund

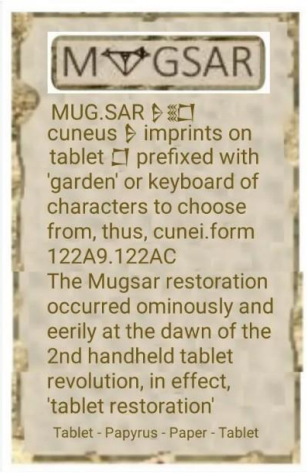
As you get into Sumerian cuneiform thru Mugsar, and you keep saying to yourself, “that looks awful familiar”, you really start to wonder about the validity/integrity of standard ‘establishment’ etymology textbooks produced by tenured—lifetime employment perks convention travel... linguist profs.

It seems language pretty much starts with Greek & Latin, with some rare Sanskrit & dab {almost entered *dub* tablet 1207E} of Indo-Euro. But woe to those who break the esoteric rules and dare to state that any word root could possibly and directly have its TruEtym in Sumerian. They *are* just the founders of *edu*cation —the operative word itself surely has no link to *edub* e2.dub

The first school. The first classroom. The first student. The first professor (and black).

And as for evidence ... proverbial ‘citations’. How about ones from tens of thousands of EXTANT docs » tablets » 4to5,000 years old. Not a few ‘embroidered copies of embroidered copies’ of perishable paper (took a long time to work out how the Chinese were making it) and the odd remnants of papyrus to maybe a bit over 2,000 years. A good 2 millennia ‘Johnny-Come-Lately’ short to Sumerian.

And if they unabashedly plagiarized Sumerian mythology, laws, math, technology—why wouldn’t they take a lot of the words that go with it.



Mugsar Karma MUG.SAR cuneus imprints on tablet prefixed with 'garden' or keyboard of characters to choose from, thus, cunei.form 122A9.122AC The Mugsar restoration occurred ominously and eerily at the dawn of the 2nd handheld tablet revolution, in effect, 'tablet restoration'

Tablet - Papyrus - Paper – Tablet

Proto Language Monosyllables PLM

'Proto Language Monosyllables PLM% with their Principal Meanings', Patrick C. Ryan ('2008) – "The Proto-Language was composed of 90 monosyllables..."

Some quite interesting points on TruEtym and evolution.

Also notes "...one of the defining characteristics of *Emesal* is to eliminate from the 'female language' those sounds which would necessitate observable lip-rounding, presumably for whatever social significance observed lip-rounding by females may have had. *Emegi* [EG] **u** => *Emesal* [ES] **i** ..."

..

Emesal% (eme-sal), possibly to be interpreted as "fine tongue" or "high-pitched voice". Other terms for dialects or registers were eme-galam "high tongue", eme-si-sa "straight tongue" [si 122E7 SUM cast fashion or IGI], eme-te-na "oblique tongue" [penetrate TE 122FC]

Special features of Emesal are mostly phonological (for example, m is often used instead of g̃/ŋ as in me instead of standard g̃e26 for "I"), but words different from the standard language are also used (ga-ša-an rather than standard nin, "lady")

..

PIE = Proto-Indo-European

Refers often to **Kurt Jaritz** *Schriftarchäologie der altmesopotamischen Kultur* ('1967)

Ancient Signs: The Alphabet & the Origins of Writing - Andis Kaulins cites importance of Ryan's work - in addition to above: Sumerian Archaic Sign Table, Sumerian Sign Value Register
lingwhizt.blogspot.com/2011/01/8-origins-of-writing-in-western.html

.

Some extracts from LINGUIST List 7.1247 involving Patrick C Ryan
linguistlist.org/issues/7/7-1247.html

..

Message 3: Sumerian and PIE

Date: Thu, 05 Sep 1996 01:10:28 EDT
From: Alan Huffman <aahny@cunyvm.cuny.edu>
Subject: Sumerian and PIE

Here are a couple more for your Sumerian / PIE list:

Sum.: me => 'I' [see copula note]

Sum.: adda => 'father' cf. Gothic atta

Sum.: nu => 'no'

Sum.: lugal => 'king' cf. Latin leg-is [and lu/ru interchangeability => rugal => English 'regal' - see note for entry at 12217 LUGAL]

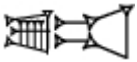
..

Other Examples

ABZU = abyss:

1236A ZU = know

1200A AB = cosmic sea, window

 1236A ZU, su_2 + 1200A AB = ABZU [reversed]

..

eduba => education – see TruEtym

..

122E7 SUM, $ŠUM_2$, SI_3 => give cf. English 'to sum' total / add up; Greek 'sigma'

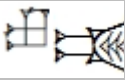
..

Shekel => origin of Hebrew term for money re price of bushel of grain, see 122BA SHE

Major Cities

Uruk / Sumerian: UNUG / cuneiform ^{URU} UNUG

..

12337 + 12014

URU UNU G
[determ.] civlization + cosmic sea

..

Eridu / Sumerian eridu^{ki} / cuneiform NUN.KI

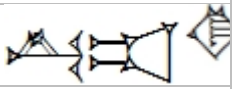
..

12263 + 121A0
NUN + KI
prince/forem ost + cosmic world

..

Ur / Sumerian URIM

..

122C0 + 12015	122C0 + 1200A
	
UR IM$_2$ KI	UR IM$_5$ KI
standard (of UR) + var 1200A cosmic sea + determ. KI city	var.

UR, urin (uri$_3$, uru$_3$)

The name of the city is in origin derived from the god's name, URIM$_2^{KI}$ being the classical Sumerian spelling of LAK-32.UNUG^{KI}, literally "the abode (UNUG) of Nanna (LAK-32)

APPENDIX

Abbreviations / Legend

[740x] = number of times attested – as noted by ePSD – it's important to note that a number of the signs (esp the hundreds of repetitive variants) in the standard lists were rarely used.

[~ xxx!] = very large number e.g. 121A0 KI (*gi*$_5$) [32379xxx!] = cosmic world...

uQQ = unicode query – number?

gunû and šeššig

One method of generating new signs was to mark a portion of a base sign to specify the object intended. The marks are called by the scribes either gunû-strokes (from Sumerian gùn-a 'colored, decorated') or šeššig- hatchings (due to the resemblance of the strokes to the early cross-hatched form of the Sumerian sign for grain, še). Compare the following two sets of signs:

SAĜ

KA

DA

Á

In the first set, the base sign is saĝ 'head'. Strokes over the mouth portion produces SAĜ-gunû, to be read ka 'mouth'. In the second set, the base sign is da 'side' (i.e., a shoulder, arm and hand). Hatchings over the arm portion produces DA-šeššig, to be read á 'arm'... [Foxvog]

CVVE = compound verb verbal element (PSD)

PLM = Proto Language Monosyllables (see TruEtym.)

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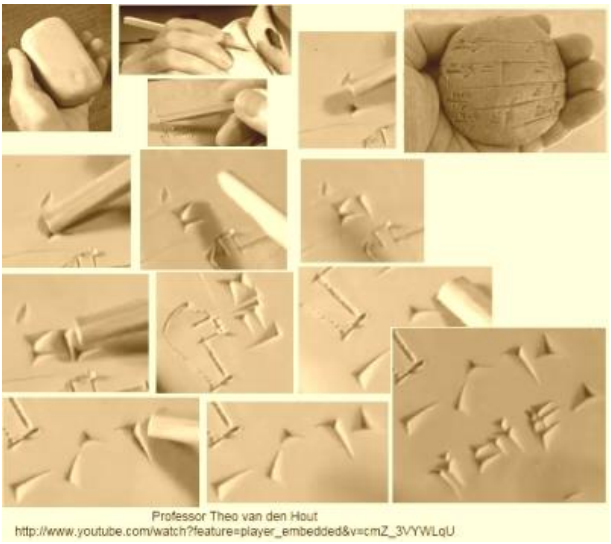
Mugsar Library #MLib2 |

How to write on clay

..



Professor Theo van den Hout: youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=cmZ_3VYWLqU

Also carolineludovici.com/learn-how-to-write-cuneiform.html |

youtube.com/watch?feature=player_embedded&v=eJYQ8VEFznU

archaeology.otterlabs.org/Courses/AncientCivilizations/Syllabus/CuneiformLab.htm

..

Basic *Cuneus*

GE = stylus cuneus; (piece of) writing, copy, exemplar, written; blow; wound
[All called 'ge' but then 12100 reed (stylus) is also 'ge']

1230B ge_{14}

12038 ge_{15}

12079 ge_3

1203A ge_{22}

12039 ge_{23}

..

122B9

Numbers

bbb

12038 ASH "1"

122F0 MIN "2" (TAB)

1203C ESH "3"

121F9 LIMMU "4"

1213F IA "5" [I vowel]

1240B ASH "6"

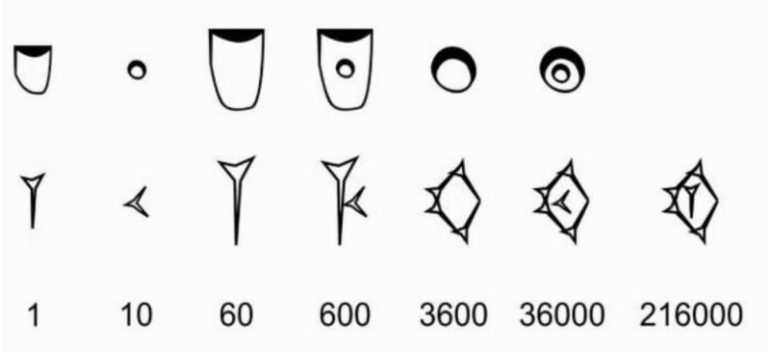
12153 IMIN (5+2) "7"

1240D USSU "8"

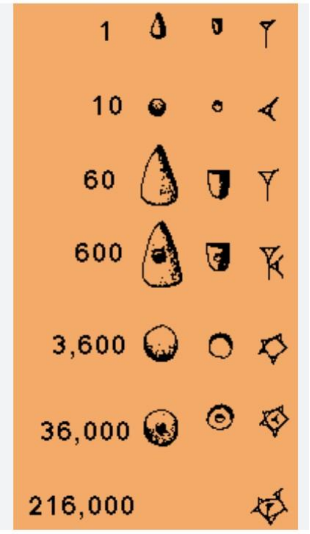
12446 ILIMMU (5+4) "9"

1230B U "10"

Evolving from tokens:



Value	Cuneiform symbol	Number word
1		*aš*
10		*u*
60		*geš*
60 10		*geš-u*
60^2		*šar*
60^2 10		*šar-u*
60^3		*šar-gal*



The same cuneiform 12079 stands for 1 or 60 or 3,600, depending on its place in the number, just as 1 in the decimal system denotes 1, 10 or 100, depends on its place.

See also symbl.cc/en/unicode/blocks/cuneiform-numbers-and-punctuation/

1214A IGI *gunû*, SIG$_7$ = 10,000 ten thousand

..

1240B/1241A ASH six aš3 (OB) dish/ash diš/aš 12440 LAK134 1241E

60 alt

or 70 ĝéš-u geshu

niš-aš3

twenty-sixth

niš nish

twenty% 20%.

ĝeš2-diš

(Total) sixty one lines

.

Šid-bi ninnu-ussu mu-bi

Its (total) count 58 lines

.

Proto Cuneiform Account… Englund

.~.

Vowels

12000 **A** (water)

1208A **E** (speak)

1213F **I** (5)

1230B **U** (10)

"vowel% definitions": ù sleep
[according to Lieberman, u, ù, & u4 were pronounced /o/]

Pronunciation

Vowels may be pronounced as follows:
a - as in father,
e - as in peg,
i - as in hip,
u - as in pull.

Of the special consonants,

ñ is pronounced like 'ng' in rang, so sa$\hat{g}$ / saŋ would be *sang*,

þ is pronounced like 'ch' in German Buch (*book-k-k*) or Scottish loch (*look-k-k*, not lock! ['x (h̬)' h-breve plain velar fricative cf. (voiceless) velar fricative /h̬/ (sometimes just written h); Anatolian h̬]) – tongue slightly to roof of mouth and breathe through /out, throaty sound, like something stuck in throat, bringing up phlegm] and š is pronounced like 'sh' in dash.

..

a, e_4: n., water; watercourse, canal; seminal fluid; offspring; father; tears; flood.

é: house, household; temple; plot of land.

i: n., cry of pain (derived from ér, ír, 'tears; complaint' ?).

v., to capture, defeat, overcome (cf., éd, è; i, 'to sprout')

ú: n., plant; vegetable; grass; food; bread; pasture; load.

v., to nourish, support.

adj., strong, powerful (man).

ù: n., sleep (cf., u_5). [according to S. Lieberman, u, ù, and u_4 were pronounced /o/]

v., to sleep.

$u_{(3,4,8)}$: n., an expression of protest; cries, screams; the grunting, panting.

v., to bend over.

u_5: n., male bird, cock; totality; earth pile or levee; raised area (sometimes written ù).

v., to mount (mating); to be on top of; to ride; to steer, conduct.

adj., (raised) high, especially land or ground (sometimes written ù).

u_{18}: huge.

u_{20}: barley.

More at sumerian.org/prot-sum – The Proto-Sumerian Language Invention Process - John A. Halloran

..

We do not know how Sumerian was spoken. Scribes were trained for over two years to become competent in Sumerian, the basis of the cuneiform writing system. The Sumerian cuneiform writing system consists of around 700 signs, which could represent both words and syllables. We must learn the language as well as the way it was written. Cuneiform is full of mysteries; it became increasingly complex over the three thousand years of its development, and its adepts utilized these complexities for esoteric teaching and speculation. While we cannot hope to duplicate the training or the native knowledge of the scribes, we must try in some way to make their teaching our own. We must begin by saying what they said, pronouncing what they pronounced. Although we cannot be certain how the languages were spoken, there are three ways to reconstruct pronunciation:

1. Comparing contemporary descended or related languages

2. Ancient transliterations or phonological discussions from the unknown to a known language

3. Borrowings from the unknown to a known language

Sumerian has no known descendants or relatives, so we must rely entirely on point number 2. Sumerian was written with the same set of characters, and for 2000 years... We work from the pronunciation of Akkadian back to the Sumerian. Finally, we are fairly confident of the quality of Sumerian

vowels - whether it is an a, e, i, u (even perhaps o) - we have very little idea of the quantity - long or short, high or low, etc.

The following guide to Sumerian is therefore purely practical:

a short as in "bat," or long as in "father"

â long as in "father"

b as in "babble"

d as in English

e short as in "bet"

e sometimes long as in "day"

g hard as in English "gag"

ĝ nasal "ng" as in "thing"

ḫ rough [throaty] "h", no English equivalent

i short as in "sit"

i sometimes long as in "ski"

k always hard as in "kick"

l as in English

m same as English

n same as English

p same as English

r same as English, can be flat or rolled

s same as English

š like "sh" in "ship"

t as in English

u short as in "cut"

u sometimes long as in "ruby"

z as in English

There are two diphthongs:

"ia" pronounced "ee-yah" or "ya"

"ai" pronounced "ah-ee" or like the word "aye"

If any other two vowels come together, pronounce them like they are both the first vowel.

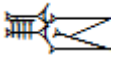
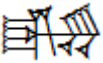
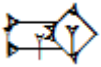
more...

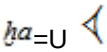
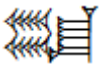
Syllabary *A-Z:* *Write your name in cuneiform!*

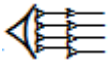
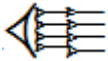
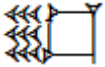
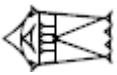
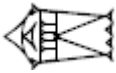
There's no 'o' vowel in Sumerian but 'u' (pron. as in pull) is close.
Also use the Main Listings for 3-letter syllables like we did for Hogan

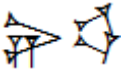
CV consonant vowel Ba | VC aB cv% |

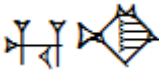
	a	e	i	u
	a 12000 water *á* A_2 12009 arm	*e* 1208A *é* 1208D house	*i* 1213F 5 (five) *í* IÁ =5 1213F	*u* 1230B 10, hole *ú* 12311 food *ù* 12147 sleep
b	*ba* 12040 divide *bá*=PA 1227A beat *bà*=EŠ 12365 flour	*be*=BAD 12041 open *bé*=BI 12049 beer *bè*=NI 1224C oil/time	*bi* 12049 beer *bí*=NE 12248 fire *bì*=PI 1227F ear	*bu* 1204D long *bú*=KASKAL 1219C distance *bù*=PÙ 12164 mouth
d	*da* 12055 line	*de*=DI 12072 justice *dè*=NE	*di* 12072 justice	*du* 1207A go/come

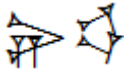
	dá=TA 122EB from [*Syll. top*]	12248 fire [same *bí*]	*dí*=TÍ 1212D good	*dú*=TU 12305 dove *dù*=GAG 12195 build *du*$_4$=TUM  12308 cross-beam
g	*ga* 120B5 carry/suckling *gá* 120B7 basket	*ge*=GI 12100 reed stylus *gé*=KID 121A4 field *gè*=DIŠ 12079 "1" one	*gi* 12100 reed stylus *gí*=KID 121A4 field *gì*=DIŠ 12079 "1" one *gi*$_4$  12104 turn *gi*$_5$=KI 121A0 cosmic	*gu* 12116 cord *gú*  12118 neck *gù*=KA 12157 mouth/speak *gu*$_4$ 1211E bull *gu*$_5$=KU 121AA sit *gu*$_6$=NAG 12158 drink

				gu$_7$ 12165 eat
	ḫa 12129 fish *ḫá*=ḪI.A *ḫa*=U  1230B 10, hole *ḫa*$_4$=ḪI 1212D good	*ḫé*=ḪI 1212D good *ḫé*=GAN 120F6 bear young	*ḫi* 1212D good *ḫí*=GAN 120F6 bear young	*ḫu* 12137 bird [*Syll. top*]
k	*ka* 12157 mouth/speak *ká* 1218D gate *kà*=GA 120B5 carry/suckling	*ke*=KI 121A0 cosmic *ké*=GI 12100 reed stylus	*ki* 121A0 cosmic *kí*=GI 12100 reed stylus	*ku* 121AA sit *kú*=GU$_7$ 12165 eat *kù* 121AC pure *ku*$_4$  121AD enter

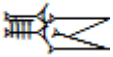
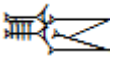
l	*la* 121B7 hang *lá*=LAL 121F2 small *là*=NU 12261 not	*le*=LI 121F7 bathe *lé*=NI 1224C oil/time	*li* 121F7 bathe *lí*=NI 1224C oil/time	*lu* 121FB sheep *lú* 121FD male [*Syll. top*]
n	*ma* 12220 land *má* 12223 ship	*me* 12228 copula *mé*=MI  1222A black *mè* / 1201E battle, copula / 12160	*mi*  1222A black *mí*=MUNU S 122A9 cuneus *mì*=ME 12228 copula	*mu* 1222C year *mú*=SAR  122AC write
n	*na* 1223E incense *ná*  1223F lay *nà*=AG	*ne* 12248 carry / fire *né*=NI	*ni* 1224C oil/time *ní*=IM 1224E clay	*nu* 12261 not *nú*=NÁ  1223F lay

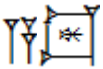
	1201D do *na*$_4$ ("NI.UD")  1224C oil/time + 12313 sun	1224C oil/time		
p	*pa* 1227A foreman *pá*=BA [12400] "2"	*pe*=PI 1227F ear / intelligence *pé*=BI 12049 much, beer	*pi* 1227F ear *pí*=BI 12049 much, beer *pì*=BAD 12041 open	*pu*=BU 1204D long *pú*=TÚL 121E5 source, well *pù* 12164 mouth
r	*ra* 1228F beat *rá*=DU 1207A go/come	*re*=RI 12291 place *ré*=URU 12337 civilization	*ri* 12291 place *rí*=URU 12337 civilization	*ru* 12292 fall *rú*=GAG 12195 build *rù*=AŠ 12038 "1"

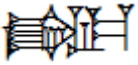
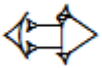
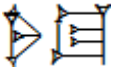
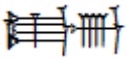
s	*sa* 12293 muscle *sá*=DI 12072 equal *sà*=ZA 1235D "4" *sa₄* ("ḪU.NÁ")  12137 bird + 1223E incense	*se*=SI 122DB horn *sé*=ZI 12363 life [*Syll. top*]	*si* 122DB horn *sí*=ZI 12363 life	*su* 122E2 skin, organ *sú*=ZU 1236A know *sù*=SUD 122E4 pull *su₄* uQQ red/brown
š	*ša* 122AD heart *šá*=NÍG uQQ [numeric??] *šà* 122AE heart	*še* 122BA barley *šé*, *šè* 12365 flour	*ší*=IGI 12146 eye *ší*=SI 122DB horn	*šu* 122D7 hand *šú* 122D9 ?? *šù*=ŠÈ 12365 flour *šu₄*=U 1230B 10, hole
t	*ta* 122EB from	*te* 122FC check	*ti* 122FE live	*tu* 12305 dove

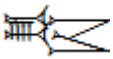
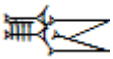
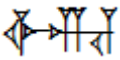
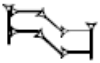
	tá=DA 12055 line	*té*=TÍ 1212D good	*tí* 1212D good *tì*=DIM 12074 post *ti*$_4$=DI 12072 justice	*tú*=UD 12313 sun, day *tù*=DU 1207A go/come
z	*za* 1235D "4" *zá*=NA$_4$  1224C oil/time + 12313 sun = stone	*ze*=ZI 12363 erection *zé*=ZÌ 12362 cut	*zi* 12363 erection *zí* 12362 cut *zì* 12365 flour	*zu* 1236A know *zú*=KA 12157 mouth/speak

VC vowel consonant aB [*Syll. top* | *QF*]

b	*ab* 1200A cosmic sea *áb* 12016 cow	*eb*=IB 12141 oval *éb*=TUM  12308 cross-beam	*ib* 12141 oval *íb*=TUM  12308 cross-beam	*ub* 12312 corner, fame *úb*=ŠÈ 12365 flour

d	*ad* 1201C father *ád* 12109 terror	*ed*=Á 12009 arm	*id*=Á 12009 palm *íd*=A.ENG UR  12000 water + 121C9 cosmic	*ud* 12313 sun *úd*=ÁŠ 1203E curse
g	*ag* 1201D do *ág* 12258 love	*eg*=IG 12145 door *ég*=E 1208A "vowel"	*ig* 12145 door *íg*=E 1208A "vowel"	*ug* 1228C tiger [*Syll. top*]
ḫ	*aḫ* 12134 *áḫ*=ŠEŠ 122C0 brother, assistant	*eḫ*=AḪ 12134	*iḫ*=AḪ 12134	*uḫ*=AḪ 12134 *uḫ* 12314 weathervane??
k	*ak*=AG 1201D do	*ek*=IG 12145 door	*ik*=IG 12145 door	*uk*=UG 1228C tiger

l	*al* 12020 hoe *ál*=ALAM 12029 statue, icon	*el* 12096 pure *él*=IL 1214B fish??	*il* 1214B fish?? *íl*  1214D raise	[*Syll. top*]  *ul* 1230C *úl*=NU 12261 not
r	*am* / 12120 wild bull / 12094 'Eden' *ám*=ÁG 12258 love	*em*=IM 1214E tablet	*im* 1214E tablet *ím*=KAŠ$_4$ 1207D run	*um* 1231D reed rope *úm*= 12313 sun
r	*an* 1202D sky god [*Syll. top* | *QF*]	*en* 12097 lord *én*, *èn*=LI 121F7 bathe	*in* 12154 abuse *in*$_4$=EN 12097 lord *in*$_5$=NIN  122A9 cuneus + 12306	*un*  12326 people *ún*=U 1230B 10, hole

			garment = lady, mistress	
p	*ap*=AB 1200A cosmic sea [*Syll. top*]	*ep*=IB 12141 oval *ép*=TUM  12308 cross-beam	*ip*=IB 12141 oval *íp*=TUM  12308 cross-beam	*up*=UB 12312 corner *úp*=ŠÈ 12365 flour
r	*ar*  12148 *ár*=UB 12312 corner	*er*=IR 12155 ask	*ir* 12155 ask *íp*=A.IGI 12000 water + 12146 eye	*ur* 12328 dog *úr*  1232B phallus
s	*as*=AZ 1228D bear	*es*=GIŠ 12111 tree *és*=EŠ 12365 flour	*is*=GIŠ 12111 tree *ís*=EŠ 12365 flour	*us*=UZ *ús*=UŠ 12351 male
š	*aš* 12038 one	*eš* 1230D "30"	*iš* 12156	*uš* 12351 male

	áš 1203E curse	/ 12401 eš$_6$ "3" éš=ŠÈ 12365 flour	mountain, summer íš=KASKA L 1219C distance	úš = BAD die cf. open
t	at=AD 1201C father át=GÍR *gu* nû 12109 knife??	et=Á A2 (kappu) 12009 palm, hand	it=Á A2 (kappu) 12009 palm, hand	ut=UD 12313 sun út=ÁŠ 1203E curse
z	az 1228D bear	ez=GIŠ 12111 tree éz=EŠ 12365 flour	iz= GIŠ 12111 tree íz=IŠ 12156 official	uz uQQ úz=UŠ 12351 male ùz 1235A goat

[END | *Syll. top CV Ba* | VC aB | *QF*]

The tables above show signs used for simple syllables of the form CV or VC. As used for the Sumerian language, the cuneiform script was in principle capable of distinguishing at least 16 consonants, transliterated as

b, d, g, g̃, ŋ, k, l, m, n, p, r, ř, s, š, t, z

as well as four vowel qualities: *a, e, i, u*. ...[Wik]

..

The picture of a hand came to stand not only for Sumerian šu (“hand”) but also for the phonetic syllable šu in any required context. Sumerian words were largely monosyllabic, so the signs generally denoted syllables, and the resulting mixture is termed a word-syllabic script. The inventory of phonetic symbols henceforth enabled the Sumerians to denote grammatical elements by phonetic complements added to the word signs (logograms or ideograms). Because Sumerian had many identical sounding (homophonous) words, several logograms frequently yielded identical phonetic values and are distinguished in modern transliteration—(as, for example, **ba, bá, bà**, ba4). Because a logogram often represented several related notions with different names (e.g., “sun,” “day,” “bright”), it was capable of assuming more than one phonetic value (this feature is called polyphony)...more

..

...'accents' and subscript numerals do not affect the pronunciation – Halloran

..

Foxvog's Basics / Grammar

home.comcast.net/~foxvog/Grammar.pdf

Introduction to Sumerian Grammar pdf – Daniel **Foxvog**. At least at the beginning, shows the logograms too!

Sign Diacritics and Index Numbers

Sumerian features a large number of homonyms — words that were pronounced similarly but had different meanings and were written with different signs,

for example:

/du/ 'to come, go' 1207A

/du/ 'to build' 12195

/du/ 'to release' 12083

A system of numerical subscripts, and diacritics over vowels representing subscripts, serves to identify precisely which sign appears in the actual text Borger's index system which is used here is as follows:

Single-syllable signs	**Multiple-syllable signs**
du (= du_1)	muru
dú (= du_2)	múru
dù (= du_3)	mùru
du_4 etc.	$muru_4$

Note that the diacritic always falls on the first vowel of the word!

There is variation in the systems employed in older signlists for multiple- syllable signs, especially in Labat. In the earliest editions of his sign-list which may still be encountered in libraries, Labat carried the use of diacritics through index

numbers 4-5 by shifting the acute and grave accents onto the first syllable of multiple-syllable signs:

murú (= $muru_2$)

murù (= $muru_3$)

múru (= $muru_4$)

mùru (= $muru_5$)

New values of signs, pronunciations for which no generally accepted index numbers yet exist, are given an "x" subscript, e.g. dax 'side'...

Many signs are polyvalent, that is, they have more than one value or reading...

...

Polyvalency

The most important new development by far was the principle of polyvalency, the association of "many values" with a particular sign, each with its own separate pronunciation. This became a very productive and simple method of generating new logographic values.

apin	'plow'	can also be read	uru_4	'to plow'
			engar	'plowman, farmer'
			àbsin	'furrow'

Determinatives

To help the reader decide which possible value of a polyvalent sign was intended by the writer, the use of determinatives arose. A determinative is one of a limited number of signs which, when placed before or after a sign or group of signs, indicates that the determined object belongs to a particular semantic category, e.g. wooden, reed, copper or bronze objects, or persons, deities, places, etc. Determinatives were still basically optional as late as the Ur III period (7887-7997CT). When Sumerian died as a spoken language, they became obligatory. Determinatives were presumably not to be

pronounced when a text was read, and to show that they are not actually part of a word we transliterate them, in unilingual Sumerian context at least, as superscripts. To use the example of the 'plow' sign above, the polyvalent sign APIN [see 12033] is read

APIN - if preceded by a 'wood' determinative: GIŠAPIN 'plow'

ENGAR - if preceded by a 'person' determinative: ^{LÚ}ENGAR 'plowman'

but URU$_4$ 'to plow' or ÀBSIN 'furrow' elsewhere, depending upon context.

Rebus Writing and Syllabic Values

At some point rebus writings arose, where the sign for an object which could easily be drawn was used to write a homophonous word which could not so easily be depicted, especially an abstract idea. For example, the picture of an arrow, pronounced /ti/, became also the standard sign for ti 'rib' as well as for the verb ti(l) 'to live'. The adoption of the rebus principle was a great innova- tion, but it adds to the difficulty of learning the Sumerian writing system, since meanings of words thus written are divorced entirely from the original basic shapes and meanings of their signs.

...The Sumerian writing system was still in limited use as late as the [100th] cent.; the last known texts are astronomical in nature and can be dated to ca. [10076CT]. The system thus served the needs of Mesopotamian civilizations for a continuous span of over 3200 years – a remarkable achievement in human history.

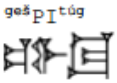
Syllabic Signs

Used in Sumerian primarily to write grammatical elements. They are also commonly used to write words for which there is no proper logogram. Sometimes this phonetic writing is a clue that the word in question is a foreign loanword.

1) The sign ĝeštug is written: PI

2) The sign ĝéštug is written: geš-túgPI

3) The sign ĝèštug is written: gešPItúg



Determinatives

Logograms which may appear before or after words which categorize the latter in a variety of ways. They are orthographic aids and were presumably not pronounced in actual speech. They begin to be used sporadically by the end of the archaic period. While they were probably developed to help a reader chose the desired value of a polyvalent sign, they are often employed obligatorily even when the determined logogram is not polyvalent. For example, while the wood determinative ĝiš may be used before the PA sign to help specify its reading ĝidri 'scepter', rather than, e.g., sìg 'to beat', ĝiš is also used before hašhur 'apple (tree or wood)' even though this sign has no other reading. Other common functions are to help the reader distinguish between homonymous words, e.g. ad 'sound' and ^{giš}AD 'plank' or between different related meanings of a word, e.g. nú 'to sleep' but ^{giš}ĝèšnu (NÚ) 'bed'. The following determinatives are placed BEFORE the words they determine and so are referred to as pre-determinatives:

Determinative	Meaning	Category
I (abbr. ^{m})	one, (item)	personal names (usually male)
lú	man, person	male professions
munus (abbr. ^{f})	woman, female	female names and professions*
diĝir (abbr. ^{d})	god	deities
dug	pot	vessels
gi	reed	reed varieties and objects
ĝiš	tree, wood	trees, woods and wooden objects
i_7 (or id)	watercourse	canals and rivers
kuš	skin	leather hides and objects
mul	star	planets, stars and constellations
na_4	stone	stones and stone objects
šim	aromatic, resin	aromatic substances
túg (or tu_9)	garment	(woolen) garments
ú	grass	grassy plants, herbs, cereals
iri	city	city names (previously read uru)
urudu	copper	copper (and bronze) objects
uzu	flesh	body parts, meat cuts

The following determinatives are placed AFTER the words they determine and so are referred to as post-determinatives:

ki	place	cities and other geographic entities
ku_6	fish	fish, amphibians, crustaceans
mušen	bird	birds, insects, other winged animals
nisi(g)	greens	vegetables (the obsolete reading sar 'garden plot' is still also seen)
zabar	bronze	bronze objects (often combined with the pre-determinative urudu)

..

Sumerian Grammar '2003 (Internet Archive) – Dietz Otto Edzard

uCode query

a-a (aya) [561x] = father

SU_4, SI_4 [184x] = to be red brown

KUSHU / KUŠU, $kuš_2$ [149x] = tired, troubled | cpd

$kuš_2$-a-ni-ta = to be tired

uQQ $kuš_2$ tired + 12000 A cry of woe + 1224C NI come to an end + 122EB TA much

šá=NÍG [syllabary]

peš [67x] thick; give birth - see 12912

Copula

l_3- am_3-me

to be

1224 C	cpd	12228
l_3	am_3	me
time, comes to pass	aux. 12000 A progeny + 1202D deity	to be, is

etcsl.orinst.ox...c625.15.3...

also

1214E
em
to be

psd.museum.upenn.edu/epsd/epsd/e3660.html

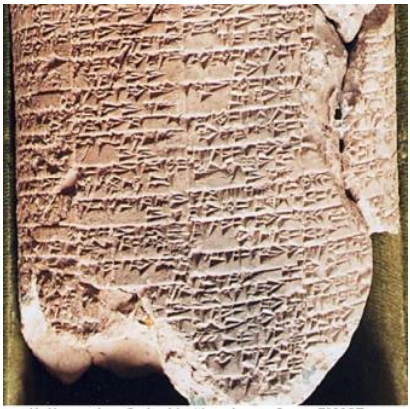
..

[More TruEtym English "I", "am", "me"!]

Tablet Examples

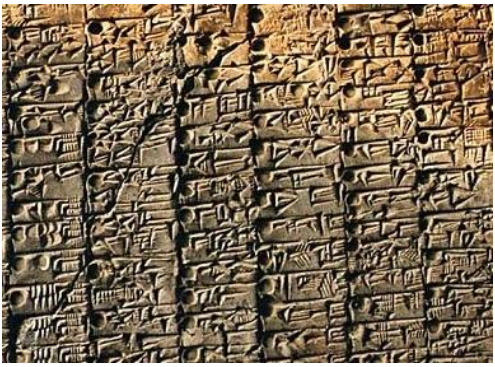
Gilgamesh Flood Tablet
(CDLI)

Ur-Nammu [7954-7971CT] founded the Sumerian 3rd dynasty of Ur, in southern Mesopotamia, following several centuries of Akkadian and Gutian rule... chiefly remembered today for his legal code, The Code of Ur-Nammu, the oldest known law code surviving today. It is written on tablets, in the Sumerian language [c.7900CT | Wik]



Ur-Nammu Law Code oldest laws known Sumer 7900CT
(300 years before Hammurabi code)

schoyencollection.com/music.html (MS 2064)



Earliest record musical instruments 23 types listed
Sumer 7400CT
schoyencollection.com/music.html (MS 2340)

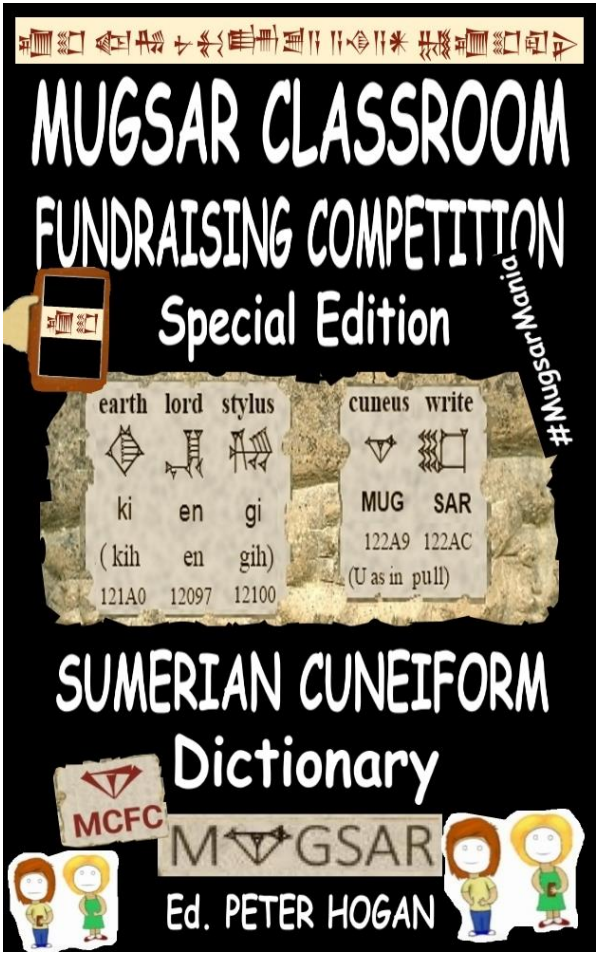
Considering the extent to which Sumerians invent musical instruments and writing about music, makes you wonder when you look at cuneiform like (12156 kuš$_7$ civil servant) about the true origins of the music staff and notes layout [and the bullet point!]

..

Letter to a sister complaining about her stinginess (Lutz 1917 no 15)

Cuneiform Text and the Writing of History
- Marc Van De Mieroop - more

m-Cover



.1000x625.

Bruse Moncreiff

"Who the bleep is Bruse Moncreiff?!" you're thinking. First, this ’23 award:

Mabel Addis a teacher at Katonah Elementary School NY in the '60s, posthumously honored with the Pioneer Award at Game Developers Conference March 22th, ’23 (GDC23)

gdconf.com/news/legendary-game-designers-john-romero-and-mabel-addis-honored-gdca-2023

In ’63 Mabel was 'First Video Game Writer' on the 'The First Video Game - The Sumerian Game', and female to boot.

THE SUMERIAN GAME

The idea of constructing a computer model of the ancient Sumerian civilization and using it for teaching basic economics came from Bruse Moncreiff of IBM

The immediate reason for the choice of the Sumerians was "to protest against the growing tendancy in school curricula to ignore the pre-Greek civilizations, in spite of the growing weight of scholarly evidence as to the important role which this prehistory and early history should play in our understanding of the processes by which our society has come to be what it is.

The instructional version of the game was written by Mrs. Mabel Addis, a fourth grade teacher at the Katonah Elementary

(jpg)

However, not honored with any award is Bruse Moncreiff of UI - IBM, the key-driver behind the project, and more:

👉 The 'First' Computer Operating System ’1956 &

👉 The 'First' Video Game » The Sumerian Game ’1963

The Sumerian Game was then shepherded along by Mabel.

This is an opportunity to take advantage of this award/snub in a way that could be a teaching aids fundraiser and a memorial to Bruse as an education visionary, and the ultimate role model for aspiring girl gamers, likewise challenged boys. By being among the groundbreaking schools to see Bruse's dream belatedly to fruition by incorporating MugsarClassroom Fundraising Competition (MCFC) - a kind of Sumerian quiz game where students get sponsored by family, friends and local businesses - constituting the prize money pool. The goal is to develop it into a kind of 'March Madness'.

Thus, the underlying altruistic goal is to finish what Bruse so valiantly tried to do, alas, only to see the project inexplicably killed off in the late '60s - to move the curriculum back to the pre-Greek civilization that literally founded 'education', indeed the *TruEtym* of the word itself is Sumerian, *edub* 'house of tablets'.

.

Bruse Moncreiff The First Video Game 1963 - The Sumerian Game:

docs.google.com/document/d/11C647yOtdRZl0NtRABiOpQ0accOxKWXLf2ePLSI3CK4/edit?usp=drivesdk

or

tinyurl.com/TheFirstVideoGame1963-Sumerian

#BruseMoncreiff

..

%jjjjnnnn.

MugsarFastNav

MugsarSCD Intro | Dedication | Book Description | Tablet 1 | How to use | Reproduction

MAIN LISTINGS | Major Lemma | MUGSAR QuickFinder

Enheduanna | Wheel Invention

Mugsar 4-Way | Sumerians – Kings of the Earthlings | Sumerians called themselves "black-headed people" | There in the tablets, "black people" are the "city-dwellers" and" rulers of Sumer" | First Professors are Black! | Oldest written love stories | Inanna & 7 Cosmic Powers of Her Loincloth | Gudea Cylinders | ^{d}Nisaba | V. Common Signs

REFERENCE & LINKS | PSD | ETCSL | List of determinatives | Unicode Explorer | CDLI | SignLists | LAK | Civilization Time | Sumer Periods

TruEtym | Proto Language Monosyllables PLM

APPENDIX | Abbreviations/Legend | How to write on clay | Basic Cuneus | Numbers | Vowels | Pronunciation | Syllabary A-Z: Write or tattoo your name in Sumerian! | Foxvog's Basics

/ Grammar | Copula | Tablet Examples | Cover |

Bruse Moncreiff | Additional Annotations

Mugsar Founder

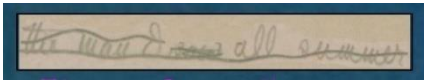
. .

Q48

Book 3: Gatsby

THE GREAT GATSBY CENTENNIAL

F SCOTT FITZGERALD



~~The man I saw all summer~~

A Mugsar *TransG*—> Perspective

Ed. Peter Hogan

12023CT

A MUGSAR PRODUCTION

“NU-MEH!” (“No decorum here!”)
It’s any which way in The Eshdam …is OK…OK by me

Epitaph

It's any-which-way in the Eshdam …is OK…OK by me

"NU-MEH!" ("No decorum here!")
nu = no [TruEtym] 12261 (unicode)
me (pron. meh) = decorum 12228

Sumerian TransG—Brothel
Eshdam Tablet Millennia
Line 18 Col. IX (last chapter & line –
9 chapters just like Gatsby)

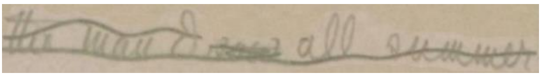
No promise is such a ~~bummer~~.
So you ‘came’, colors of jonquils in your hair,
Chilled by the wind, when bodies are bare
Revealing, ~~the man I saw all summer~~.

To Galasar

To Galasar

(12351-121AA-122AC) 1st recorded TransG— and 1st author to give myth stories the flick, and chronicle everyday life in a way that is literally cinéma vérité – lived in Abu Salabikh Sumer (S. Iraq) Millennia

~~*To*~~



~~*The man I saw all summer*~~

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Preface

Short Description

The Great Gatsby Centennial – A Mugsar TransG—> Perspective: Utilizing the same unsurpassed Mugsar skills to decipher civilization's First Great TransG work on the Sumerian TransG—> Brothel Eshdam Tablet 5 Millennia, we went digging into the pencil drafts, particularly the crossing-outs, to come up with our sensational uncovering—"~~the man I saw all summer~~"—Nick/Fitzgerald is, beyond doubt, TransG.

Background

Been incubating The Great Gatsby Centennial since it was a high school curriculum text, at the same time Robert Redford version came out ('74)—to seeing Toby Maguire who was playing Nick/Fitz ('11) during a break in filming at Fox/Disney Studios. He eerily rolled up with his kids at Beare Park Elizabeth Bay [coincidentally where/when author photo taken] where often took Tara after school–

The Great Gatsby Centennial Ed. Peter Hogan 'Jungian Synchronicity' - author photo taken when used to take Tara to Beare Park Elizabeth Bay after school - Toby Maguire rolled up with his kids during break from playing Nick Carraway at Fox/Disney Studios '2011

–through to absorbing Fitzgerald's *immortality obsession*, encapsulated in Author's Apology* ('20) and the portentous inspiration to Mugsar ('13) '*in the immortality business'* – as it rides the coattails of *C*ivilization *T*ime parallels.

> *I don't want to talk about myself because I'll admit I did that somewhat in this book. In fact, to write it took three months; to conceive it—three minutes; to collect the data in it—all my life. The idea of writing it came on the first of last July: it was a substitute form of dissipation.
>
> My whole theory of writing I can sum up in one sentence: An author ought to write for the youth of his own generation, the critics of the next, and the schoolmasters of ever afterward.
>
> Sincerely, FSF
> May, '20

Layout

Part 1: Introduction – Making Gatsby the Great *TransG* Novel

– just about all the main characters are not what they seem. And featuring two key overlooked contributors, Lester Cowan – film producer/quasi angel investor, and the haunting elegy The Hours by John Peale Bishop – one of the Princeton Three Musketeers, along with Fitz and Bunny Wilson.

Fitz, old sport, being a 'frustrated poet'—if he couldn't make the grade as a 1st-rate poet, he connived a sneaky way through the backdoor by setting out to make The Great Gatsby what is really a long poem. After a rough draft, he noted his method was to go back and add 'cadence'—it bounces along, so literally the whole book is best read aloud (see our LibriVox ref. for an excellent rendition by namesake Scotty Smith).

But first he needed the basics. That's why he, and posterity, is so indebted to D'Invilliers / JPB, enough to feature him in the opening epitaph. And indeed, that's why the Mugsar apotheosis in turn features The Hours.

For as Matthew Bruccoli (the quintessential authority on all-things Fitzgerald) notes: D'Invilliers, was the author of

highbrow poetry in the Lit. world...

> It isn't easy to get started on by yourself. You need at the beginning, some enthusiast who always knows his way around – John Peale Bishop performed that office for me at Princeton. I had always dabbled in 'verse' but he made me see, in the course of couple of months, the difference between poetry and non-poetry.

Part 2: MS Evolution & *Anal*ysis – 'Trimalchio', the early version, was mostly written in the summer of '24 at Villa Marie, Raphael near Cannes. With masterful revision and some key moving sections around in January – February we see how F transformed his draft into a masterpiece.

And some extracts from the best critical analysis pieces over the last 100 years, focusing on the early more insightful 'critics' (player-2 of Fitz's 3-point immortality game-plan — afterall, some do credit him with being the first to promote the Gridiron football platoon system of separate 'OL-D' from avid following of his beloved Princeton Football team – the last thing he was reading when he had the fatal heart attack).

So, we lead off with Early Pro, particularly: Stephen Benet, Glenway Wescott, Malcolm Cowley, Alfred Kazin, Lionel Trilling and a little later Kenneth Eble.

Then Critical *Anal*. really gets down 'n' dirty on the *TransG* level starting with Edward Wasiolek. It's truly baffling that for decades no critics bored in on the pivotal McKee scene confirming TransG—Nick. OK, the first few naive reads, you may miss it. But it became a flashing green light after living in Japan where elevator operators were still in use in big department stores—infamously sitting-ducks for predators. So now it's the Mugsar TransG Perspective – just like we were the first to out-do the tenured $200k professors by deciphering the Eshdam Tablet – 1st ever TransG and everyday life *cinema verite*, we do likewise with Fitzgerald's pencil draft. Particularly, the crossings out of the Nick+McKee scene, and afterward, to decipher for the first time ever, unequivocal

sensational evidence that Nick=Fitzgerald really was TransG, very much so. Talk about closeted author, this really is The Great TransG Novel, for the slight of hand deception, alone

(jump straight to that section, hyperlink or *FastNav*: *g[-]mug*).

For a century Gatsby has been read completely the wrong way—Fitzgerald even stated as much himself from the outset, that to his surprise, nobody has picked up on what this novel is really about.

Also, there are lots of amazing letters, none more so than the moving ones from ailing father Scott (44, Hollywood) to daughter Scottie (19, Vassar) in the last year – he plays it out perfectly all the way to the winter solstice of '40.

In just the right position, because "anything can happen" when there's a War on. And it did. Just as Fitz predicted, tho' a little late – player-1, the youth, the plebeian GIs force another look by the doubting critics, followed by player-3, schoolmasters of ever afterward.

Part 3: Francis Cugat – That Book Cover.

Part 4: Relevant Biography » Immortality at last!

And immortality is the underlying motif or our oeuvre starting with the ominous precursor to Gatsby, through being the first to decipher what may well paradoxically be the true 'G.O.A.T.' work, not just the first *TransG* work—Eshdam Tablet (Amazon).

As a by-product of our preoccupation with CT, we are unashamedly addicted to anniversaries. Not just *a* Centennial, but the 50th Centennial – as the The Eshdam is up around 5,000 years old. We even have a Tetra-Centennial with Shakespeare's First Folio 400th Anniversary '1623 - '2023 Special Edition » Amazon

So, Mugsar being the oldest brand in CT literally *immortalizes* creative genius—and that's what it does with these True Origins books, ex. JPB's The Hours was forgotten. Now? It has a shot.

Abbrev.

November '24: the title is changed to “Trimalchio in West Egg” – thus this October version would later become known as Trimalchio, alluding to the Roman play with similar themes, especially the inhibition*less* parties – distinguishing it from the published book.

Ergo, Trimalchio v The Great Gatsby, but due to the tiring reps we mixed it up with Trim. v Gatsby, or just G, ...& F

..

Main Album: photos.app.goo.gl/f2GfDBoEnvcZL7rN9

Also Nick-McKee-TransG: photos.app.goo.gl/LdK3euWw2ohgM1Je7

Francis Cugat’s preliminary paintings for the book cover: photos.app.goo.gl/icvLHNLYPqfEKSRu5

Home: tinyurl.com/GreatGatsby100

#GreatGatsby100

..

THE GREAT GATSBY

CENTENNIAL

A Mugsar *TransG*—> Perspective

PART 1: MAKING GATSBY THE GREAT *TRANSG* NOVEL

.1.1.lest-c1.

Lester Cowan Film Producer

Firstly, about the forgotten man who made Gatsby great — gave Fitzgerald a second act lifeline, enabling him to start The Last Tycoon, completing enough to require 'fill' » resurrecting The Great Gatsby to enable posthumous publication in '41:

Lester Cowan (b. Akron, 1 April '1906 – d. New York, 21 October '1990) was a critical figure in the history of film as impetus-founder of the Academy Awards/Oscars, especially considering their '1929 – '2029 Centennial, and yet we were snubbed by Wikipedia-Establishment-Editors when we tried to create his page. Just like the Wikipedia pages we created for Susan de Vere (Shakespeare's Daughter First Folio Producer 400th Anniversary '1623 – '2023: Amazon) and Elizabeth Trentham (~ wife) were butchered.

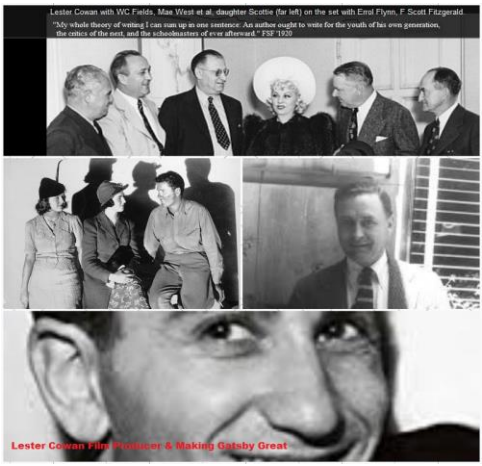
For Cowan, the first message from these prigs is that the entry is rejected outright because Cowan is deemed a nobody, even though he is already shown as a producer on various Wikipedia pages, where some have his name hyperlinked, which is of course a deadlink.

Later, to add insult to injury, another one of them informs that our Cowan entry will be deleted if we don't finish his page, which of course is directly below the rejection message.

To confirm that the spiteful snub is only because the submission is from someone considered uncouth, remembering

Wikipedia holds itself out to be democratic and non-discriminating, there is an Italian Wikipedia page for him.

Anyway, quite simply without Lester Cowan The Great Gatsby may not have become what many regard as the greatest novel of all time. You see when everyone else had given up on him Cowan kept an ailing F Scott Fitzgerald going, not just money, but restoring his self esteem, long enough to write one last novel and position himself ready for apotheosis smack in the middle of WWII. Dead author dynamics kick in. Edmund Wilson publishes forgotten Gatsby with The Last Tycoon (which as usual is really about Fitzgerald not Irving Thalberg – Robert de Niro as FSF in Kazan's '76 film version). Back in focus it gets added to free books available for military GIs – its popularity with these plebes forces a review of Gatsby and the rest is history. But not good enough for wikestabeditors.



Lester Cowan with WC Fields, Mae West et al, daughter Scottie (far left) on the set with Errol Flynn & Fitz.

IMDB

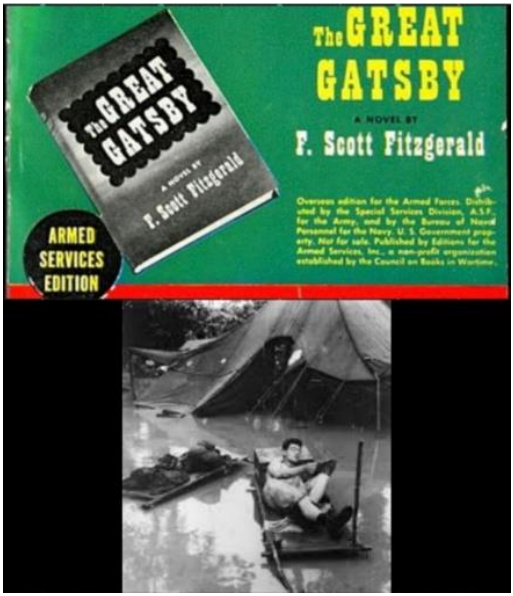
Cowan went to work in '28 for the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, where he wrote a book on the advent of sound films and was critical in the start of the Academy Awards.

Ref.: en.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/User_talk:Mugsar?

Fitzgerald's Hollywood stint has always been treated as a failure by all sides. Yet it made him. The Cowan collaboration (a Gatsby stablemate, Babylon Revisited, gets things going [developed for a waning Shirley Temple, eventually filmed as The Last Time I Saw Paris with Elizabeth Taylor and Van Johnson as FSF]) finally able to slough off the hack scriptwriter pretense, back to novelist – still the definitive work capturing (they thought he was drunk but he was still taking notes) the essence of Hollywood – able to transition with his boots on – pencil in hand, aptly writes his own eulogy — The Last Tycoon/Great Novelist.

.FN » lest c2.

Credit WWII GIs for Resurrecting Gatsby



So Lester Cowan restores his self esteem, long enough to write one last novel and position himself ready for apotheosis smack in the middle of WWII. Dead author dynamics kick in. Bunny Wilson publishes forgotten Gatsby with The Last Tycoon. Back in focus it gets added to free books available for military GIs – its popularity with these uncouth plebes forces a review of Gatsby and the rest is history.

mentalfloss.com/article/62358/how-wwii-saved-great-gatsby-obscurity
npr.org/...how-gatsby-went-from-a-moldering-flop-to-a-great-american-novel
.
it.m.wikipedia.org/wiki/Lester_Cowan
m.imdb.com/name/nm0184597/
nytimes.com/1990/10/23/obituaries/lester-cowan-83-film-producer

G.O.A.T.

From 4th July '1776 it was only natural that someone would produce a strong candidate for The Great American Novel that can stand the test of time, immortality. Sure we can all name some great novels but will they stand up.

You see plenty of criticism of Fitzgerald as an asshole in a time when alcohol and cigarette corporations could saturate advertising without any regulation, in effect murder millions. But even though FSF is portrayed as drunk most of every day, he carted around the world a massive library. Probably 10 times the hours spent reading to actual writing, so it simply wasn't mathematically possible to be that much off his face. Sadly, there has never been unwavering gratitude by those critics and schoolmasters, ‘Thank *The Fates* Fitzgerald did it against the tide, so we don't have the embarrassment of will it ever really be produced’ for American, world even, literature.

Fitzgerald completed the main draft of Gatsby in the summer of '24 at Raphael on the French Riviera. At that very moment Joseph Conrad died aged 66 - the writer from whom he took Heart of Darkness' tight structure and Marlowe narrator style for Gatsby.

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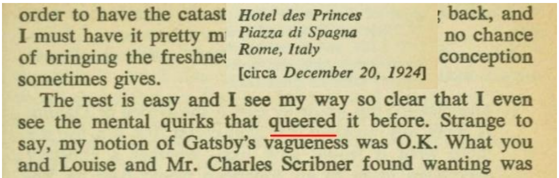
Gatsby The Great *TransG* Novel


order to have the catast I must have it pretty m of bringing the freshne: sometimes gives.

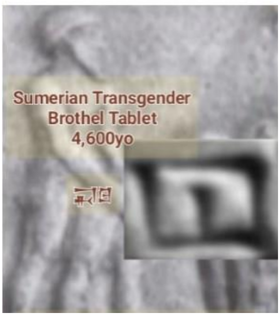
Hotel des Princes
Piazza di Spagna
Rome, Italy
[circa *December 20, 1924*]

back, and no chance conception

The rest is easy and I see my way so clear that I even see the mental quirks that queered it before. Strange to say, my notion of Gatsby's vagueness was O.K. What you and Louise and Mr. Charles Scribner found wanting was

"...I even see the mental quirks that queered it…"
(FSF letter 20xii24)

His "intricately patterned" masterpiece is still being deciphered, few seem to focus on FSF-Nick-Gatsby as a latter day TransG— work, with eerie connections to the very first one, The Eshdam millennia ago, ultimately exemplified by crossing-out parts like "~~undressed~~" and "~~the man I saw all summer~~" [*FastNav*: *g[-]mug*] in the pencil draft of the scene in McKee's apartment after the Myrtle party scene, and his letters to his editor Max Perkins [*FN* max p] worrying about what can get by the censors. Remember living in Japan where they still had elevator operators that were always being molested, so as soon as I read the elevator boy familiar with McKee saying "Get your hand off the lever" that F was sending another signal of what was coming.



#sumerian #transgender #sexual #anthropology #mugsar

Punchline: **It's any-which-way in The Eshdam**

As for Gatsby the Great, even Alexander the Great was TransG, he always had Bagaos back in the royal tent, Gatsby

always kept Klipspringer in his mansion. As for F, he was a mummy's boy (just like his Hemingway who was dressed as a girl with long hair until he was 10, and coaxed his female relationships to have short boyish haircuts, his posthumously published TransG novel – 'The Garden of Eden' – that he had been grappling with for decades).

And there was the typical pedophile priest, Sigourney Fay, F was his favorite boy, who really brought off dressing up in drag for school plays. He even named Daisy after him, making her more of a surrogate. It's not just that it turns out that it's the likely G.O.A.T., but ironically, it's also the Great TransG Novel. With F ever the perspicacious chronicler of archetypal motifs exposing the folly of thinking you can easily separate sapiens into TransG and straights.

The truth turns out to be that F, from the start planned a TransG coming out novel. And duly started writing one, as per his pencil drafts. Then "looking over what I have written so far" he knew to get it passed the hypocritical puritan censors of the times, he had gone too far, and had to start the crossing-outs.

F Scott Fitzgerald definitely had a female side

And that forced him even more towards an "intricately layered" inferred underbelly, resulting in the marvel of compression. Following the quantum big-bang power structure of Conrad Heart of Darkness.

The subtle, but masterful difference is that being a frustrated poet, he made Gatsby into a long narrative poem. It bounces along, and is best read aloud. F said himself in Tycoon notes that after drafting he went back and not just standard polishing, he used the words adding 'cadence' *a la* his other hero Keats.

..

Always, he had to keep a focus on the overall goal, and make adjustments to the strategy for achieving it, depending on the conditions as things played out. Particularly, his health condition. Have a nervous breakdown – use it to produce the Crack-Up, ultimately a positive with Bunny's editing in '45.

Likewise, with the permanent damage done by alcohol and nicotine addiction. It made it easy to transition at 44, at the start of WWII, and not have to finish Tycoon—if it's not finished you can't be torn to pieces by critics. Being too short to publish by itself Bunny has to dust off Gatsby to pad things up for the trade. And then just like F laid out in his Author's Apology, [belatedly] "the youth of your generation" – the GIs, the plebes, trigger the resurrection.

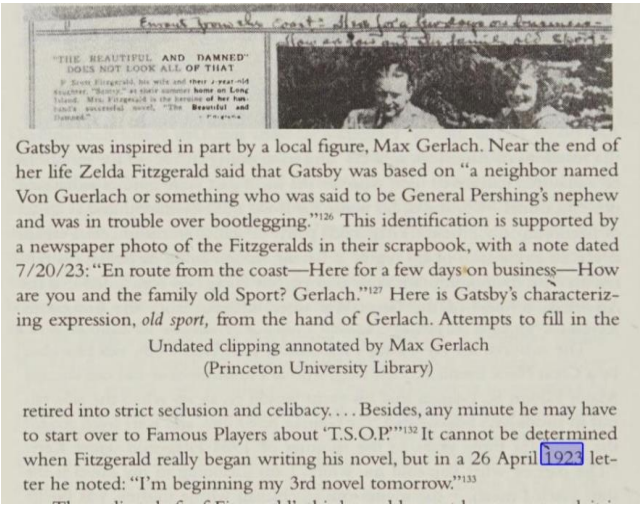
In a way like the 'negative capability' that he always employed from Keats, given what those greedy corporates had done to his body he could well have been inclined to speed up the process, a kind of euthenasia that would be officially recorded as a fatal heart attack…

So, Gatsby was not only meant by F to be the great American novel, albeit a book-poem. It is also meant to be the ultimate 'vehicle' for the author's immortality (just as the sapien bodybag is nothing but a vehicle for the brain riding on top). F studied immortality—he admitted half joking/serious to being a "literary thief" from Keats to Conrad (he got the news of his death during the writing of Gatsby in Raphael in the summer of '24, making it something of a memorial to Conrad, and a ritual passing of the baton).

F faked constant drunkenness – allowing him to to focus on being the observer, to pickup useful lines, every step was premeditated to achieving that one goal, immortality… it just emphasizes that he knew it was better not to finish The Last Tycoon and face the usual ignorant hostile critics, and that the first prerequisite for a renaissance was to be a dead artist—euthanasia/suicide to be recorded as a heart attack would have been easy. All the telltale signs point to him being that obsessed with the goal.

.-.

In The Beginning...



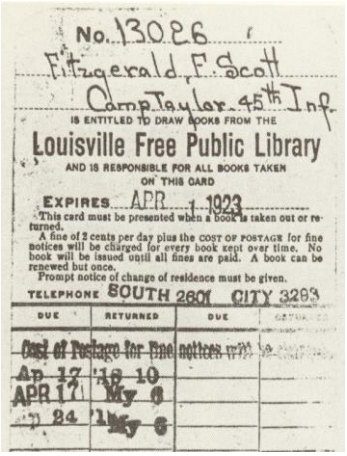
"THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED" DOES NOT LOOK ALL OF THAT

Gatsby was inspired in part by a local figure, Max Gerlach. Near the end of her life Zelda Fitzgerald said that Gatsby was based on "a neighbor named Von Guerlach or something who was said to be General Pershing's nephew and was in trouble over bootlegging."[126] This identification is supported by a newspaper photo of the Fitzgeralds in their scrapbook, with a note dated 7/20/23: "En route from the coast—Here for a few days on business—How are you and the family old Sport? Gerlach."[127] Here is Gatsby's characterizing expression, *old sport*, from the hand of Gerlach. Attempts to fill in the

Undated clipping annotated by Max Gerlach
(Princeton University Library)

retired into strict seclusion and celibacy. . . . Besides, any minute he may have to start over to Famous Players about 'T.S.O.P.'"[132] It cannot be determined when Fitzgerald really began writing his novel, but in a 26 April 1923 letter he noted: "I'm beginning my 3rd novel tomorrow."[133]

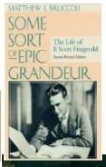
The Centennial may have begun in '23, but really begins earlier,



with Conrad's works...

THE GREAT GATSBY CENTENNIAL

FITZGERALD / CONRAD '1923-24



M♡GSAR

In September 1922 the Fitzgeralds left the baby in St. Paul while they went house-hunting in New York. They met John Dos Passos and took him along to look at houses in Great Neck, Long Island, where they called on Ring Lardner, who was helplessly drunk. There

by all the producers who had read it. For $300 a month the Fitzgeralds rented a small house at 6 Gateway Drive in Great Neck which Zelda described as a "nifty little Babbit-home."[168] About fifteen miles from the city, on the Long Island Sound side or North Shore of Long Island, Great Neck was favored by show business types. Among the residents

poem he sent her, probably in 1923:

Of all the girls for whom I care,
And there are quite a number,
None can compare with Zelda Sayre,
Now wedded to a plumber.[106]

Fitzgerald and Lardner had liquor in common—Lardner was an alcoholic—and they spent nights talking and drinking. When Joseph

Conrad was visiting the Doubleday estate at Oyster Bay, Long Island, they decided to pay homage to him by performing a dance on the lawn; the anticipated meeting did not occur because the two votaries of Bacchus and Terpsichore were thrown off the property for trespassing.

nothing is known about its plot. At this time he was forsaking the English quest novelists for American realists and naturalists, and studying the technique of Joseph Conrad. His new literary enthusiasms were shaped partly by Mencken. Fitzgerald admitted to Perkins in February 1920: "Another of my discoveries is H. L. Menken who is certainly a factor in present day literature. In fact I'm not so cocksure about things as I was last summer—this fellow Conrad seems to be pretty good after all."[50]

Eerily not long after Joseph Conrad's May '1923 visit to Long Island he dies August 3 '1924 aged 66 while Fitzgerald is writing Gatsby

Well, I shall write a novel better than any novel ever written in America and become par excellence the best second-rater in the world.[143]

The "summer Riviera," as it was called, was unfashionable because the Riviera was then a winter resort; the hotel was populated by elderly English invalids. The Fitzgeralds rented the elegant Villa Marie in Valescure, 2.5 kilometers above St. Raphaël, for $79 a month and bought a Renault for $750. The English nanny, Lillian Maddock, was paid $26 a month; and the cook and maid received $16 and $13 a month. Still, the Riviera was not as cheap as the Fitzgeralds expected because the servants and the local merchants took advantage of them. As always, a good deal of money was spent in restaurants and cafés.

Fitzgerald worked steadily on his novel, interrupting it to write an account of life on the Riviera, "How to Live on Practically Nothing a

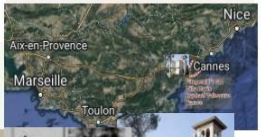
Villa Marie, Valescure
St. Raphael, France
[ca. August 25, 1924]

Dear Max:

1. The novel will be done next week. That doesn't mean however that it'll reach America before October 1st. as Zelda and I are contemplating a careful revision after a weeks complete rest.

6 For Christs sake don't give anyone that jacket you're saving for me. I've written it into the book.†

7 I think my novel is about the best American novel ever written. It is rough stuff in places, runs only to about 50,000 words & I hope you won't shy at it



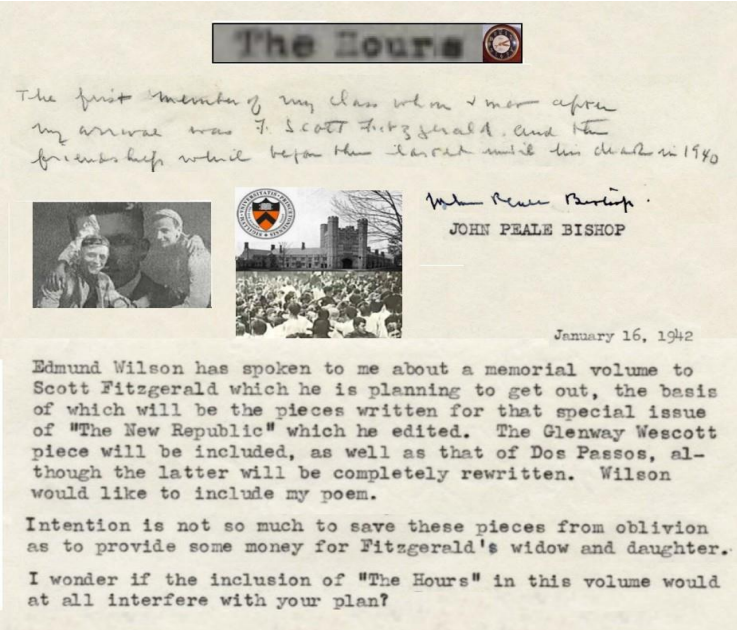
to leave her husband. Fitzgerald's *Ledger* notes "The Big crisis—13th of July." He later reported that when Zelda asked him for a divorce he demanded a confrontation with Jozan, which the aviator avoided.* Fitzgerald persuaded Zelda to drop her divorce plans, and in August he was able to write in his *Ledger*: "Zelda and I close together." He later wrote in his *Notebooks*: "That September 1924, I knew something had happened that could never be repaired."[148] Whether or not Zelda

(((jpg)))

THE HOURS

A New Mugsar *TransG*—> Perspective

– a shot at making it more accessible to the average reader.



The Hours

The first member of my class whom & now after my arrival was F. Scott Fitzgerald. And the friendship which began then lasted until his death in 1940

John Peale Bishop.

JOHN PEALE BISHOP

January 16, 1942

Edmund Wilson has spoken to me about a memorial volume to Scott Fitzgerald which he is planning to get out, the basis of which will be the pieces written for that special issue of "The New Republic" which he edited. The Glenway Wescott piece will be included, as well as that of Dos Passos, although the latter will be completely rewritten. Wilson would like to include my poem.

Intention is not so much to save these pieces from oblivion as to provide some money for Fitzgerald's widow and daughter.

I wonder if the inclusion of "The Hours" in this volume would at all interfere with your plan?

An elegy to FSF by John Peale Bishop

At 3 o'clock in the morning cures don't work—
and in a real dark night of the self it is always
3 o'clock in the morning, day after day.
—F Scott Fitzgerald, The Crack-Up

s1 %s s-1 s#{spc}

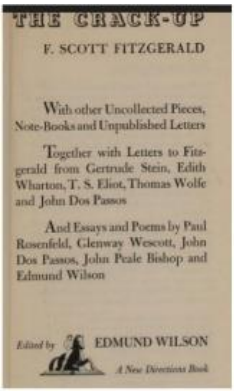
All day, knowing you checked*[out]*
I have sat in this long-windowed room,
Looking upon the sea and, dismayed
By mortal sadness, thought without thought to resume
Those hours which you and I have known—
Hours when youth like an insurgent sun
Showered ambition on an aimless air,
Hours foreboding disillusion,
Hours which now there is none to share.
Since you are gone, I live them all alone. {10}

s2

A day like any day. Though any day now
We expect nirvana. The sky is overcast,
And shuddering cold as snow the shoreward blast.
And in the marsh, like a sea astray, now
Waters brim. This is the moment when the sea
Being most full of motion seems motionless. {6/16}

s3

Land-sea are merged. The marsh is gone. And my distress
Is at the flood. All but the dunes are drowned.
And brimming with memory I have found
All hours we ever knew, but have not found
The key. I cannot find the lost key
To the magic closet you as a wild child hid. {6/22}


THE CRACK-UP

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

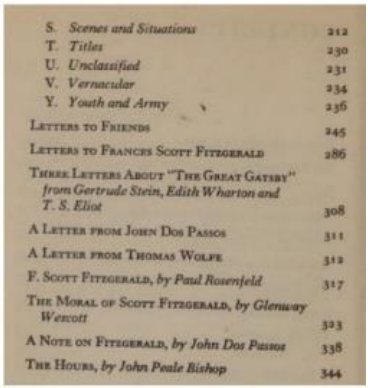
With other Uncollected Pieces, Note-Books and Unpublished Letters

Together with Letters to Fitzgerald from Gertrude Stein, Edith Wharton, T. S. Eliot, Thomas Wolfe and John Dos Passos

And Essays and Poems by Paul Rosenfeld, Glenway Wescott, John Dos Passos, John Peale Bishop and Edmund Wilson

Edited by EDMUND WILSON

A New Directions Book



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s4

I think of all you did
And all you might have done, before undone
By *The Crack-Up*, the undoing of despair.
No promise is such a ~~bummer~~.
So you 'came', colors of jonquils in your hair,
Chilled by the wind, when bodies are bare
Revealing, ~~the man I saw all summer~~.

{» Epitaph *FN* » *epi[-]t* | man 239 #tmisas | 7/29}

s5

None had such promise then, and none
Your scathing wit or your disarming grace;
For you were bold as was Danaë's son,
Conceived like Perseus in a dream of gold.
And there was none when you were young, not one,
So prompt in the reflecting shield to trace
The glittering aspect of a Gorgon age. {7/36}

s6

Despair no love, no fortune could assuage…
Was it a fault in your intricate mold
That tired of society's hold,
The failure of all passion in mid-course?
You shrank from nothing as from solitude,
Lacking the still assurance, and pursued
Beyond the drunken party by remorse. {7/43}

s7

Was it that having shaped your stare upon
The severed head of time, upheld and blind,
Upheld by the stained hair,
And seen the blood upon that sightless stare,
You looked and were made one
With the strained horror of what you find?
You looked, and were not turned to stone. {7/50}

s8

You have outlasted the nocturnal terror,
The head hanging in the hanging mirror,
The hour haunted by a harrowing face.
Now you are comfortably numb at last. And that disgrace
You wrought in countless dives we don't see.
Instead devolution of your legacy. {6/56}

s9

I have lived with you the hour of your humiliation.
I have seen you turn upon the others in the night
And of sad self-loathing
Concealing nothing
Heard you cry: 'I am screwed. But you are vegetating!'
And you had that right
For *The Beautiful and [their] Damnation*. {7/63}

s10

I have lived with you some hours of the night,
The late hour
When the lights lower,
The later hour
When the lights go out,
And no dissipation about. {6/69}

s11

Hour of the outcast and the outworn whore,
That is past three and not yet four—
When the grim reaper waits beyond the door
And demands the same sad guiltiness as before,
The hour of utter destitution
When the self knows the horror
Of its loss, and knows the world too poor
For restitution. {8/77}

s12

Past three o'clock,
And not yet four—
When not pity, pride,
Or being brave,
Thinking good fortune, friends that rave,
Or of drug avails, for all has been tried,
And nothing works to save
The self from recognition of its slide.
The hour of self-judgement is always four o'clock.
It is always four o'clock for the stiff upper-lipped. {10/87}

s13

Having heard the lonely word that you had skipped,
All day I have lingered in this lofty room,
Locked in the light of sea and gloom,
And thought, at cost of writing-hours, to illume
The Hours that you and I have known,
Hours our parting does not condemn, nor love condone.
{6/93}

s14

And I have seen the sea-light set the tide
In constant repetition as gulls glide.
And waves crash making land slide,
Shores receding, exposing reality.
Crabs scurry, glimmering cliffs erode,
Pounding waves on dunes and road. {6/99}

s15

Drowned dreams of illusive immortality—
Useless mastery, now the dark brings finality.
Yes, the dark has come. I cannot shelter your bays,
For here the bays are exposed. Like the narrative
Of lost fame, the leaves this sea-wind frays.
Why should I promise what I cannot give? {6/105}

s16

For I cannot restore Jimmy Gatz
Or resurrect Jay Gats*[by*]*
(*So that you can write
"I want to be extravagantly admired again!";)
Dark, dark. But the shore here has habitual light.
Fitz! I leave you to your eternal night!

{4/109 *FN* » [s]16b}

.JPB '41.

s[1] %[2'h's]• s[2] • s[3] • s[4] • s[5] • s[6] • s[7] • s[8] •
s[9] • s[10] • s[11] • s[12] • s[13] • s[14] • s[15] • s[16] •

The Hours – Summary

Note: To *FN* to a specific stanza s# [to differentiate: s[#{spc}]

s[1] • All day, knowing you... {10 lines}

s[2] • A day like... {6}

s[3] • Land-sea… {6}

s[4] • I think of all you did… {7}

No promise...

s[5] • None had such… {7}

s[6] • Despair no love… {7}

s[7] • Was it that having… {7}

s[8] • You have outlasted… {6}

s[9] • I have lived with you the hour… {7}

s[10] • I have lived with you some hours… {6}

s[11] • Hour of… {8}

s[12] • Past three o'clock… {10}

s[13] • Having heard… {6}

s[14] • And I have seen… {6}

s[15] • Drowned dreams… {6}

s[16] • For I… {4}

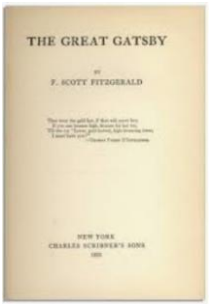
{Tot. 109 | see also tinyurl.com/G100-HoursNotes (docs)}
Dear John: The poem gets better with every reading. It is very, very fine—one of your best... the main problem is the repetitions ...but I see no problem why you can't fix them up without sacrificing anything essential ...I think s[3] and 4 ought to be transposed, though this would lose the carried-over rhyme, 'hid-did'. – Tate to JPB 22i41
Dear Allen: ...your comment on the elegy. Your objections are made almost always at the same points that Bunny made his ...If there is only time enough I feel confident I can eradicate the weak passages...The last two sections I had not been able to go over until I was at all satisfied with them. In fact, they were little more than just drafts. – JPB to Tate 24i41

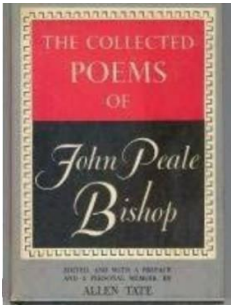
.

cf. lithub.com/read-ezra-pounds-extensive-revisions-to-t-s-eliots-the-waste-land

John Peale Bishop ('1892-'1944) Princeton trio with FSF ('1896-'1940) & Bunny Wilson ('1895-'1972), editor of the Nassau Literary Magazine, 2 years army WWI, model for poet Thomas Parke D'Invilliers – The Great Gatsby opening epigraph.

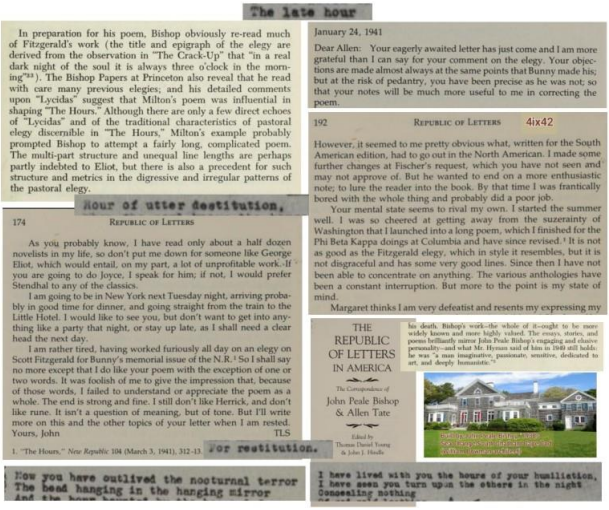
> JPB Robert L White (critic, b.'1928. UKentucky '66; The Hours pp152-160): Amazon
> An Artist's Estate – William Arrowsmith, Hudson Review ('49): jstor
> The Huntsmen Are Up In America – Leslie A Fiedler ('67): commentary.org
> Typed letter & resume: G-Drive-Mugsar (not OneDrive-SDV)
> JPB by Jim Surkamp, Pt.1: youtu.be/1JQ4zlAm24o | Pt.2: youtu.be/G3SWuqKmM9k



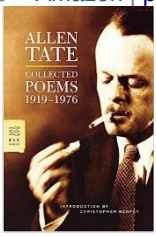


The Hours YouTube: youtu.be/f2ALEOnudTg

The Hours album: photos.app.goo.gl/LCng6AfjxrfDRPRdA



The Republic of Letters in America – The Correspondence of John Peale Bishop & Allen Tate » Amazon | pdf



TO: John Peale Bishop *ALS, 5 pp. Princeton University*
April 1925

American Express Co.
Rome, Italy.

Dear John:

Your letter was perfect. It told us everything we wanted to know and the same day I read your article (very nice too) in Van. Fair about cherching the past. But you disappointed me with the quality of some of it (the news)—for instance that Bunnys play failed, that Townsend has got the swelled-head and that you + Margaret find life dull and depressing there. We want to come back but we want to come back with money saved and so far we havn't saved any—tho I'm one novel ahead and book of pretty good (seven) short stories. I've done about 10 pieces of horrible junk in the last year tho that I can never republish or bear to look at—cheap and without the spontaneity of my first work. But the novel Im sure of. Its marvellous

We're just back from Capri where I sat up (tell Bunny) half the night talking to my old idol Compton Mackenzie. Perhaps you met him. I found him cordial, attractive and pleasantly mundane. You get no sense from him that feels his work has gone to pieces. He's not pompous about his present output. I think he's just tired. The war wrecked him as it did Wells and many of that generation.

To show how well you guessed the gossip I wanted we were wondering King at the same time once in those palmy days.

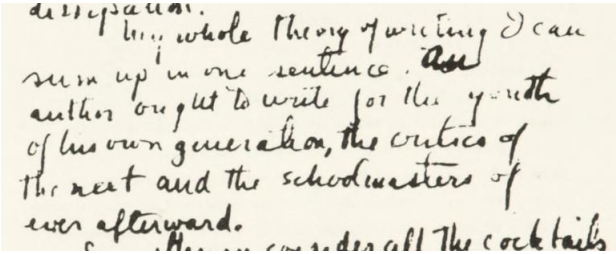
The cheerfulest things in my life are first Zelda and second the hope that my book has something extradordinary about it. I want to be extravagantly admired again. Zelda and I sometimes indulge in terrible four day rows that always start with a drinking party but we're still enormously in love and about the only truly happily married people I know.

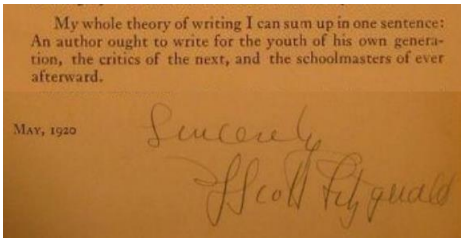
Our Very Best To Margaret
Please Write!
Scott

a-a

[… the schoolmasters of ever afterward]

Author's Apology




My whole theory of writing I can sum up in one sentence: An author ought to write for the youth of his own generation, the critics of the next, and the schoolmasters of ever afterward.

May, 1920

Sincerely
F. Scott Fitzgerald

JPB article ‘America Becomes *Past* Conscious’ Feb. '25 Vanity Fair mentioned in above highlighted FSF letter to him of Apr. '25.

America seems suddenly to have become conscious—proud—of its past. Everywhere there are signs that we are delving into our early history: focusing our attention on things we feel to be really indigenous.

This is made evident by the extraordinary success of recent movies, novels, plays, poems, paintings, prints and furnishings which are distinctly American (most of them early American) in theme and treatment.

This consciousness of our past has perhaps found its finest expression in the gift of the new American wing to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. Contrary to the belief of the directors of the museum, who expected nothing more than to interest the few who were already interested, the new wing has almost doubled the daily attendance at the museum and made it a crowded and extremely popular institution. In the thousands who visit it daily, eloquent testimony is borne to our new feeling for sources, to the sentiment "that blood is thicker than water", to that special wisdom which might be called being "native wise".

The rooms in this great wing which were brought from old Connecticut farmhouses, from the early and more pretentious taverns and country mansions of the South, from the old dwellings of the well-to-do gentry of the middle colonies…

PDF: JPB Vanity Fair Feb ’25

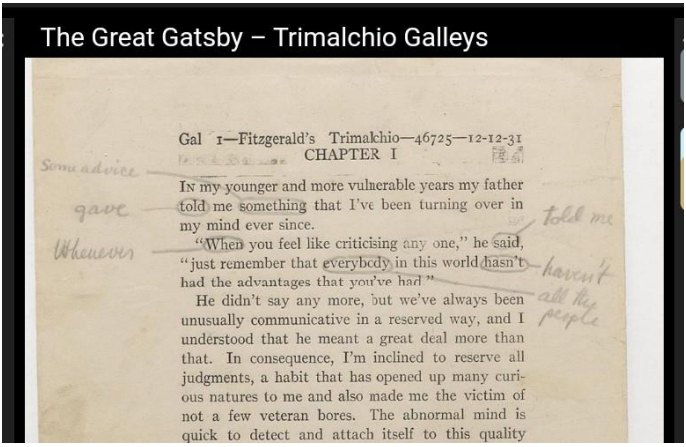
Main Reference Links

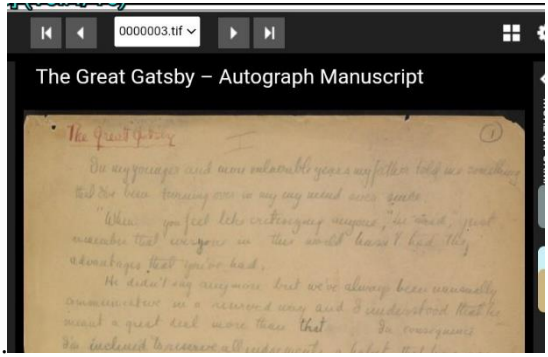
Princeton University LIBRARY awing by

The Great Gatsby – Autograph Manuscript, circa 1924-1925

The Great Gatsby – Corrected First Edition, 1925 May

The Great Gatsby – Trimalchio Galleys, circa 1924-1925





- Princeton University Library [somewhat ironic, as for a long time Princeton rejected Fitz's Papers deriding him as a dropout bum who didn't even graduate (cf. a Princeton news release {FastNav: *prin[-]ms*} where he is now miraculously fully Class of '17 to cash in on the Baz Luhrmann film ('13) and this was still the attitude in the late '40s when the apotheosis was in full swing, ex. GIs effect ('45), 2nd Gatsby film ('49), Mizener's first biography on the way – see below Scottie's scathing reaction, in the end she gave them the already valuable and exceptionally copious Papers, *FREE* – and now Princeton thinks they have the right to put restrictions on usage, not to mention the $millions free publicity Princeton gets thru the monumental studious efforts of the unappreciated Fitz]

  F Scott Fitzgerald Digital Collection:
  1. Autograph MS:
  princeton.edu/catalog/C0187_c00019
  [Rather surprising with Princeton's $zil. endowment there's still no indexing, transcript or search option, you have to wade thru difficult to read pencil script, much of it crossed-out, so not really accessible at all to the average Fitzgerald enthusiast. No doubt that's why

no $200k tenured professor has found our #tmisas {*FN*: man 239} sensational uncovering, until impoverished and uncouth Mugsar came along applying unsurpassed Sumerian Tablet deciphering skills. Like the unheralded impact of those fellow plebes, WWII GIs, if the elites were left to their old boys club ways and rules, the true Fitzgerald/Gatsby fans would never know the truth – a kind of FitzGate-sby scandal.]

2. Trimalchio Galleys: princeton.edu/catalog/C0187_c00022
3. Scrapbook: princeton.edu/catalog/C0187_c03402

%p.1.4.sco-prin.

FSF Papers to Princeton Saga

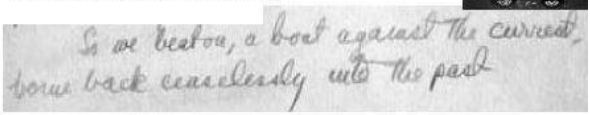
In the end given *FREE* by Scottie Fitzgerald – Matthew Bruccoli. Princeton Library Chronicle vol 1 No 1 '88 » pdf

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY
LIBRARY CHRONICLE
AUTUMN 1988

Where They Belong: The Acquisition of the F. Scott Fitzgerald Papers
by Matthew J. Bruccoli

At his death in December 1940 Fitzgerald left a small insurance policy and less than $1,000 in cash and possessions. The commonplace remark that he died with his books out of print is untrue. The truth is sadder: All nine of his titles were available, but they weren't selling. Scribner's still had copies of the 1925 second printing of *The Great Gatsby* in the warehouse. His last royalty check in 1940 was for $13.13 for 40 copies. ... reminded tartly that Princeton was not a charitable institution, nor was its library established to support ... 'second-rate, Midwest hacks' just because they happened to have been lucky enough to have attended Princeton-

The $750 offer from Princeton...



At this time daughter Frances Scott (known as Scottie) wrote Biggs executor bequeathing to him "my iron bed + text books, not to be sold or disposed of or loaned to friends, and an income of twenty cents and four mills every two and a third weeks until you are sixty, at which time you are to recieve my tommy gun and straight backed chair and a trust fund yielding 44 cents a year providing you eat your brocoli every Tuesday."

http://libweb5.princeton.edu/visual_materials/pulc/pulc_v_50_n_1.pdf

» FNav: info ms

- F Scott Fitzgerald: Amazon
- Matthew J Bruccoli ('1931 - '2008) biography, letters, development: Amazon

- James L West – Trimalchio: Amazon
- An excellent reading of the book by Scotty Smith [we intend to get him to do our Amazon Audible!]: LibriVox | Internet Archive

THE GREAT GATSBY

CENTENNIAL

PART 2: MS EVOLUTION & *ANAL*YSIS

Ch1 | EnterDaisy

Is Gatsby dead? You don't mention it.
Has it reached 25,000?
I hardly dare to hope so.

..

To: Ludlow Fowler (Newman School & Princeton classmate)

Aug. '24
Villa Marie Valescure
Raphael France

Dear Lud

...My novel is finished and I'm doing the last revision of it. We've had a quiet summer and are moving on in the fall either to Paris or Italy.

...That's the whole burden of this novel—the loss of those illusions that give such color to the world so that you don't care whether things are true or false as long as they partake of the magical glory.

..

To: Max Perkins

Apr. 10 ’1925
en route to Paris

Dear Max

My book comes out today and I’m overcome with fears and forebodings.

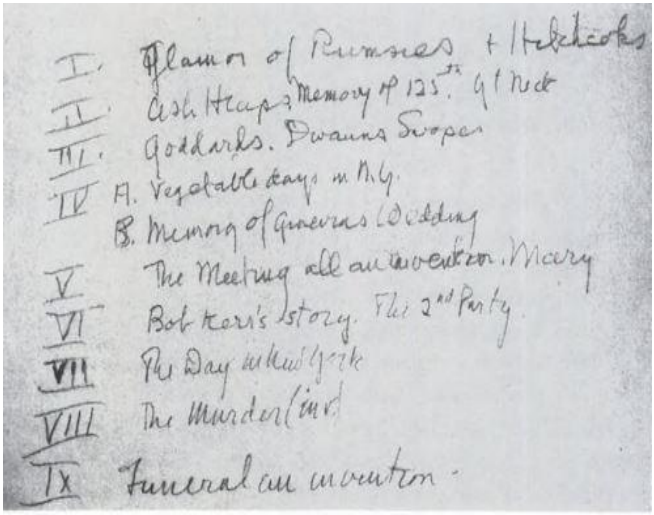
Supposing women didn’t like the book because it has no important women in it, and critics didn’t like it because it dealt with the rich...

In fact my confidence is gone...

I’m sick of the book myself – I wrote it over at least 5 times and I still feel that what should be the strong scene (in the Hotel) is hurried and ineffective. Also the last chapter, the burial, Gatsby’s father etc is faulty.

It’s too bad because the first 5 chapters and parts of the 7th and 8th are the best things I’ve ever done.

..



Chapter Evolution

I. Glamor of Rumsies [sculptor/polo players Charles Rumsey+wife Westbury LongIs estate] + Hitchcoks

II. Ash Heaps. Memory of 125th. Gt Neck

III. Goddard's. Dwanns Swopes

IV. A. Vegetable days in N.Y.

B. Memory of Ginevras Wedding

V. The meeting all an invention. Mary

VI. Bob Kerr's story. The 2nd Party.

VII. The Day in New York

VIII. The Murder (inv.)

IX. Funeral an invention

[From F's note on backpage of Man's Hope by Andre Malraux '38, more details Pt4 » *FN: ch s*]

Structure Evolution

Note: absence of *MS Ch IV » extra III & VI no IX —stretches to 9 book chapters » makes G+D Reunion exact center.*

MS Chapter I: 1-2, insert, 3-19, 19½•, 20-26, insert, (27-29), 30, (31-32), 33-37 [37 pages total].* Corresponds to galleys 1-7 and to *book ChI*.

MS II: 38-62. Corresponds to galleys 12-19 and to *book Ch III* – Gatsby's first party.

MS III: 63-65, insert, 66-67, insert, 68-85, canceled page, 86-90 [31 total]. Corresponds to galleys 19-25 and to *book Ch IV* – Nick's trip to New York with Gatsby.

MS III: 1-6, insert, 7-29. Corresponds to galleys 7-12 and to *book Ch II* – Myrtle's party | Nick+McKee.

MS V: 1-12, 12½•, 13-14, insert, 15-17 [19 total]. Corresponds to galleys 25-30 and to *book Ch V* – Gatsby's Reunion with Daisy [made to be exact book center].

* *Insert* designates an unnumbered page; (27-29) designates a page so numbered by Fitzgerald to indicate that it replaces pages 27, 28, and 29.

MS VI: 97-112. Corresponds to galleys 30-34 and to *book Ch VI* – Gatsby's second party.

MS VI: 1-16, 113-115, 117, insert, 118, 109-116, 131½•, 132-134, 134½•, 135-137, 137½•, 138-139, 139½•, 140, 140½•, 28-29, 23, 31-40 [57 total]. Corresponds to galleys 34-45 and to *book Ch VII* – Manhattan Hotel Showdown » death of Myrtle.

MS VII: 1-22 . Corresponds to galleys 45-51 and to *book Ch VIII* – Gatsby's murder.

MS VIII: 23-32, [33], 34-45. Corresponds to galleys 51-57 and *to book Ch IX*.

MS Fragment: Opening of Chapter III (*book Ch IV*) – the guest list: 5 unnumbered pages.

..

Did you know?

Originally, she was called Ada, then Daisy Machin (Zelda mother's maiden name). Then as F went more TransG she became Daisy Fay. Named after a priest Sigourney Fay ('1875-'1919) who clearly had an irregular relationship with him:

"Our letters are not at all what they ought to be... we ought always to think of the possibility of ... publishing" – Sigourney Fay to F, Oct. 18 '1918.

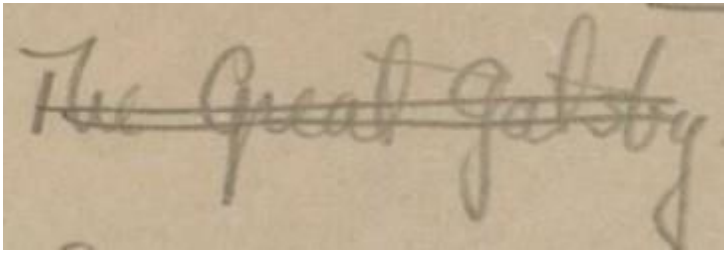
> Passionate Discretion: Fitzgerald in the Unpublished Correspondence of Sigourney Fay et al ('12) – MG Froehlich

F was near suicidal on news of Fay's death at 44, the same age F found fit.

And a 'Dud' became a 'Nick' [» *FastNav:* Dud{-}Nick] the new star of the show. After Zelda's affair during the main writing (Jul. '24) F takes it out on Gatsby/Jozan, now totally wrecking his dream – from Daisy 'packs her bags' to sucker, as Tom/F gets even for 'causing a row in my house'. Also, in the early version Ada and Dud had a previous romance, and there were more similarities to Willa Cather's A Lost Lady. Enough for F to send her a letter to assuage apparent plagiarism. IAE, he went more Conrad's Heart of Darkness—"Mr Kurtz/Gatz? He dead". After their paths almost acrossing in Long Island, May '23, eerily Conrad died, right smack in the middle of that main writing. And so the change from omniscient narrator to Marlow/Nick/F's unreliable version of events. No need for any assuaging letter.

> (In contrast, he named his loser character George Wilson after Princeton cohort Edmund 'Bunny' Wilson, who was always dismissive of Fitz. Particularly, in the early apotheosis period Wilson, a critic and failed novelist, could never understand how he was becoming so famous.)

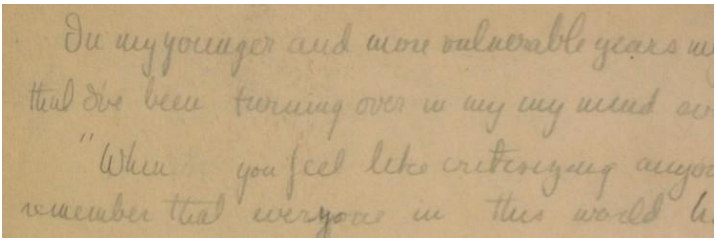
'1974 film just happens to come out when Petey is doing for high school matric



.Ch-1.bk-1 | TOC | *FN*

I. Glamor of Rumsies + Hitchcok

Go to FastNav 3'n's (end of doc) for 9-Ch summary.
Book ch1 & 2 are similar MS/Trimalchio, except for moving Trim. *ch1 end.* (*Dutch sailors*) to *book end*.



In my younger and more vulnerable years my father gave me some advice that I've been turning over ever since.

"Whenever you feel like criticizing any one," he told me, "just remember that all the people in this world haven't had the advantages that you've had."

He didn't say any more, but we've always been unusually communicative in a reserved way, and I understood that he meant a great deal more than that. In consequence, I'm inclined to reserve all judgments, a habit that has opened up many curious natures to me and also made me the victim of not a few veteran bores. The abnormal is quick to detect and attach itself to this quality when it appears in a normal person, and so it came about that in college I was unjustly accused of being a politician, because I was privy to the secret griefs of wild,

unknown men. Most of the confidences were unsought—frequently I have feigned sleep, preoccupation, or a hostile levity when I realized by some unmistakable sign that an intimate revelation was quivering on the horizon; for the intimate revelations of young men, or at least the terms in 📖2 which they express them, are usually plagiaristic and marred by obvious suppressions. Reserving judgments is a matter of infinite hope. I am still a little afraid of missing something if I forget that, as my father snobbishly suggested, and I snobbishly repeat, a sense of the fundamental decencies is parcelled out unequally at birth.

And, after boasting this way of my tolerance, I come to the admission that it has a limit. Conduct may be founded on the hard rock or the wet marshes, but after a certain point I don't care what it's founded on. When I came back from the East last autumn I felt that I wanted the world to be in uniform and at a sort of moral attention forever; I wanted no more riotous excursions with privileged glimpses into the human heart. Only Gatsby, the man who gives his name to this book, was exempt from my reaction--Gatsby, who represented everything for which I have an unaffected scorn. If personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, then there was something gorgeous about him, some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life, as if he were related to one of those intricate machines that register earthquakes ten thousand miles away. This responsiveness had nothing to do with that flabby impressionability which is dignified under the name of the "creative temperament."—it was an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person and which it is not likely I shall ever find again. No—Gatsby turned out all right at the end; it is what preyed on Gatsby, what foul dust floated in the wake of his dreams that temporarily closed out my interest in the abortive sorrows and *short-winded* {unjustified Trim.} elations of men.

ch1.bk-3. (Trim-6)

My family have been *prominent* {substantial - Trim.}, well-to-

do people in this Middle Western city for three generations. The Carraways are something of a clan, and we have a tradition that we're descended from the Dukes of Buccleuch, but the actual founder of my line was my grandfather's brother, who came here in ’51, sent a substitute to the Civil War, and started the wholesale hardware business that my father carries on to-day. I never saw this great-uncle, but I'm supposed to look like him—with special reference to the rather hard-boiled painting that hangs in father's office. I graduated from New Haven in 1915 [b.'92=23yo], just a quarter of a century after my father, and a little later I participated in that delayed Teutonic migration known as the Great War. enjoyed the counter-raid so thoroughly that I came back restless. Instead of being the warm centre of the world, the Middle West now seemed like the ragged edge of the universe—so I decided to go East and learn the bond business. Everybody I knew was in the bond business, so I supposed it could support one more single man. All my aunts and uncles talked it over as if they were choosing a prep school for me, and finally said, "Why—ye—es," with very grave, hesitant faces. Father agreed to finance me for a year, and after various delays I came East, permanently, I thought, in the spring of ’22.

The practical thing was to find rooms in the city, but it was a warm season, and I had just left a country of wide lawns and friendly trees, so when a young man at the office suggested that we take a house together in a commuting town, it sounded like a great idea. He found the house, a weather-beaten cardboard bungalow at 80 a month, but at the last minute the firm ordered him to Washington, and I went out to the country alone. I had a dog—at least I had him for a few days until he ran away—and an old Dodge and a Finnish woman, who made my bed and cooked breakfast and muttered Finnish wisdom to herself over the electric stove.

It was lonely for a day or so until one morning some man, more recently arrived than I, stopped me on the road.

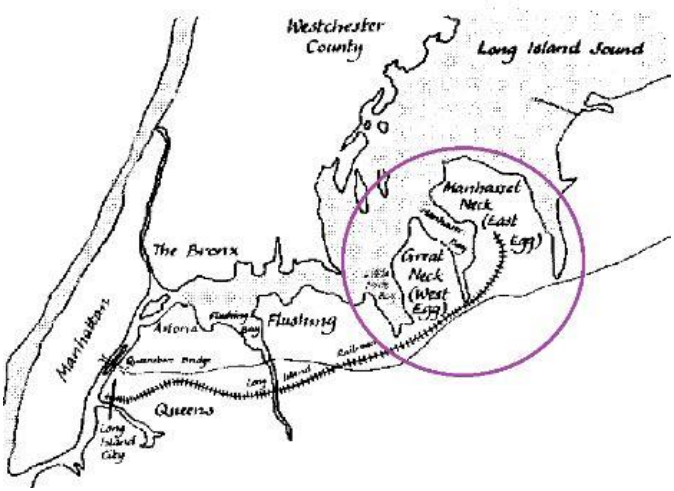
"How do you get to West Egg village?" he asked helplessly.

I told him. And as I walked on I was lonely no longer. I was a guide, a pathfinder, an original settler. He had casually conferred on me the freedom of the neighborhood.

And so with the sunshine and the great bursts of leaves growing on the trees, just as things grow in fast movies, I had that familiar conviction that life was beginning over again with the summer.

There was so much to read, for one thing, and so much fine health to be pulled down out of the young breath-giving air. I bought a dozen volumes on banking and credit and investment securities, and they stood on my shelf in red and gold like new money from the mint, promising to unfold the shining secrets that only Midas and Morgan and Maecenas knew. And I had the high intention of reading many other books besides. I was rather literary in college—one year I wrote a series of very solemn and obvious editorials for the "Yale News."—and now I was going to bring back all such things into my life and become again that most limited of all specialists, the "well-rounded man." This isn't just an epigram—life is much more successfully looked at from a single window, after all.

It was a matter of chance that I should have rented a house in one of the strangest communities in North America. It was on that slender riotous island which extends itself due east of New York—and where there are, among other natural curiosities, two unusual formations of land. Twenty miles from the city a pair of enormous eggs, identical in contour and separated only by a courtesy bay, jut out into the most domesticated body of salt water in the Western hemisphere, the great wet barnyard of Long Island Sound. they are not perfect ovals—like the egg in the Columbus story, they are both crushed flat at the contact end—but their physical resemblance must be a source of perpetual confusion to the gulls that fly overhead. To the wingless a more arresting phenomenon is their dissimilarity in every particular except shape and size.



I lived at West Egg, the—well, the less fashionable of the two, though this is a most superficial tag to express the bizarre and not a little sinister contrast between them. My house was at the very tip of the egg, only 50 yards from the Sound, and squeezed between two huge places that rented for twelve or fifteen thousand a season. The one on my right was a colossal affair by any standard—it was a factual imitation of some Hotel de Ville in Normandy, with a tower on one side, spanking new under a thin beard of raw ivy, and a marble swimming pool, and more than forty acres of lawn and garden. It was Gatsby's mansion. Or, rather, as I didn't know Mr. Gatsby, it was a mansion inhabited by a gentleman of that name. My own house was an eyesore, but it was a small eyesore, and it had been overlooked, so I had a view of the water, a partial view of my neighbor's lawn, and the consoling proximity of millionaires—all for eighty dollars a month.

Enter Daisy

Across the courtesy bay the white palaces of fashionable East Egg glittered along the water, and the history of the summer really begins on the evening I drove over there to have dinner with the Tom Buchanans. Daisy was my second cousin once removed, and I'd known Tom in college. And just after the war I spent two days with them in Chicago.

Her husband, among various physical accomplishments, had been one of the most powerful ends that ever played football at New Haven – a national figure in a way, one of those men who reach such an acute limited excellence at twenty-one that everything afterward savors of anti-climax. His family were enormously wealthy – even in college his freedom with money was a matter for reproach – but now he'd left Chicago and come East in a fashion that rather took your breath away: for instance, he'd brought down a string of polo ponies from Lake Forest. It was hard to realize that a man in my own generation was wealthy enough to do that.

..

ch1 reworking » .why-east.

Why they came East I don't know – perhaps for the same reason I did, searching among unfamiliar surroundings for that vague lost stimulus of the war. Everybody knew Tom Buchanan, of course, east and west, and they had lived almost everywhere for a while, at least everywhere horses are ridden and polo is played in a fashionable sense. And for a little while for no particular reason, except perhaps the recurrent fascination of the war, they

[F stopped, crossed out all of the above and started again:]

Why they came east I don't know - perhaps they too were searching among unfamiliar surroundings for that vague lost stimulus of war. They had spent a year in France, for no particular reason and they drifted here and there unrestfully wherever horses were ridden in the fashionable sense and polo was played and people were rich together.

[Line drawn through in MS. Finally in book reduced to:]

Why they came East I don't know. They had spent a year in France for no particular reason, and then drifted here and there unrestfully wherever people played polo and were rich together.

..

Why they came East I don't know. {– perhaps for the same reason I did, searching among unfamiliar surroundings for that vague lost

stimulus of the war. [See also *FN » facs budd*] They had spent a year in France for no particular reason, and then drifted here and there unrestfully wherever people played polo and were rich together. This was a permanent move, said Daisy over the telephone, but I didn't believe it—I had no sight into Daisy's heart, but I felt that Tom would drift on forever seeking, a little wistfully, for the dramatic turbulence of some irrecoverable football game.

And so it happened that on a warm windy evening I drove over to East Egg to see two old friends whom I scarcely knew at all. Their house was even more elaborate than I expected, a cheerful red-and-white Georgian Colonial mansion, overlooking the bay. The lawn started at the beach and ran toward the front door for a quarter of a mile, jumping over sun-dials and brick walks and burning gardens—finally when it reached the house drifting up the side in bright vines as though from the momentum of its run. The front was broken by a line of French windows, glowing now with reflected gold and wide open to the warm windy afternoon, and Tom Buchanan in riding clothes was standing with his legs apart on the front porch.

He had changed since his New Haven years. Now he was a sturdy straw-haired man of thirty with a rather hard mouth and a supercilious manner. Two shining arrogant eyes had established dominance over his face and gave him the appearance of always leaning aggressively forward. Not even the effeminate swank of his riding clothes could hide the enormous power of that body—he seemed to fill those glistening boots until he strained the top lacing, and you could see a great pack of muscle shifting when his shoulder moved under his thin coat. It was a body capable of enormous leverage—a cruel body.

His speaking voice, a gruff husky tenor, added to the impression of fractiousness he conveyed. There was a touch of paternal contempt in it, even toward people he liked—and there were men at New Haven who had hated his guts.

"Now, don't think my opinion on these matters is final," he seemed to say, "just because I'm stronger and more of a man than you are." We were in the same senior society, and while we were never intimate I always had the impression that he approved of me and wanted me to like him with some harsh, defiant wistfulness of his own.

We talked for a few minutes on the sunny porch.

"I've got a nice place here," he said, his eyes flashing about restlessly.

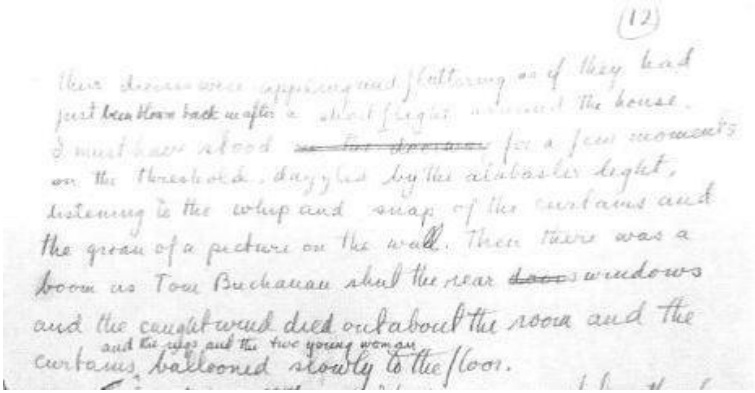
Turning me around by one arm, he moved a broad flat hand along the front vista, including in its sweep a sunken Italian garden, a half acre of deep, pungent roses, and a snub-nosed motor-boat that bumped the tide offshore.

"It belonged to Demaine, the oil man." He turned me around again, politely and abruptly. "We'll go inside."

We walked through a high hallway into a bright rosy-colored space, fragilely bound into the house by French windows at either end. The windows were ajar and gleaming white against the fresh grass outside that seemed to grow a little way into the house. A breeze blew through the room, blew curtains in at one end and out the other like pale flags, twisting them up toward the frosted wedding-cake of the ceiling, and then rippled over the wine-colored rug, making a shadow on it as wind does on the sea.

ch1.MS-12. (holog jpg)

The only completely stationary object in the room was an enormous couch on which two young women were buoyed up as though upon an anchored balloon. They were both in white, and their dresses were rippling and fluttering as if they had just been blown back in after a short flight around the house. I must have stood for a few moments << on the threshold, dazzled by the alabaster light [typo missed line] >> listening to the whip and snap of the curtains and the groan of a picture on the wall. Then there was a boom as Tom Buchanan shut the rear windows and the caught wind died out about the room, and the curtains and the rugs and the two young women ballooned slowly to the floor.



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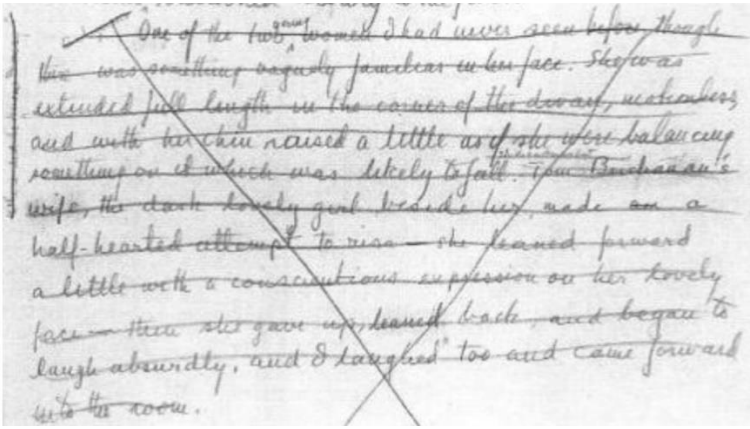


The younger of the two was a stranger to me. She was extended full length at her end of the divan, completely motionless, and with her chin raised a little, as if she were balancing something on it which was quite likely to fall. If she saw me out of the corner of her eyes she gave no hint of it—indeed, I was almost surprised into murmuring an apology for having disturbed her by coming in.

Ada/Daisy (Lois Wilson '26 Film)

[cf. Ada Fuller Hogan b.'1892 Kiama d. '1950 Byron Bay]

The other girl, Daisy, [Trim: the ***dark*** lovely girl beside her] made an attempt to rise—she leaned slightly forward with a conscientious expression—then she laughed, an absurd, charming little laugh, and I laughed too and came forward into the room.

ch1.bk-11

"I'm p-paralyzed with happiness." She laughed again, as if she said something very witty, and held my hand for a moment, looking up into my face, promising that there was no one in the world she so much wanted to see. That was a way

she had. She hinted in a murmur that the surname of the balancing girl was Baker. (I've heard it said that Daisy's murmur was only to make people lean toward her; an irrelevant criticism that made it no less charming.)

At any rate, Miss Baker's lips fluttered, she nodded at me almost imperceptibly, and then quickly tipped her head back again—the object she was balancing had obviously tottered a little and given her something of a fright. Again a sort of apology arose to my lips. Almost any exhibition of complete self-sufficiency draws a stunned tribute from me.

I looked back at my cousin, who began to ask me questions in her low, thrilling voice. It was the kind of voice that the ear follows up and down, as if each speech is an arrangement of notes that will never be played again. Her face was sad and lovely with bright things in it, bright eyes and a bright passionate mouth, but there was an excitement in her voice that men who had cared for her found difficult to forget: a singing compulsion, a whispered "Listen," a promise that she had done gay, exciting things just a while since and that there were gay, exciting things hovering in the next hour.

I told her how I had stopped off in Chicago for a day on my way East, and how a dozen people had sent their love through me.

"Do they miss me?" she cried ecstatically.

"The whole town is desolate. All the cars have the left rear wheel painted black as a mourning wreath, and there's a persistent wail all night along the north shore."

"How gorgeous! Let's go back, Tom. To-morrow!" Then

she added irrelevantly: "You ought to see the baby."

"I'd like to."

"She's asleep. She's three years old. Haven't you ever seen her?"

"Never."

"Well, you ought to see her. She's——"

Tom Buchanan, who had been hovering restlessly about the room, stopped and rested his hand on my shoulder.

"What you doing, Nick?"

"I'm a bond man."

"Who with?"

I told him.

"Never heard of them," he remarked decisively.

This annoyed me.

"You will," I answered shortly. "You will if you stay in the East."

"Oh, I'll stay in the East, don't you worry," he said, glancing at Daisy and then back at me, as if he were alert for something more. "I'd be a god damned fool to live anywhere else."

At this point Miss Baker said: "Absolutely!" with such suddenness that I started—it was the first word she uttered since I came into the room. Evidently it surprised her as much as it did me, for she yawned and with a series of rapid, deft movements stood up into the room.

"I'm stiff," she complained, "I've been lying on that sofa for as long as I can remember."

"Don't look at me," Daisy retorted, "I've been trying to get you to New York all afternoon."

"No, thanks," said Miss Baker to the four cocktails just in from the pantry, "I'm absolutely in training."

Her host looked at her incredulously.

"You are!" He took down his drink as if it were a drop in the bottom of a glass. "How you ever get anything done is beyond me."

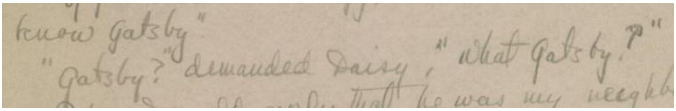
I looked at Miss Baker, wondering what it was she "got done." I enjoyed looking at her. She was a slender, small-breasted girl, with an erect carriage, which she accentuated by throwing her body backward at the shoulders like a young cadet. Her gray sun-strained eyes looked back at me with polite reciprocal curiosity out of a wan, charming, discontented face. It occurred to me now that I had seen her, or a picture of her, somewhere before.

"You live in West Egg," she remarked contemptuously. "I know somebody there."

"I don't know a single——"

"You must know Gatsby."

"Gatsby?" demanded Daisy. "What Gatsby?"



Before I could reply that he was my neighbor dinner was announced; wedging his tense arm imperatively under mine, Tom Buchanan compelled me from the room as though he were moving a checker to another square.

Slenderly, languidly, their hands set lightly on their hips, the two young women preceded us out onto a rosy-colored porch, open toward the sunset, where four candles flickered on the table in the diminished wind.

"Why CANDLES?" objected Daisy, frowning. She snapped them out with her fingers. "In two weeks it'll be the longest day in the year." [now c. June 7] She looked at us all radiantly. "Do you always watch for the longest day of the year and then miss it? I always watch for the longest day in the year and then miss it."

"We ought to plan something," yawned Miss Baker, sitting down at the table as if she were getting into bed.

"All right," said Daisy. "What'll we plan?" She turned to me helplessly: "What do people plan?"

Before I could answer her eyes fastened with an awed expression on her little finger.

"Look!" she complained; "I hurt it."

We all looked—the knuckle was black and blue.

"You did it, Tom," she said accusingly. "I know you didn't mean to, but you DID do it. That's what I get for marrying a brute of a man, a great, big, hulking physical specimen of a——"

"I hate that word hulking," objected Tom crossly, "even in kidding."

"Hulking," insisted Daisy.

Sometimes she and Miss Baker talked at once, unobtrusively and with a bantering inconsequence that was never quite chatter, that was as cool as their white dresses and their impersonal eyes in the absence of all desire. They were here, and they accepted Tom and me, making only a polite pleasant effort to entertain or to be entertained. They knew that presently dinner would be over and a little later the evening too would be over and casually put away. It was sharply different from the West, where an evening was hurried from phase to phase toward its close, in a continually disappointed anticipation or else in sheer nervous dread of the moment

itself.

"You make me feel uncivilized, Daisy," I confessed on my second glass of corky but rather impressive claret. "Can't you talk about crops or something?"

I meant nothing in particular by this remark, but it was taken up in an unexpected way.

"Civilization's going to pieces," broke out Tom violently. "I've gotten to be a terrible pessimist about things. Have you read 'The Rise of the Colored Empires' by this man Goddard?"

"Why, no," I answered, rather surprised by his tone.

"Well, it's a fine book, and everybody ought to read it. The idea is if we don't look out the white race will be—will be utterly submerged. It's all scientific stuff; it's been proved."

"Tom's getting very profound," said Daisy, with an expression of unthoughtful sadness. "He reads deep books with long words in them. What was that word we——"

"Well, these books are all scientific," insisted Tom, glancing at her impatiently. "This fellow has worked out the whole thing. It's up to us, who are the dominant race, to watch out or these other races will have control of things."

"We've got to beat them down," whispered Daisy, winking ferociously toward the fervent sun.

"You ought to live in California—" began Miss Baker, but Tom interrupted her by shifting heavily in his chair.

"This idea is that we're Nordics. I am, and you are, and you are, and——" After an infinitesimal hesitation he included Daisy with a slight nod, and she winked at me again. "—And we've produced all the things that go to make civilization—oh, science and art, and all that. Do you see?"

There was something pathetic in his concentration, as if his complacency, more acute than of old, was not enough to him any more. When, almost immediately, the telephone rang inside and the butler left the porch Daisy seized upon the

momentary interruption and leaned toward me.

"I'll tell you a family secret," she whispered enthusiastically. "It's about the butler's nose. Do you want to hear about the butler's nose?"

"That's why I came over to-night."

"Well, he wasn't always a butler; he used to be the silver polisher for some people in New York that had a silver service for two hundred people. He had to polish it from morning till night, until finally it began to affect his nose——"

"Things went from bad to worse," suggested Miss Baker.

"Yes. Things went from bad to worse, until finally he had to give up his position."

For a moment the last sunshine fell with romantic affection upon her glowing face; her voice compelled me forward breathlessly as I listened—then the glow faded, each light deserting her with lingering regret, like children leaving a pleasant street at dusk.

The butler came back and murmured something close to Tom's ear, whereupon Tom frowned, pushed back his chair, and without a word went inside. As if his absence quickened something within her, Daisy leaned forward again, her voice glowing and singing.

"I love to see you at my table, Nick. You remind me of a—of a rose, an absolute rose. Doesn't he?" She turned to Miss Baker for confirmation: "An absolute rose?"

This was untrue. I am not even faintly like a rose. She was only extemporizing, but a stirring warmth flowed from her, as if her heart was trying to come out to you concealed in one of those breathless, thrilling words. Then suddenly she threw her napkin on the table and excused herself and went into the house.

Miss Baker and I exchanged a short glance consciously devoid of meaning. I was about to speak when she sat up

alertly and said "Sh!" in a warning voice. A subdued impassioned murmur was audible in the room beyond, and Miss Baker leaned forward unashamed, trying to hear. The murmur trembled on the verge of coherence, sank down, mounted excitedly, and then ceased altogether.

"This Mr. Gatsby you spoke of is my neighbor—" I said.

"Don't talk. I want to hear what happens."

"Is something happening?" I inquired innocently.

"You mean to say you don't know?" said Miss Baker, honestly surprised. "I thought everybody knew."

"I don't."

"Why—" she said hesitantly, "Tom's got some woman in New York."

"Got some woman?" I repeated blankly.

Miss Baker nodded.

"She might have the decency not to telephone him at dinner time. Don't you think?"

Almost before I had grasped her meaning there was the flutter of a dress and the crunch of leather boots, and Tom and Daisy were back at the table.

"It couldn't be helped!" cried Daisy with tense gaiety.

She sat down, glanced searchingly at Miss Baker and then at me, and continued: "I looked outdoors for a minute, and it's very romantic outdoors. There's a bird on the lawn that I think must be a nightingale come over on the Cunard or White Star Line. He's singing away——" Her voice sang: "It's romantic, isn't it, Tom?"

"Very romantic," he said, and then miserably to me: "If it's light enough after dinner, I want to take you down to the stables."

The telephone rang inside, startlingly, and as Daisy shook

her head decisively at Tom the subject of the stables, in fact all subjects, vanished into air. Among the broken fragments of the last five minutes at table I remember the candles being lit again, pointlessly, and I was conscious of wanting to look squarely at every one, and yet to avoid all eyes. I couldn't guess what Daisy and Tom were thinking, but I doubt if even Miss Baker, who seemed to have mastered a certain hardy scepticism, was able utterly to put this fifth guest's shrill metallic urgency out of mind. To a certain temperament the situation might have seemed intriguing—my own instinct was to telephone immediately for the police.

The horses, needless to say, were not mentioned again. Tom and Miss Baker, with several feet of twilight between them, strolled back into the library, as if to a vigil beside a perfectly tangible body, while, trying to look pleasantly interested and a little deaf, I followed Daisy around a chain of connecting verandas to the porch in front. In its deep gloom we sat down side by side on a wicker settee.

Daisy took her face in her hands as if feeling its lovely shape, and her eyes moved gradually out into the velvet dusk. I saw that turbulent emotions possessed her, so I asked what I thought would be some sedative questions about her little girl.

"We don't know each other very well, Nick," she said suddenly. "Even if we are cousins. You didn't come to my wedding."

"I wasn't back from the war."

"That's true." She hesitated. "Well, I've had a very bad time, Nick, and I'm pretty cynical about everything."

Evidently she had reason to be. I waited but she didn't say any more, and after a moment I returned rather feebly to the subject of her daughter.

ch1.bk-21

21"I suppose she talks, and—eats, and everything."

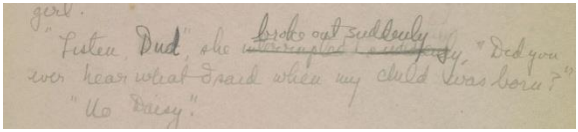
"Oh, yes." She looked at me absently. "Listen, Nick; let me

tell you what I said when she was born. Would you like to hear?"

"Very much."

"It'll show you how I've gotten to feel about—things. Well, she was less than an hour old and Tom was god knows where. I woke up out of the ether with an utterly abandoned feeling, and asked the nurse right away if it was a boy or a girl. She told me it was a girl, and so I turned my head away and wept. 'all right,' I said, 'I'm glad it's a girl. And I hope she'll be a fool—that's the best thing a girl can be in this world, a beautiful little fool."

.Dud-Nick.



"You see I think everything's terrible anyhow," she went on in a convinced way. "Everybody thinks so—the most advanced people. And I KNOW. I've been everywhere and seen everything and done everything." Her eyes flashed around her in a defiant way, rather like Tom's, and she laughed with thrilling scorn. "Sophisticated—god, I'm sophisticated!"

The instant her voice broke off, ceasing to compel my attention, my belief, I felt the basic insincerity of what she had said. It made me uneasy, as though the whole evening had been a trick of some sort to exact a contributory emotion from me. I waited, and sure enough, in a moment she looked at me with an absolute smirk on her lovely face, as if she had asserted her membership in a rather distinguished secret society to which she and Tom belonged.

Inside, the crimson room bloomed with light.

Tom and Miss Baker sat at either end of the long couch and she read aloud to him from the SATURDAY EVENING POST—the words, murmurous and uninflected, running together in a soothing tune. The lamp-light, bright on his boots and dull on the autumn-leaf yellow of her hair, glinted along the paper as

she turned a page with a flutter of slender muscles in her arms.

When we came in she held us silent for a moment with a lifted hand.

"To be continued," she said, tossing the magazine on the table, "in our very next issue."

Her body asserted itself with a restless movement of her knee, and she stood up.

"Ten o'clock," she remarked, apparently finding the time on the ceiling. "Time for this good girl to go to bed."

"Jordan's going to play in the tournament to-morrow," explained Daisy, "over at lay."

"Oh—you're Jordan BAKER."

I knew now why her face was familiar—its pleasing contemptuous expression had looked out at me from many rotogravure pictures of the sporting life at Asheville and Hot Springs and Palm Beach. I had heard some story of her too, a critical, unpleasant story, but what it was I had forgotten long ago.

"Good night," she said softly. "Wake me at eight, won't you."

"If you'll get up."

"I will. Good night, Mr. Carraway. See you anon."

"Of course you will," confirmed Daisy. "In fact I think I'll arrange a marriage. Come over often, Nick, and I'll sort of—oh—fling you together. You know— lock you up accidentally in linen closets and push you out to sea in a boat, and all that sort of thing——"

"Good night," called Miss Baker from the stairs. "I haven't heard a word."

"She's a nice girl," said Tom after a moment. "They oughtn't to let her run around the country this way."

"Who oughtn't to?" inquired Daisy coldly.

"Her family."

"Her family is one aunt about a thousand years old. Besides, Nick's going to look after her, aren't you, Nick? She's going to spend lots of week-ends out here this summer. I think the home influence will be very good for her."

Daisy and Tom looked at each other for a moment in silence.

"Is she from New York?" I asked quickly.

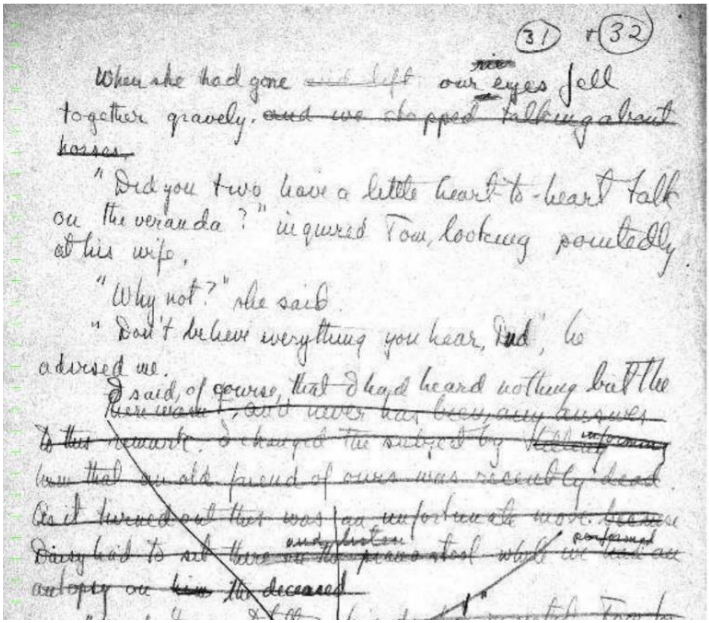
"From Louisville. Our white girlhood was passed together there. Our beautiful white——"

"Did you give Nick a little heart to heart talk on the veranda?" demanded Tom suddenly.

"Did I?" She looked at me.

"I can't seem to remember, but I think we talked about the Nordic race. Yes, I'm sure we did. It sort of crept up on us and first thing you know——"

"Don't believe everything you hear, Nick {Dud}," he advised me.



I said lightly that I had heard nothing at all, and a few minutes later I got up to go home. They came to the door with me and stood side by side in a cheerful square of light. As I started my motor Daisy peremptorily called: "Wait!"

"I forgot to ask you something, and it's important. We heard you were engaged to a girl out West."

"That's right," corroborated Tom kindly. "We heard that you were engaged."

"It's libel. I'm too poor."

"But we heard it," insisted Daisy, surprising me by opening up again in a flower-like way. "We heard it from three people, so it must be true."

Of course I knew what they were referring to, but I wasn't even vaguely engaged. The fact that gossip had published the banns was one of the reasons I had come East. You can't stop going with an old friend on account of rumors, and on the other hand I had no intention of being rumored into marriage.

Their interest rather touched me and made them less

remotely rich – nevertheless, I was confused and a little disgusted as I drove away. It seemed to me that the thing for Daisy to do was to rush out of the house, child in arms—but apparently there were no such intentions in her head. As for Tom, the fact that he "had some woman in New York." was really less surprising than that he had been depressed by a book. Something was making him nibble at the edge of stale ideas as if his sturdy physical egotism no longer nourished his peremptory heart.

Already it was deep summer on roadhouse roofs and in front of wayside garages, where new red gas-pumps sat out in pools of light, and when I reached my estate at West Egg I ran the car under its shed and sat for a while on an abandoned grass roller in the yard. The wind had blown off, leaving a loud, bright night, with wings beating in the trees and a persistent organ sound as the full bellows of the earth blew the frogs full of life. The silhouette of a moving cat wavered across the moonlight, and turning my head to watch it, I saw that I was not alone—50 feet away a figure had emerged from the shadow of my neighbor's mansion and was standing with his hands in his pockets regarding the silver pepper of the stars. Something in his leisurely movements and the secure position of his feet upon the lawn suggested that it was Mr. Gatsby himself, come out to determine what share was his of our local heavens.

The green light ch1 end

I decided to call to him. Miss Baker had mentioned him at dinner, and that would do for an introduction. But I didn't call to him, for he gave a sudden intimation that he was content to be alone—he stretched out his arms toward the dark water in a curious way, and, far as I was from him, I could have sworn he was trembling. Involuntarily I glanced seaward—and distinguished nothing except a single green light, minute and far away, that might have been the end of a dock. When I looked once more for Gatsby he had vanished, and I was alone again in the unquiet darkness.

.ch1-end.

MS Ch1 pp 37-38 – Dutch Sailors

[reworked & moved to *.ch9 end.* cf. *big mov.* » jpg]

The sense of being in an unfamiliar place deepened on me and as the moon rose higher the unessential houses seemed to melt away until I was aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a fresh green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the very trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams—for a transitory and enchanted moment man must have held his breath in this presence of this continent, compelled into anaesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

And as I sat there brooding on the old unknown world I too held my breath and waited, until I could feel the motion of America as it turned through the hours—my own blue lawn and the tall incandescent city on the water and beyond that the dark fields of the republic rolling on under the night.

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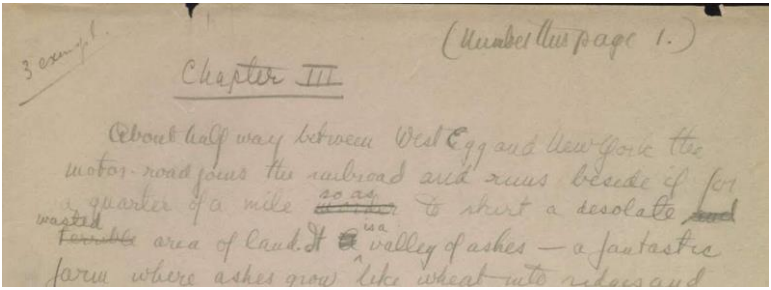
.Ch-2.

Trim-Ch3 was moved to Book Ch2 – magnifies suspense keeps Gatsby offstage, and math. positions 'The Reunion' to exact novel ctr. @ Ch5

II. Ash Heaps. Memory of 125th. Gt Neck



About half way between West Egg and New York the motor road hastily joins the railroad and runs beside it for a quarter of a mile, so as to shrink away from a certain desolate area of land. This is a valley of ashes—a fantastic farm where ashes grow like wheat into ridges and hills and grotesque gardens; where ashes take the forms of houses and chimneys and rising smoke and, finally, with a transcendent effort, of men who move dimly and already crumbling through the powdery air. Occasionally a line of gray cars crawls along an invisible track, gives out a ghastly creak, and comes to rest, and immediately the ash-gray men swarm up with leaden spades and stir up an impenetrable cloud, which screens their obscure operations from your sight. But above the gray land and the spasms of bleak dust which drift endlessly over it, you perceive, after a moment, the eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg. The eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg are blue and gigantic—their irises are one yard high. They look out of no face, but, instead, from a pair of enormous yellow spectacles which pass over a nonexistent nose [Cugat influence » *FastNav*: cel eyes]. Evidently some wild wag of an oculist set them there to fatten his practice in the borough of Queens, and then sank down himself into eternal blindness, or forgot them and moved away. But his eyes, dimmed a little by many paintless days, under sun and rain, brood on over the solemn dumping ground.

The valley of ashes is bounded on one side by a small foul river [Flushing Creek], and, when the drawbridge is up to let barges through, the passengers on waiting trains can stare at the dismal scene for as long as half an hour. There is always a halt there of at least a minute, and it was because of this that I

first met Tom Buchanan's mistress.

The fact that he had one was insisted upon wherever he was known. His acquaintances resented the fact that he turned up in popular restaurants with her and, leaving her at a table, sauntered about, chatting with whomsoever he knew. Though I was curious to see her, I had no desire to meet her—but I did. I went up to New York with Tom on the train one afternoon, and when we stopped by the ashheaps he jumped to his feet and, taking hold of my elbow, literally forced me from the car.

"We're getting off," he insisted. "I want you to meet my girl."

I think he'd tanked up a good deal at luncheon, and his determination to have my company bordered on violence. The supercilious assumption was that on Sunday afternoon I had nothing better to do.

I followed him over a low whitewashed railroad fence, and we walked back a hundred yards along the road under Doctor Eckleburg's persistent stare. The only building in sight was a small block of yellow brick sitting on the edge of the waste land, a sort of compact Main Street ministering to it, and contiguous to absolutely nothing. One of the three shops it contained was for rent and another was an all-night restaurant, approached by a trail of ashes; the third was a garage—

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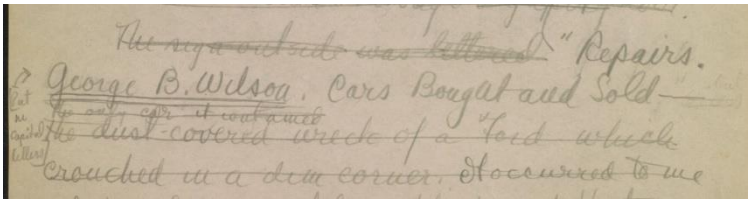
—and I followed Tom inside.



The interior was unprosperous and bare; the only car visible was the dust-covered wreck of a Ford which crouched in a dim corner. It had occurred to me that this shadow of a garage must be a blind, and that sumptuous and romantic apartments were

concealed overhead, when the proprietor himself appeared in the door of an office, wiping his hands on a piece of waste. He was a blond, spiritless man, anaemic, and faintly handsome. When he saw us a damp gleam of hope sprang into his light blue eyes.

"Hello, Wilson, old man," said Tom, slapping him jovially on the shoulder. "How's business?"

"I can't complain," answered Wilson unconvincingly. "When are you going to sell me that car?"

"Next week; I've got my man working on it now."

"Works pretty slow, don't he?"

"No, he doesn't," said Tom coldly. "And if you feel that way about it, maybe I'd better sell it somewhere else after all."

"I don't mean that," explained Wilson quickly. "I just meant——"

His voice faded off and Tom glanced impatiently around the garage. Then I heard footsteps on a stairs, and in a moment the thickish figure of a woman blocked out the light from the office door. She was in the middle thirties, and faintly stout, but she carried her surplus flesh sensuously as some women can. Her face, above a spotted dress of dark blue crepe-de-chine, contained no facet or gleam of beauty, but there was an immediately perceptible vitality about her as if the nerves of her body were continually smouldering. She smiled slowly and, walking through her husband as if he were a ghost, shook hands with Tom, looking him flush in the eye. Then she wet her lips, and without turning around spoke to her husband in a soft, coarse voice:

"Get some chairs, why don't you, so somebody can sit down."

"Oh, sure," agreed Wilson hurriedly, and went toward the little office, mingling immediately with the cement color of the walls. A white ashen dust veiled his dark suit and his pale hair as it veiled everything in the vicinity—except his wife, who

moved close to Tom.

"I want to see you," said Tom intently. "Get on the next train."

📖31"All right."

"I'll meet you by the news-stand on the lower level." She nodded and moved away from him just as George Wilson emerged with two chairs from his office door.

We waited for her down the road and out of sight. It was a few days before the Fourth of July, and a gray, scrawny Italian child was setting torpedoes in a row along the railroad track.

"Terrible place, isn't it," said Tom, exchanging a frown with Doctor Eckleburg.

"Awful."

"It does her good to get away."

"Doesn't her husband object?"

"Wilson? He thinks she goes to see her sister in New York. He's so dumb he doesn't know he's alive."

So Tom Buchanan and his girl and I went up together to New York—or not quite together, for Mrs. Wilson sat discreetly in another car. Tom deferred that much to the sensibilities of those East Eggers who might be on the train.

She had changed her dress to a brown figured muslin, which stretched tight over her rather wide hips as Tom helped her to the platform in New York. At the news-stand she bought a copy of TOWN TATTLE. and a moving-picture magazine, and in the station drug-store some cold cream and a small flask of perfume. Up-stairs, in the solemn echoing drive she let four taxicabs drive away before she selected a new one, lavender-colored with gray upholstery, and in this we slid out from the mass of the station into the glowing sunshine. But immediately she turned sharply from the window and, leaning forward, tapped on the front glass.

"I want to get one of those dogs," she said earnestly. "I want to get one for the apartment. They're nice to have—a dog."

We backed up to a gray old man who bore an absurd resemblance to John D. Rockefeller. In a basket swung from his neck cowered a dozen very recent puppies of an indeterminate breed.

"What kind are they?" asked Mrs. Wilson eagerly, as he came to the taxi-window.

"All kinds. What kind do you want, lady?"

"I'd like to get one of those police dogs; I don't suppose you got that kind?"

The man peered doubtfully into the basket, plunged in his hand and drew one up, wriggling, by the back of the neck

"That's no police dog," said Tom.

"No, it's not exactly a police dog," said the man with disappointment in his voice. "It's more of an Airedale." He passed his hand over the brown wash-rag of a back. "Look at that coat. Some coat. That's a dog that'll never bother you with catching cold."

"I think it's cute," said Mrs. Wilson enthusiastically. "How much is it?"

"That dog?" He looked at it admiringly. "That dog will cost you ten dollars."

The Airedale—undoubtedly there was an Airedale concerned in it somewhere, though its feet were startlingly white—changed hands and settled down into Mrs. Wilson's lap, where she fondled the weather-proof coat with rapture.

"Is it a boy or a girl?" she asked delicately.

"That dog? That dog's a boy."

"It's a bitch," said Tom decisively. "Here's your money. Go and buy ten more dogs with it."

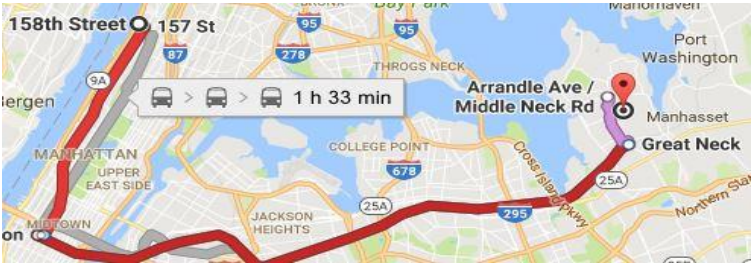
We drove over to 5th Avenue, so warm and soft, almost pastoral, on the summer Sunday afternoon that I wouldn't have been surprised to see a great flock of white sheep turn the corner.

"Hold on," I said, "I have to leave you here."

"No, you don't," interposed Tom quickly.

"Myrtle'll be hurt if you don't come up to the apartment. Won't you, Myrtle?"

"Come on," she urged. "I'll telephone my sister Kathryn. She's said to be very beautiful by people who ought to know."



"Well, I'd like to, but——"

We went on, cutting back again over the Park toward the West Hundreds. At 158th Street the cab stopped at one slice in a long white cake of apartment-houses. Throwing a regal homecoming glance around the neighborhood, Mrs. Wilson gathered up her dog and her other purchases, and went haughtily in.

"I'm going to have the McKees come up," she announced as we rose in the elevator. "And, of course, I got to call up my sister, too."

The apartment was on the top floor—a small living-room, a small dining-room, a small bedroom, and a bath. The living-room was crowded to the doors with a set of tapestried furniture entirely too large for it, so that to move about was to stumble continually over scenes of ladies swinging in the gardens of Versailles. The only picture was an over-enlarged

photograph, apparently a hen sitting on a blurred rock. Looked at from a distance, however, the hen resolved itself into a bonnet, and the countenance of a stout old lady

[cf. 'Old/Young Lady'] beamed down into the room. Several old copies of Town Tattle. lay on the table together with a copy of Simon Called Peter, and some of the small scandal magazines of Broadway [The play adaptation of SCP was running on Broadway in '24 at the time of writing]. Mrs. Wilson was first concerned with the dog. A reluctant elevator-boy went for a box full of straw and some milk, to which he added on his own initiative a tin of large, hard dog-biscuits—one of which decomposed apathetically in the saucer of milk all afternoon. Meanwhile Tom brought out a bottle of whiskey from a locked bureau door.

['21 auto-bio novel by Robert Keable ('1887-'1927) & Broadway '24 play during Gatsby writing, controversial for sexual content re "utterly immoral" priest – conjures Sigourney Fay+F rel.—planted by F as harbinger of TransG barrage to come, tho' largely crossed out MS.]

..

I have been drunk just twice in my life, and the second time was that afternoon; so everything that happened has a dim, hazy cast over it, although until after eight o'clock the apartment was full of cheerful sun. Sitting on Tom's lap Mrs. Wilson called up several people on the telephone; then there were no cigarettes, and I went out to buy some at the drugstore on the corner. When I came back they had disappeared, so I sat down discreetly in the living-room and read a chapter of

Simon Called Peter—either it was terrible stuff or the whiskey distorted things, because it didn't make any sense to me.

Just as Tom and Myrtle (after the first drink Mrs. Wilson and I called each other by our first names) reappeared, company commenced to arrive at the apartment-door.

The sister, Kathryn, was a slender, worldly girl of about thirty, with a solid, sticky bob of red hair, and a complexion powdere milky white. Her eye-brows had been plucked and then drawn on again at a more rakish angle, but the efforts of nature toward the restoration of the old alignment gave a blurred air to her face. When she moved about there was an incessant clicking as innumerable pottery bracelets jingled up and down upon her arms. She came in with such a proprietary haste, and looked around so possessively at the furniture that I wondered if she lived here. But when I asked her she laughed immoderately, repeated my question aloud, and told me she lived with a girl friend at a hotel.

Mr. *McKee was a pale, feminine man* from the flat below. He had just shaved, for there was a white spot of lather on his cheekbone, and he was most respectful in his greeting to every one in the room. He informed me that he was in the "artistic game," and I gathered later that he was a photographer and had made the dim enlargement of Mrs. Wilson's mother which hovered like an ectoplasm on the wall. His wife was shrill, languid, handsome, and horrible. She told me with pride that her husband had photographed her a hundred and twenty-seven times since they had been married.

Mrs. Wilson had changed her costume some time before, and was now attired in an elaborate afternoon dress of cream-colored chiffon, which gave out a continual rustle as she swept about the room. With the influence of the dress her personality had also undergone a change. The intense vitality that had been so remarkable in the garage was converted into impressive hauteur. Her laughter, her gestures, her assertions became more violently affected moment by moment, and as she expanded the room grew smaller around her, until she seemed

to be revolving on a noisy, creaking pivot through the smoky air.

"My dear," she told her sister in a high, mincing shout, "most of these fellas will cheat you every time. All they think of is money. I had a woman up here last week to look at my feet, and when she gave me the bill you'd of thought she had my appendicitis out."

"What was the name of the woman?" asked Mrs. McKee.

"Mrs. Eberhardt. She goes around looking at people's feet in their own homes."

"I like your dress," remarked Mrs. McKee, "I think it's adorable."

Mrs. Wilson rejected the compliment by raising her eyebrow in disdain.

"It's just a crazy old thing," she said. "I just slip it on sometimes when I don't care what I look like."

"But it looks wonderful on you, if you know what I mean," pursued Mrs. McKee. "If Chester could only get you in that pose I think he could make something of it."

We all looked in silence at Mrs. Wilson, who removed a strand of hair from over her eyes and looked back at us with a brilliant smile. Mr. McKee regarded her intently with his head on one side, and then moved his hand back and forth slowly in front of his face.

"I should change the light," he said after a moment. "I'd like to bring out the modelling of the features. And I'd try to get hold of all the back hair."

"I wouldn't think of changing the light," cried Mrs. McKee. "I think it's——"

Her husband said "SH!" and we all looked at the subject again, whereupon Tom Buchanan yawned audibly and got to his feet.

"You McKees have something to drink," he said. "Get some more ice and mineral water, Myrtle, before everybody goes to sleep."

"I told that boy about the ice." Myrtle raised her eyebrows in despair at the shiftlessness of the lower orders. "These people! You have to keep after them all the time."

She looked at me and laughed pointlessly. Then she flounced over to the dog, kissed it with ecstasy, and swept into the kitchen, implying that a dozen chefs awaited her orders there.

"I've done some nice things out on Long Island," asserted Mr. McKee.

Tom looked at him blankly.

"Two of them we have framed down-stairs."

"Two what?" demanded Tom.

"Two studies. One of them I call MONTAUK POINT—THE GULLS, and the other I call MONTAUK POINT—THE SEA."

The sister Kathryn sat down beside me on the couch.

"Do you live down on Long Island, too?" she inquired.

"I live at West Egg."

"Really? I was down there at a party about a month ago. At a man named Gatsby's. Do you know him?"

"I live next door to him."

"Well, they say he's a nephew or a cousin of Kaiser Wilhelm's. That's where all his money comes from."

"Really?"

She nodded.

"I'm scared of him. I'd hate to have him get anything on me."

This absorbing information about my neighbor was

interrupted by Mrs. McKee's pointing suddenly at Kathryn:

"Chester, I think you could do something with her," she broke out, but Mr. McKee only nodded in a bored way, and turned his attention to Tom.

"I'd like to do more work on Long Island, if I could get the entry. All I ask is that they should give me a start."

"Ask Myrtle," said Tom, breaking into a short shout of laughter as Mrs. Wilson entered with a tray. "She'll give you a letter of introduction, won't you Myrtle?"

"Do what?" she asked, startled.

"You'll give McKee a letter of introduction to your husband, so he can do some studies of him." His lips moved silently for a moment as he invented. "GEORGE B. WILSON AT THE GASOLINE PUMP, or something like that."

Kathryn leaned close to me and whispered in my ear: "Neither of them can stand the person they're married to."

"Can't they?"

"Can't STAND them." She looked at Myrtle and then at Tom. "What I say is, why go on living with them if they can't stand them? If I was them I'd get a divorce and get married to each other right away."

"Doesn't she like Wilson either?"

The answer to this was unexpected. It came from Myrtle, who had overheard the question, and it was violent and obscene.

"You see," cried Kathryn triumphantly. She lowered her voice again. "It's really his wife that's keeping them apart. She's conservative, don't believe in divorce."

Daisy was not conservative, and I was a little shocked at the elaborateness of the lie.

"When they do get married," continued Kathryn, "they're going West to live for a while until it blows over."

"It'd be more discreet to go to Europe."

"Oh, do you like Europe?" she exclaimed surprisingly. "I just got back from Monte Carlo."

"Really."

📖41"Just last year. I went over there with another girl."

"Stay long?"

"No, we just went to Monte Carlo and back. We went by way of Marseilles. We had over twelve hundred dollars when we started, but we got gypped out of it all in two days in the private rooms. We had an awful time getting back, I can tell you, god, how I hated that town!"

The late afternoon sky bloomed in the window for a moment like the blue honey of the Mediterranean—then the shrill voice of Mrs. McKee called me back into the room.

"I almost made a mistake, too," she declared vigorously. "I almost married a little kyke who'd been after me for years. I knew he was below me. Everybody kept saying to me: 'Lucille, that man's 'way below you!' But if I hadn't met Chester, he'd of got me sure."

"Yes, but listen," said Myrtle Wilson, nodding her head up and down, "at least you didn't marry him."

"I know I didn't."

"Well, I married him," said Myrtle, ambiguously. "And that's the difference between your case and mine."

"Why did you, Myrtle?" demanded Kathryn. "Nobody forced you to."

Myrtle considered.

"I married him because I thought he was a gentleman," she said finally. "I thought he knew something about breeding, but he wasn't fit to lick my shoe."

"You were crazy about him for a while," said Kathryn.

"Crazy about him!" cried Myrtle incredulously. "Who said I was crazy about him? I never was any more crazy about him than I was about that man there."

She pointed suddenly at me, and every one looked at me accusingly. I tried to show by my expression that I had played no part in her past.

"The only CRAZY I was was when I married him. I knew right away I made a mistake. He borrowed somebody's best suit to get married in, and never even told me about it, and the man came after it one day when he was out. 'oh, is that your suit?' I said. 'this is the first I ever heard about it.' But I gave it to him and then I lay down and cried to beat the band all afternoon."

"She really ought to get away from him," resumed Kathryn to me. "They've been living over that garage for eleven years. And tom's the first sweetie she ever had."

'within and without'

The bottle of whiskey—a second one—was now in constant demand by all present, excepting Kathryn, who "felt just as good on nothing at all." Tom rang for the janitor and sent him for some celebrated sandwiches, which were a complete supper in themselves. I wanted to get out and walk southward toward the park through the soft twilight, but each time I tried to go I became entangled in some wild, strident argument which pulled me back, as if with ropes, into my chair. Yet high over the city our line of yellow windows must have contributed their share of human secrecy to the casual watcher in the darkening streets, and I was him too, looking up and wondering. I was within and without, simultaneously enchanted and repelled by the inexhaustible variety of life.

Myrtle pulled her chair close to mine, and suddenly her warm breath poured over me the story of her first meeting with Tom.

"It was on the two little seats facing each other that are

always the last ones left on the train. I was going up to New York to see my sister and spend the night. He had on a dress suit and patent leather shoes, and I couldn't keep my eyes off him, but every time he looked at me I had to pretend to be looking at the advertisement over his head. When we came into the station he was next to me, and his white shirt-front pressed against my arm, and so I told him I'd have to call a policeman, but he knew I lied. I was so excited that when I got into a taxi with him I didn't hardly know I wasn't getting into a subway train. All I kept thinking about, over and over, was 'You can't live forever; you can't live forever.'"

She turned to Mrs. McKee and the room rang full of her artificial laughter.

"My dear," she cried, "I'm going to give you this dress as soon as I'm through with it. I've got to get another one to-morrow. I'm going to make a list of all the things I've got to get. A massage and a wave, and a collar for the dog, and one of those cute little ash-trays where you touch a spring, and a wreath with a black silk bow for mother's grave that'll last all summer. I got to write down a list so I won't forget all the things I got to do."

It was nine o'clock—almost immediately afterward I looked at my watch and found it was ten. Mr. McKee was asleep on a chair with his fists clenched in his lap, like a photograph of a man of action. Taking out my handkerchief I wiped from his cheek the remains of the spot of dried lather that had worried me all the afternoon.

The little dog was sitting on the table looking with blind eyes through the smoke, and from time to time groaning faintly. People disappeared, reappeared, made plans to go somewhere, and then lost each other, searched for each other, found each other a few feet away. Some time toward midnight Tom Buchanan and Mrs. Wilson stood face to face discussing, in impassioned voices, whether Mrs. Wilson had any right to mention Daisy's name.

"Daisy! Daisy! Daisy!" shouted Mrs. Wilson. "I'll say it whenever I want to! Daisy! Dai——"

Making a short deft movement, Tom Buchanan broke her nose with his open hand.

.ch2 end.n-mck.

Then there were bloody towels upon the bathroom floor, and women's voices scolding, and high over the confusion a long broken wail of pain. Mr. McKee awoke from his doze and started in a daze toward the door. When he had gone half way he turned around and stared at the scene—his wife and Kathryn scolding and consoling as they stumbled here and there among the crowded furniture with articles of aid, and the despairing figure on the couch, bleeding fluently, and trying to spread a copy of Town Tattle. over the tapestry scenes of Versailles. McKee turned and continued on out the door. *Taking my hat* [McKee taking Nick's hat – a clear TransG come-on signal] from the chandelier, I followed.

"Come to lunch some day" [TransG invitation] he suggested, as we groaned down in the elevator.

"Where?"

"Anywhere."

"Keep your hands off the *lever* [/his phallus?]" snapped the elevator boy.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. McKee with dignity, "I didn't know I was touching *it*."

"All right," I agreed, "I'll be glad to."3

. . . I was standing beside his *bed* [first time meeting and Nick is in McKee's bedroom!] and he was sitting up between the sheets, [~~undressed~~ /] clad in his underwear, with a *great portfolio* [*phallus*, 2nd inference, just a few lines after "lever"] *in his hands*.

"Beauty and the Beast . . . Loneliness . . . Old Grocery Horse . . . Brook'n Bridge ...." [Nick dreaming or F throwing off censors]

Then I was lying half asleep in the cold lower level of the Pennsylvania Station, staring at the morning TRIBUNE, and waiting for the four o'clock train.

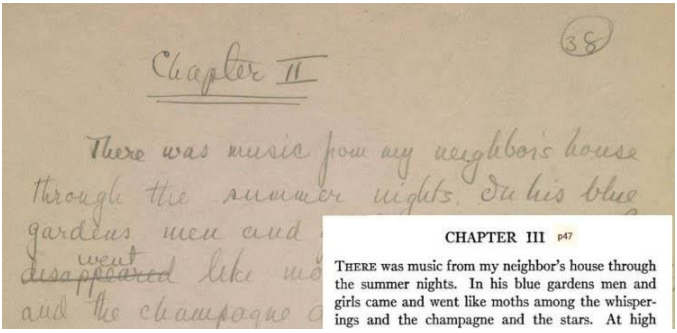
[HOT1a] TransG Nick+McKee

For detailed analysis of the pencil draft and the revealing crossing-out see main **Mugsar TransG Perspective**
FastNav: *g mug*
And our special Google-Photos album of the :
photos.app.goo.gl/LdK3euWw2ohgM1Je7

.Ch-3.

III. Goddard's. Dwanns Swopes

As noted, ch2 & 3 got swapped.



There was music from my neighbor's house through the summer nights. In his blue gardens men and girls came and went like moths among the whisperings and the champagne and the stars. At high tide in the afternoon I watched his guests diving from the tower of his raft, or taking the sun on the hot sand of his beach while his two motor-boats slit the waters of the Sound, drawing aquaplanes over cataracts of foam. On week-ends his Rolls-Royce became an omnibus, bearing parties to and from the city between nine in the morning and long past midnight, while his station wagon scampered like a brisk yellow bug to meet all trains. And on Mondays eight servants, including an extra gardener, toiled all day with mops and scrubbing-brushes and hammers and garden-shears, repairing the ravages of the night before.

Every Friday five crates of oranges and lemons arrived from a fruiterer in New York—every Monday these same oranges and lemons left his back door in a pyramid of pulpless halves. There was a machine in the kitchen which could extract the juice of two hundred oranges in half an hour if a little button was pressed two hundred times by a butler's thumb.

At least once a fortnight a corps of caterers came down with

several hundred feet of canvas and enough colored lights to make a Saturnalia tree of Gatsby's enormous garden. On buffet tables, garnished with glistening hors-d'oeuvre, spiced baked hams crowded against salads of harlequin designs and pastry pigs and turkeys bewitched to a dark gold. In the main hall a bar with a real brass rail was set up, and stocked with gins and liquors and with cordials so long forgotten that most of his female guests were too young to know one from another.

By seven o'clock the orchestra has arrived, no thin five-piece affair, but a whole pitful of oboes and trombones and saxophones and viols and cornets and piccolos, and low and high drums.

The last swimmers have come in from the beach now and are dressing up-stairs; the cars from New York are parked five deep in the drive, and already the halls and salons and verandas are gaudy with primary colors, and hair shorn in strange new ways, and shawls beyond the dreams of Castile. The bar is in full swing, and floating rounds of cocktails permeate the garden outside, until the air is alive with chatter and laughter, and casual innuendo and introductions forgotten on the spot, and enthusiastic meetings between women who never knew each other's names.

sun-earth

The lights grow brighter as the earth lurches away from the sun [F very aware of the sunrise/set fallacy + solstice ref], and now the orchestra is playing yellow cocktail music, and the opera of voices pitches a key higher. Laughter is easier minute by minute, spilled with prodigality, tipped out at a cheerful word. The groups change more swiftly, swell with new arrivals, dissolve and form in the same breath; already there are wanderers, confident girls who weave here and there among the stouter and more stable, become for a sharp, joyous moment the centre of a group, and then, excited with triumph, glide on through the sea-change of faces and voices and color under the constantly changing light.

Suddenly one of the gypsies, in trembling opal, seizes a cocktail out of the air, dumps it down for courage and, moving her hands like Frisco, dances out alone on the canvas platform. A momentary hush; the orchestra leader varies his rhythm obligingly for her, and there is a burst of chatter as the erroneous news goes around that she is Gilda Gray's understudy from the FOLLIES. The party has begun.

I believe that on the first night I went to Gatsby's house I was one of the few guests who had actually been invited. People were not invited—they went there. They got into automobiles which bore them out to Long Island, and somehow they ended up at Gatsby's door. Once there they were introduced by somebody who knew Gatsby, and after that they conducted themselves according to the rules of behavior associated with amusement parks. Sometimes they came and went without having met Gatsby at all, came for the party with a simplicity of heart that was its own ticket of admission.

I had been actually invited. A chauffeur in a uniform of robin's-egg blue crossed my lawn early that Saturday morning with a surprisingly formal note from his employer: the honor would be entirely Gatsby's, it said, if I would attend his "little party." that night. He had seen me several times, and had intended to call on me long before, but a peculiar combination of circumstances had prevented it—signed Jay Gatsby, in a majestic hand.

Dressed up in white flannels I went over to his lawn a little after seven, and wandered around rather ill at ease among swirls and eddies of people I didn't know—though here and there was a face I had noticed on the commuting train. I was immediately struck by the number of young Englishmen dotted about; all well dressed, all looking a little hungry, and all talking in low, earnest voices to solid and prosperous Americans. I was sure that they were selling something: bonds or insurance or automobiles. They were at least agonizingly aware of the easy money in the vicinity and convinced that it was theirs for a few words in the right key.

As soon as I arrived I made an attempt to find 📖51 my host, but the two or three people of whom I asked his whereabouts stared at me in such an amazed way, and denied so vehemently any knowledge of his movements, that I slunk off in the direction of the cocktail table—the only place in the garden where a single man could linger without looking purposeless and alone.

I was on my way to get roaring drunk from sheer embarrassment when Jordan Baker came out of the house and stood at the head of the marble steps, leaning a little backward and looking with contemptuous interest down into the garden.

Welcome or not, I found it necessary to attach myself to some one before I should begin to address cordial remarks to the passers-by.

"Hello!" I roared, advancing toward her. My voice seemed unnaturally loud across the garden.

"I thought you might be here," she responded absently as I came up. "I remembered you lived next door to——" She held my hand impersonally, as a promise that she'd take care of me in a minute, and gave ear to two girls in twin yellow dresses, who stopped at the foot of the steps.

"Hello!" they cried together. "Sorry you didn't win."

That was for the golf tournament. She had lost in the finals the week before.

"You don't know who we are," said one of the girls in yellow, "but we met you here about a month ago."

"You've dyed your hair since then," remarked Jordan, and I started, but the girls had moved casually on and her remark was addressed to the premature moon, produced like the supper, no doubt, out of a caterer's basket. With Jordan's slender golden arm resting in mine, we descended the steps and sauntered about the garden. A tray of cocktails floated at us through the twilight, and we sat down at a table with the

two girls in yellow and three men, each one introduced to us as Mr. Mumble.

"Do you come to these parties often?" inquired Jordan of the girl beside her.

"The last one was the one I met you at," answered the girl, in an alert confident voice. She turned to her companion: "Wasn't it for you, Lucille?"

It was for Lucille, too.

"I like to come," Lucille said. "I never care what I do, so I always have a good time. When I was here last I tore my gown on a chair, and he asked me my name and address—inside of a week I got a package from Croirier's with a new evening gown in it."

"Did you keep it?" asked Jordan.

"Sure I did. I was going to wear it to-night, but it was too big in the bust and had to be altered. It was gas blue with lavender beads. Two hundred and sixty-five dollars."

"There's something funny about a fellow that'll do a thing like that," said the other girl eagerly. "He doesn't want any trouble with ANYbody."

"Who doesn't?" I inquired.

"Gatsby. Somebody told me——"

The two girls and Jordan leaned together confidentially.

"Somebody told me they thought he killed a man once."

A thrill passed over all of us. The three Mr. Mumbles bent forward and listened eagerly.

"I don't think it's so much THAT," argued Lucille sceptically; "it's more that he was a German spy during the war."

One of the men nodded in confirmation.

"I heard that from a man who knew all about him, grew up with him in Germany," he assured us positively.

"Oh, no," said the first girl, "it couldn't be that, because he was in the American army during the war." As our credulity switched back to her she leaned forward with enthusiasm. "You look at him sometimes when he thinks nobody's looking at him. I'll bet he killed a man."

She narrowed her eyes and shivered. Lucille shivered. We all turned and looked around for Gatsby. It was testimony to the romantic speculation he inspired that there were whispers about him from those who found little that it was necessary to whisper about in this world.

The first supper—there would be another one after midnight—was now being served, and Jordan invited me to join her own party, who were spread around a table on the other side of the garden. There were three married couples and Jordan's escort, a persistent undergraduate given to violent innuendo, and obviously under the impression that sooner or later Jordan was going to yield him up her person to a greater or lesser degree. Instead of rambling, this party had preserved a dignified homogeneity, and assumed to itself the function of representing the staid nobility of the country-side—East Egg condescending to West Egg, and carefully on guard against its spectroscopic gayety.

[Trim.: Yale snobs section cut, see below*]

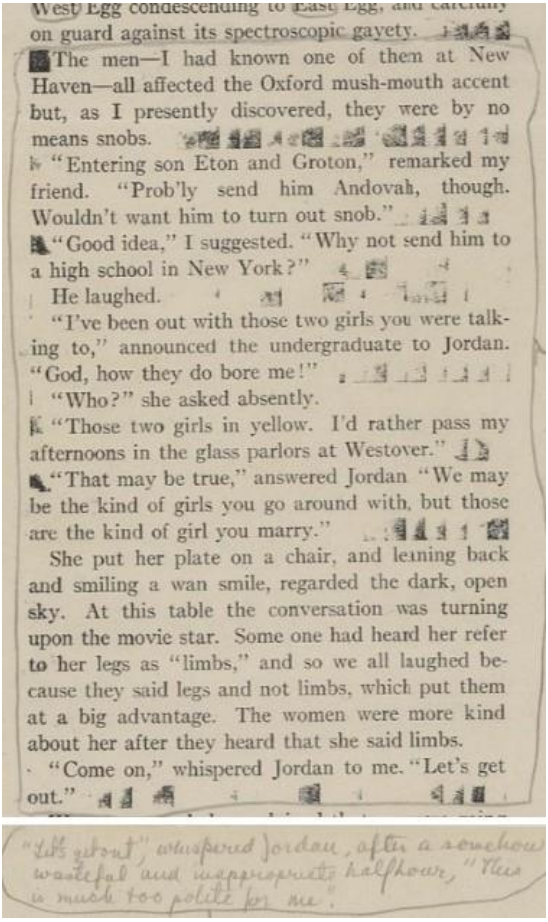
"Let's get out," whispered Jordan, after a somehow wasteful and inappropriate half-hour. "This is much too polite for me."

We got up, and she explained that we were going to find the host: I had never met him, she said, and it was making me uneasy. The undergraduate nodded in a cynical, melancholy way.

The bar, where we glanced first, was crowded, but Gatsby was not there. She couldn't find him from the top of the steps, and he wasn't on the veranda. On a chance we tried an important-looking door, and walked into a high Gothic library,

panelled with carved English oak, and probably transported complete from some ruin overseas.

A stout, middle-aged man, with enormous owl-eyed spectacles, was sitting somewhat drunk on the edge of a great table, staring with unsteady concentration at the shelves of books. As we entered he wheeled excitedly around and examined Jordan from head to foot.



West Egg condescending to East Egg, and carefully on guard against its spectroscopic gayety.

The men—I had known one of them at New Haven—all affected the Oxford mush-mouth accent but, as I presently discovered, they were by no means snobs.

"Entering son Eton and Groton," remarked my friend. "Prob'ly send him Andovah, though. Wouldn't want him to turn out snob."

"Good idea," I suggested. "Why not send him to a high school in New York?"

He laughed.

"I've been out with those two girls you were talking to," announced the undergraduate to Jordan. "God, how they do bore me!"

"Who?" she asked absently.

"Those two girls in yellow. I'd rather pass my afternoons in the glass parlors at Westover."

"That may be true," answered Jordan "We may be the kind of girls you go around with, but those are the kind of girl you marry."

She put her plate on a chair, and leaning back and smiling a wan smile, regarded the dark, open sky. At this table the conversation was turning upon the movie star. Some one had heard her refer to her legs as "limbs," and so we all laughed because they said legs and not limbs, which put them at a big advantage. The women were more kind about her after they heard that she said limbs.

"Come on," whispered Jordan to me. "Let's get out."

"Let's get out," whispered Jordan, after a somehow wasteful and inappropriate half hour, "This is much too polite for me."

*Trim.: cut Yale snob section: “spectroscopic gayety” to Jordan line

"What do you think?" he demanded impetuously.

"About what?" He waved his hand toward the book-shelves.

"About that. As a matter of fact you needn't bother to ascertain. I ascertained. They're real."

"The books?"

He nodded.

"Absolutely real—have pages and everything. I thought they'd be a nice durable cardboard. Matter of fact, they're absolutely real. Pages and—Here! Lemme show you."

Taking our scepticism for granted, he rushed to the bookcases and returned with Volume One of the "Stoddard Lectures."

"See!" he cried triumphantly. "It's a bona-fide piece of printed matter. It fooled me. This fella's a regular Belasco. It's a triumph. What thoroughness! What realism! Knew when to stop, too—didn't cut the pages. But what do you want? What do you expect?"

He snatched the book from me and replaced it hastily on its shelf, muttering that if one brick was removed the whole library was liable to collapse.

"Who brought you?" he demanded. "Or did you just come? I was brought. Most people were brought."

Jordan looked at him alertly, cheerfully, without answering.

"I was brought by a woman named Roosevelt," he continued. "Mrs. Claud Roosevelt. Do you know her? I met her somewhere last night. I've been drunk for about a week now, and I thought it might sober me up to sit in a library."

"Has it?"

"A little bit, I think. I can't tell yet. I've only been here an hour. Did I tell you about the books? They're real. They're——"

"You told us." We shook hands with him gravely and went back outdoors.

There was dancing now on the canvas in the garden; old men pushing young girls backward in eternal graceless circles, superior couples holding each other tortuously, fashionably, and keeping in the corners—and a great number of single girls dancing individualistically or relieving the orchestra for a moment of the burden of the banjo or the traps. By midnight the hilarity had increased. A celebrated tenor had sung in Italian, and a notorious contralto had sung in jazz, and between the numbers people were doing "stunts." all over the garden, while happy, vacuous bursts of laughter rose toward the summer sky. A pair of stage twins, who turned out to be the girls in yellow, did a baby act in costume, and champagne was served in glasses bigger than finger-bowls. The moon had risen higher, and floating in the Sound was a triangle of silver scales, trembling a little to the stiff, tinny drip of the banjoes on the lawn.

I was still with Jordan Baker. We were sitting at a table with a man of about my age and a rowdy little girl, who gave way upon the slightest provocation to uncontrollable laughter. I was enjoying myself now. I had taken two finger-bowls of champagne, and the scene had changed before my eyes into something significant, elemental, and profound.

At a lull in the entertainment the man looked at me and smiled.

"Your face is familiar," he said, politely. "Weren't you in the Third Division during the war?"

"Why, yes. I was in the 9th Machine-gun Battalion."

"I was in the 7th Infantry until June nineteen-eighteen. I knew I'd seen you somewhere before."

We talked for a moment about some wet, gray little villages in France. Evidently he lived in this vicinity, for he told me that he had just bought a hydroplane, and was going to try it out in the morning.

"Want to go with me, old sport? [first old sport mention book-43 / first draft x4 cf. final x47] Just near the shore along the Sound."

"What time?"

"Any time that suits you best."

It was on the tip of my tongue to ask his name when Jordan looked around and smiled.

"Having a gay time now?" she inquired.

"Much better." I turned again to my new acquaintance. "This is an unusual party for me. I haven't even seen the host. I live over there——" I waved my hand at the invisible hedge in the distance, "and this man Gatsby sent over his chauffeur with an invitation." For a moment he looked at me as if he failed to understand.

"I'm Gatsby," he said suddenly.

"What!" I exclaimed. "Oh, I beg your pardon."

"I thought you knew, old sport. I'm afraid I'm not a very good host."

He smiled understandingly—much more than understandingly. It was one of those rare smiles with a quality of eternal reassurance in it, that you may come across four or five times in life. It faced—or seemed to face—the whole external world for an instant, and then concentrated on you with an irresistible prejudice in your favor. It understood you just so far as you wanted to be understood, believed in you as you would like to believe in yourself, and assured you that it had precisely the impression of you that, at your best, you hoped to convey. Precisely at that point it vanished—and I was looking at an elegant young rough-neck, a year or two over thirty, whose elaborate formality of speech just missed being absurd. Some time before he introduced himself I'd got a strong impression that he was picking his words with care.

Almost at the moment when Mr. Gatsby identified himself, a butler hurried toward him with the information that Chicago was calling him on the wire. He excused himself with a small bow that included each of us in turn.

"If you want anything just ask for it, old sport," he urged me. "Excuse me. I will rejoin you later."

When he was gone I turned immediately to Jordan—constrained to assure her of my surprise. I had expected that Mr. Gatsby would be a florid and corpulent person in his middle years.

"Who is he?" I demanded. "Do you know?"

"He's just a man named Gatsby."

"Where is he from, I mean? And what does he do?"

"Now YOU'RE started on the subject," she answered with a wan smile. "Well, he told me once he was an Oxford man." A dim background started to take shape behind him, but at her next remark it faded away.

"However, I don't believe it."

"Why not?"

"I don't know," she insisted, "I just don't think he went there."

Something in her tone reminded me of the other girl's "I think he killed a man," and had the effect of stimulating my curiosity. I would have accepted without question the information that Gatsby sprang from the swamps of Louisiana or from the lower East Side of New York. That was comprehensible. But young men didn't—at least in my provincial inexperience I believed they didn't—drift coolly out of nowhere and buy a palace on Long Island Sound.

"Anyhow, he gives large parties," said Jordan, changing the subject with an urbane distaste for the concrete. "And I like large parties. They're so intimate. At small parties there isn't any privacy."

There was the boom of a bass drum, and the voice of the orchestra leader rang out suddenly above the echolalia of the garden.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he cried. "At the request of Mr. Gatsby we are going to play for you Mr. Vladimir Tostoff's latest work, which attracted so much attention at Carnegie Hall last May. If you read the papers, you know there was a big sensation." He smiled with jovial condescension, and added: "Some sensation!" Whereupon everybody laughed.

"The piece is known," he concluded lustily, "as Vladimir Tostoff's JAZZ HISTORY OF THE WORLD."

The nature of Mr. Tostoff's composition eluded me, because just as it began my eyes fell on Gatsby, standing alone on the marble steps and looking from 📖61 one group to another with approving eyes. His tanned skin was drawn attractively tight on his face and his short hair looked as though it were trimmed every day. I could see nothing sinister about him. I wondered if the fact that he was not drinking helped to set him off from his guests, for it seemed to me that he grew more correct as the fraternal hilarity increased. When the JAZZ HISTORY OF THE WORLD was over, girls were putting their heads on men's shoulders in a puppyish, convivial way, girls were swooning backward playfully into men's arms, even into groups, knowing that some one would arrest their falls—but no one swooned backward on Gatsby, and no French bob touched Gatsby's shoulder, and no singing quartets were formed with Gatsby's head for one link.

"I beg your pardon."

Gatsby's butler was suddenly standing beside us.

"Miss Baker?" he inquired. "I beg your pardon, but Mr. Gatsby would like to speak to you alone."

"With me?" she exclaimed in surprise.

"Yes, madame."

She got up slowly, raising her eyebrows at me in astonishment, and followed the butler toward the house. I noticed that she wore her evening-dress, all her dresses, like sports clothes—there was a jauntiness about her movements as if she had first learned to walk upon golf courses on clean, crisp mornings.

I was alone and it was almost two. For some time confused and intriguing sounds had issued from a long, many-windowed room which overhung the terrace. Eluding Jordan's undergraduate, who was now engaged in an obstetrical conversation with two chorus girls, and who implored me to join him, I went inside.

The large room was full of people. One of the girls in yellow was playing the piano, and beside her stood a tall, red-haired young lady from a famous chorus, engaged in song. She had drunk a quantity of champagne, and during the course of her song she had decided, ineptly, that everything was very, very sad—she was not only singing, she was weeping too. Whenever there was a pause in the song she filled it with gasping, broken sobs, and then took up the lyric again in a quavering soprano. The tears coursed down her cheeks—not freely, however, for when they came into contact with her heavily beaded eyelashes they assumed an inky color, and pursued the rest of their way in slow black rivulets. A humorous suggestion was made that she sing the notes on her face, whereupon she threw up her hands, sank into a chair, and went off into a deep vinous sleep.

"She had a fight with a man who says he's her husband," explained a girl at my elbow.

I looked around. Most of the remaining women were now having fights with men said to be their husbands. Even Jordan's party, the quartet from East Egg, were rent asunder by dissension. One of the men was talking with curious intensity to a young actress, and his wife, after attempting to laugh at

the situation in a dignified and indifferent way, broke down entirely and resorted to flank attacks—at intervals she appeared suddenly at his side like an angry diamond, and hissed: "You promised!" into his ear.

The reluctance to go home was not confined to wayward men. The hall was at present occupied by two deplorably sober men and their highly indignant wives. The wives were sympathizing with each other in slightly raised voices.

"Whenever he sees I'm having a good time he wants to go home."

"Never heard anything so selfish in my life."

"We're always the first ones to leave."

"So are we."

"Well, we're almost the last to-night," said one of the men sheepishly. "The orchestra left half an hour ago."

In spite of the wives' agreement that such malevolence was beyond credibility, the dispute ended in a short struggle, and both wives were lifted, kicking, into the night.

> {Trim. cut:
> I was determined to wait until Jordan Baker emerged from her private interview with Gatsby. If he could inspire such sinister rumors I owed her that much protection for her courtesy of the evening. Once more I walked into the garden. Standing under the white plum tree were the movie director and the star, their faces touching except for a pale thin ray of moonlight between. It occurred to me that he had been very slowly bending toward her all evening to attain this proximity, and even while I watched I saw him stoop one ultimate degree and kiss at her cheek.
> As I went in, Jordan Baker, just going out the front door, turned and waved good night.}

As I waited for my hat in the hall the door of the library opened and Jordan Baker and Gatsby came out together. He was saying some last word to her, but the eagerness in his manner tightened abruptly into formality as several people approached him to say good-bye.

Jordan's party were calling impatiently to her from the porch, but she lingered for a moment to shake hands.

"I've just heard the most amazing thing," she whispered. "How long were we in there?"

"Why, about an hour." "It was—simply amazing," she repeated abstractedly. "But I swore I wouldn't tell it and here I am tantalizing you." She yawned gracefully in my face: "Please come and see me.... Phone book . . . Under the name of Mrs. Sigourney [Fay] Howard . . . My aunt . . ." She was hurrying off as she talked—her brown hand waved a jaunty salute as she melted into her party at the door.

Rather ashamed that on my first appearance I had stayed so late, I joined the last of Gatsby's guests, who were clustered around him. I wanted to explain that I'd hunted for him early in the evening and to apologize for not having known him in the garden.

"Don't mention it," he enjoined me eagerly. "Don't give it another thought, old sport." The familiar expression held no more familiarity than the hand which reassuringly brushed my shoulder. "And don't forget we're going up in the hydroplane to-morrow morning, at nine o'clock."

Then the butler, behind his shoulder: "Philadelphia wants you on the 'phone, sir."

"All right, in a minute. Tell them I'll be right there.... good night."

"Good night."

"Good night." He smiled—and suddenly there seemed to be a pleasant significance in having been among the last to go, as if he had desired it all the time. "Good night, old sport.... good night."

But as I walked down the steps I saw that the evening was not quite over. Fifty feet from the door a dozen headlights illuminated a bizarre and tumultuous scene. In the ditch beside the road, right side up, but violently shorn of one wheel, rested

a new coupe which had left Gatsby's drive not two minutes before. The sharp jut of a wall accounted for the detachment of the wheel, which was now getting considerable attention from half a dozen curious chauffeurs. However, as they had left their cars blocking the road, a harsh, discordant din from those in the rear had been audible for some time, and added to the already violent confusion of the scene.

A man in a long duster had dismounted from the wreck and now stood in the middle of the road, looking from the car to the tire and from the tire to the observers in a pleasant, puzzled way.

"See!" he explained. "It went in the ditch."

The fact was infinitely astonishing to him, and I recognized first the unusual quality of wonder, and then the man—it was the late patron of Gatsby's library.

"How'd it happen?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"I know nothing whatever about mechanics," he said decisively.

"But how did it happen? Did you run into the wall?" "Don't ask me," said Owl Eyes, washing his hands of the whole matter. "I know very little about driving—next to nothing. It happened, and that's all I know."

"Well, if you're a poor driver you oughtn't to try driving at night."

"But I wasn't even trying," he explained indignantly, "I wasn't even trying."

An awed hush fell upon the bystanders.

"Do you want to commit suicide?"

"You're lucky it was just a wheel! A bad driver and not even TRYing!"

"You don't understand," explained the criminal. "I wasn't driving. There's another man in the car."

The shock that followed this declaration found voice in a sustained "Ah-h-h!" as the door of the coupe swung slowly open. The crowd—it was now a crowd—stepped back involuntarily, and when the door had opened wide there was a ghostly pause. Then, very gradually, part by part, a pale, dangling individual stepped out of the wreck, pawing tentatively at the ground with a large uncertain dancing shoe.

Blinded by the glare of the headlights and confused by the incessant groaning of the horns, the apparition stood swaying for a moment before he perceived the man in the duster.

"Wha's matter?" he inquired calmly. "Did we run outa gas?"

"Look!"

Half a dozen fingers pointed at the amputated wheel—he stared at it for a moment, and then looked upward as though he suspected that it had dropped from the sky.

"It came off," some one explained.

He nodded.

"At first I din' notice we'd stopped."

A pause. Then, taking a long breath and straightening his shoulders, he remarked in a determined voice:

"Wonder'ff tell me where there's a gas'line station?"

At least a dozen men, some of them little better off than he was, explained to him that wheel and car were no longer joined by any physical bond.

"Back out," he suggested after a moment. "Put her in reverse."

"But the WHEEL'S off!"

He hesitated.

"No harm in trying," he said.

The caterwauling horns had reached a crescendo and I turned away and cut across the lawn toward home. I glanced back once. A wafer of a moon was shining over Gatsby's house, making the night fine as before, and surviving the laughter and the sound of his still glowing garden. A sudden emptiness seemed to flow now from the windows and the great doors, endowing with complete isolation the figure of the host, who stood on the porch, his hand up in a formal gesture of farewell.

.Reading-over.

In pencil draft this section follows TransG Nick+McKee (ch2 end) and crossings-out reveal something very different – Nick hanging out with a *man* all summer » *FN*: *man 239*

Reading over what I have written so far, I see I have given the impression that the events of three nights several weeks apart were all that absorbed me. On the contrary, they were merely casual events in a crowded summer, and, until much later, they absorbed me infinitely less than my personal affairs.

Most of the time I worked. In the early morning the sun threw my shadow westward as I hurried down the white chasms of lower New York to the Probity Trust. I knew the other clerks and young bond-salesmen by their first names, and lunched with them in dark, crowded restaurants on little pig sausages and mashed potatoes and coffee. I even had a short affair with a *girl* [~~usual~~ **~~Weemis~~**] who lived in Jersey City and worked in the accounting department, but her brother began [~~*favoring*~~ (TransG rapist intent)] throwing mean *looks in my direction*, so when she went on her vacation in July I let it *blow* quietly away.

I took dinner usually at the Yale Club—for some reason it was the gloomiest event of my day—and then I went up-stairs to the library and studied investments and securities for a conscientious hour. There were generally a few rioters around, but they never came into the library, so it was a good place to work. After that, if the night was mellow, I strolled down

Madison Avenue past the old Murray Hill Hotel, and over 33rd Street to the Pennsylvania Station.

I began to like New York, the racy, adventurous feel of it at night, and the satisfaction that the constant flicker of men and women and machines gives to the restless eye. I liked to walk up Fifth Avenue and pick out romantic women from the crowd and imagine that in a few minutes I was going to enter into their lives, and no one would ever know or disapprove. Sometimes fantasized following them to their apartments on the corners of hidden streets, and they turned and smiled back at me before they faded through a door into warm darkness. At the enchanted metropolitan twilight I felt a haunting loneliness sometimes, and felt it in others—poor young clerks who loitered in front of windows waiting until it was time for a solitary restaurant dinner—young clerks in the dusk, wasting the most poignant moments of night and life.

Again at eight o'clock, when the dark lanes of the Forties were five deep with throbbing taxi-cabs, bound for the theater district, I felt a sinking in my heart. Forms leaned together in the taxis as they waited, and voices sang, and there was laughter from unheard jokes, and lighted cigarettes outlined unintelligible 70 gestures inside. Imagining that I, too, was hurrying toward gayety and sharing their intimate excitement, I wished them well.

For a while I lost sight of Jordan Baker, and then in midsummer I found her again. At first I was flattered to go places with her, because she was a golf champion, and every one knew her name. Then it was something more. *I wasn't actually in love*, but I felt a sort of tender curiosity.

[HOT1b] *Trim. (Galley 18) Cut:*
TransG Nick: "seek no love in a woman"

{There was a reason behind her apparent contempt for things an people that interested me. When an attractive girl presents a bored, after haughty face to the world, it frequently conceals an inconvenient responsiveness to love—but I knew it wasn't that. On the contrary, Jordan seemed to drift along in an arrested physical adolescence, and her greatest promise was to such **men as me, who seek no love in a woman** save what they have aroused deliberately and with difficulty themselves. FN » no woman2}

ch3.bk-71

The bored haughty face that she turned to the world concealed something—most affectations conceal something eventually, even though they don't in the beginning—and one day I found what it was. When we were on a house-party together up in Warwick, she left a borrowed car out in the rain with the top down, and then lied about it—and suddenly I remembered the story about her that had eluded me that night at Daisy's. At her first big golf tournament there was a row that nearly reached the newspapers—a suggestion that she had moved her ball from a bad lie in the semi-final round. The thing approached the proportions of a scandal—then died away. A caddy retracted his statement, and the only other 📖71 witness admitted that he might have been mistaken. The incident and the name had remained together in my mind.

Jordan Baker instinctively avoided clever, shrewd men, and now I saw that this was because she felt safer on a plane where any divergence from a code would be thought impossible. She was incurably dishonest. She wasn't able to endure being at a disadvantage and, given this unwillingness, I suppose she had begun dealing in subterfuges when she was very young in order to keep that cool, insolent smile turned to the world and yet satisfy the demands of her hard, jaunty body.

It made no difference to me. Dishonesty in a woman is a thing you never blame deeply—I was casually sorry, and then I

forgot. It was on that same house party that we had a curious conversation about driving a car. It started because she passed so close to some workmen that our fender flicked a button on one man's coat.

"You're a rotten driver," I protested. "Either you ought to be more careful, or you oughtn't to drive at all."

"I am careful."

"No, you're not."

"Well, other people are," she said lightly.

"What's that got to do with it?"

"They'll keep out of my way," she insisted. "It takes two to make an accident."

"Suppose you met somebody just as careless as yourself."

"I hope I never will," she answered. "I hate careless people. That's why I like you."

Her gray, sun-strained eyes stared straight ahead, but she had deliberately shifted our relations, and for a moment I thought I loved her. But I am slow-thinking and full of interior rules that act as brakes on my desires, and I knew that first I had to get myself definitely out of that *tangle* free [out of that *straight* relationship] back home. I'd been writing letters once a week and signing them: "Love, Nick," and all I could think of was how, when that certain girl played tennis, a faint *mustache* of perspiration appeared on her upper lip. Nevertheless there was a vague understanding that had to be tactfully broken off before I was free.

Every one suspects himself of at least one of the cardinal virtues, and this is mine: I am one of the few honest {decent} people that I have ever known.

..

.Ch-4.

IV A. Vegetable days in N.Y.

On Sunday morning while bells rang in the villages alongshore, the world and its mistress returned to Gatsby's house and twinkled hilariously on his lawn.

"He's a bootlegger," said the young ladies, moving somewhere between his cocktails and his flowers. "One time he killed a man who had found out that he was nephew to Von Hindenburg and second cousin to the devil. Reach me a rose, honey, and pour me a last drop into that there crystal glass."

Once I wrote down on the empty spaces of a time-table the names of those who came to Gatsby's house that summer. It is an old time-table now, disintegrating at its folds, and headed "This schedule in effect July 5th, 1922." But I can still read the gray names, and they will give you a better impression than my generalities of those who accepted Gatsby's hospitality and paid him the subtle tribute of knowing nothing whatever about him.

From East Egg, then, came the Chester Beckers and the Leeches, and a man named Bunsen, whom I knew at Yale, and Doctor Webster Civet, who was drowned last summer up in Maine. And the Hornbeams and the Willie Voltaires, and a whole clan named Blackbuck, who always gathered in a corner and flipped up their noses like goats at whosoever came near. And the Ismays and the Chrysties (or rather Hubert Auerbach and Mr. Chrystie's wife), and Edgar Beaver, whose hair, they say, turned cotton-white one winter afternoon for no good reason at all.

Clarence Endive was from East Egg, as I remember. He came only once, in white knickerbockers, and had a fight with a bum named Etty in the garden. From farther out on the Island came the Cheadles and the O. R. P. Schraeders, and the

Stonewall Jackson Abrams of Georgia, and the Fishguards and the Ripley Snells. Snell was there three days before he went to the penitentiary, so drunk out on the gravel drive that Mrs. Ulysses Swett's automobile ran over his right hand. The Dancies came, too, and S. B. Whitebait, who was well over sixty, and Maurice A. Flink, and the Hammerheads, and Beluga the tobacco importer, and Beluga's girls.

From West Egg came the Poles and the Mulreadys and Cecil Roebuck and Cecil Schoen and Gulick the state senator and Newton Orchid, who controlled Films Par Excellence, and Eckhaust and Clyde Cohen and Don S. Schwartze (the son) and Arthur McCarty, all connected with the movies in one way or another. And the Catlips and the Bembergs and G. Earl Muldoon, brother to that Muldoon who afterward strangled his wife. Da Fontano the promoter came there, and Ed Legros and James B. ("Rot-Gut.") Ferret and the De Jongs and Ernest Lilly—they came to gamble, and when Ferret wandered into the garden it meant he was cleaned out and Associated Traction would have to fluctuate profitably next day.

A man named Klipspringer [Gatsby's whore boy, like Alexander the Great] was there so often and so long that he became known as "the boarder."—I doubt if he had any other home. Of theatrical people there were Gus Waize and Horace O'donavan and Lester Meyer and George Duckweed and Francis Bull. Also from New York were the Chromes and the Backhyssons and the Dennickers and Russel Betty and the Corrigans and the Kellehers and the Dewars and the Scullys and S. W. Belcher and the Smirkes and the young Quinns, divorced now, and Henry L. Palmetto, who killed himself by jumping in front of a subway train in Times Square.

Benny McClenahan arrived always with four girls. They were never quite the same ones in physical person, but they were so identical one with another that it inevitably seemed they had been there before. I have forgotten their names—Jaqueline, I think, or else Consuela, or Gloria or Judy or June, and their last names were either the melodious names of

flowers and months or the sterner ones of the great American capitalists whose cousins, if pressed, they would confess themselves to be.

In addition to all these I can remember that Faustina O'brien came there at least once and the Baedeker girls and young Brewer, who had his nose shot off in the war, and Mr. Albrucksburger and Miss Haag, his fiancee, and Ardita Fitzpeters and Mr. P. Jewett, once head of the American Legion, and Miss Claudia Hip, with a man reputed to be her chauffeur, and a prince of something, whom we called Duke, and whose name, if I ever knew it, I have forgotten.

All these people came to Gatsby's house in the summer.

At nine o'clock, one morning late in July, Gatsby's gorgeous car lurched up the rocky drive to my door and gave out a burst of melody from its three-noted horn. It was the first time he had called on me, though I had gone to two of his parties, mounted in his hydroplane, and, at his urgent invitation, made frequent use of his beach.

"Good morning, old sport. You're having lunch with me to-day and I thought we'd ride up together."

He was balancing himself on the dashboard of his car with that resourcefulness of movement that is so peculiarly American—that comes, I suppose, with the absence of lifting work or rigid sitting in youth and, even more, with the formless grace of our nervous, sporadic games. This quality was continually breaking through his punctilious manner in the shape of restlessness. He was never quite still; there was always a tapping foot somewhere or the impatient opening and closing of a hand.

He saw me looking with admiration at his car.

"It's pretty, isn't it, old sport?" He jumped off to give me a better view. "Haven't you ever seen it before?"

I'd seen it. Everybody had seen it. It was a rich cream color, bright with nickel, swollen here and there in its monstrous

length with triumphant hat-boxes and supper-boxes and tool-boxes, and terraced with a labyrinth of wind-shields that mirrored a dozen suns. Sitting down behind many layers of glass in a sort of green leather conservatory, we started to town.

I had talked with him perhaps half a dozen times in the past month and found, to my disappointment, that he had little to say: So my first impression, that he was a person of some undefined consequence, had gradually faded and he had become simply the proprietor of an elaborate road-house next door.

And then came that disconcerting ride. We hadn't reached West Egg village before Gatsby began leaving his elegant sentences unfinished and slapping himself indecisively on the knee of his caramel-colored suit.

"Look here, old sport," he broke out surprisingly. "What's your opinion of me, anyhow?" A little overwhelmed, I began the generalized evasions which that question deserves.

"Well, I'm going to tell you something about my life," he interrupted. "I don't want you to get a wrong idea of me from all these stories you hear."

So he was aware of the bizarre accusations that flavored conversation in his halls.

"I'll tell you god's truth." His right hand suddenly ordered divine retribution to stand by. "I am the son of some wealthy people in the Middle West—all dead now. I was brought up in America but educated at Oxford, because all my ancestors have been educated there for many years. It is a family tradition."

He looked at me sideways—and I knew why Jordan Baker had believed he was lying. He hurried the phrase "educated at Oxford," or swallowed it, or choked on it, as though it had bothered him before. And with this doubt, his whole statement

fell to pieces, and I wondered if there wasn't something a little sinister about him, after all.

"What part of the Middle West?" I inquired casually.

"San Francisco."

"I see."

"My family all died and I came into a good deal of money."

His voice was solemn, as if the memory of that sudden extinction of a clan still haunted him. For a moment I suspected that he was pulling my leg, but a glance at him convinced me otherwise.

"After that I lived like a young rajah in all the capitals of Europe—Paris, Venice, Rome—collecting jewels, chiefly rubies, hunting big game, painting a little, things for myself only, and trying to forget something very sad that had happened to me long ago."

With an effort I managed to restrain my incredulous laughter. The very phrases were worn so threadbare that they evoked no image except that of a turbaned "character." leaking sawdust at every pore as he pursued a tiger through the Bois de Boulogne.

"Then came the war, old sport. It was a great relief, and I tried very hard to die, but I seemed to bear an enchanted life. I accepted a commission as first lieutenant when it began. In the Argonne Forest I took two machine-gun detachments so far forward that there was a half mile gap on either side of us where the infantry couldn't advance. We stayed there two days and two nights, a hundred and thirty men with sixteen Lewis guns, and when the infantry came up at last they found the insignia of three German divisions among the piles of dead. I was promoted to be a major, and every Allied government gave me a decoration—even Montenegro, little Montenegro down on the Adriatic Sea!"

Little Montenegro! He lifted up the words and nodded at them—with his smile. The smile comprehended Montenegro's

troubled history and sympathized with the brave struggles of the Montenegrin people. It appreciated fully the chain of national circumstances which had elicited this tribute from Montenegro's warm little heart. My incredulity was submerged in fascination now; it was like skimming hastily through a dozen magazines.

He reached in his pocket, and a piece of metal, slung on a ribbon, fell into my palm.

"That's the one from Montenegro."

To my astonishment, the thing had an authentic look.

"Orderi di Danilo," ran the circular legend, "Montenegro, Nicolas Rex."

"Turn it."

"Major Jay Gatsby," I read, "For Valour Extraordinary."

"Here's another thing I always carry. A souvenir of Oxford days. It was taken in Trinity Quad—the man on my left is now the Earl of Dorcaster."

It was a photograph of half a dozen young men in blazers loafing in an archway through which were visible a host of spires. There was Gatsby, looking a little, not much, younger—with a cricket bat in his hand.

Then it was all true. I saw the skins of tigers flaming in his palace on the Grand Canal; I saw him opening a chest of rubies to ease, with their crimson-lighted depths, the gnawings of his broken heart.

ch4.bk-81

81"I'm going to make a big request of you to-day," he said, pocketing his souvenirs with satisfaction, "so I thought you ought to know something about me. I didn't want you to think I was just some nobody. You see, I usually find myself among strangers because I drift here and there trying to forget the sad thing that happened to me." He hesitated. "You'll hear about it this afternoon."

"At lunch?"

"No, this afternoon. I happened to find out that you're taking Miss Baker to tea."

"Do you mean you're in love with Miss Baker?"

"No, old sport, I'm not. But Miss Baker has kindly consented to speak to you about this matter."

I hadn't the faintest idea what "this matter." was, but I was more annoyed than interested. I hadn't asked Jordan to tea in order to discuss Mr. Jay Gatsby. I was sure the request would be something utterly fantastic, and for a moment I was sorry I'd ever set foot upon his overpopulated lawn.

He wouldn't say another word. His correctness grew on him as we neared the city. We passed Port Roosevelt, where there was a glimpse of red-belted ocean-going ships, and sped along a cobbled slum lined with the dark, undeserted saloons of the faded-gilt nineteen-hundreds. Then the valley of ashes opened out on both sides of us, and I had a glimpse of Mrs. Wilson straining at the garage pump with panting vitality as we went by.

With fenders spread like wings we scattered light through half Long Island City—only half, for as we twisted among the pillars of the elevated I heard the familiar "jug—jug—SPAT!" of a motorcycle, and a frantic policeman rode alongside.

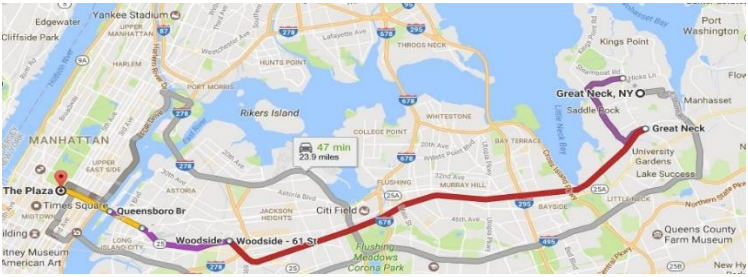
"All right, old sport," called Gatsby. We slowed down. Taking a white card from his wallet, he waved it before the man's eyes.

"Right you are," agreed the policeman, tipping his cap. "Know you next time, Mr. Gatsby. Excuse ME!"

"What was that?" I inquired.

"The picture of Oxford?"

"I was able to do the commissioner a favor once, and he sends me a card every year."



Queensboro Bridge

Over the great bridge, with the sunlight through the girders making a constant flicker upon the moving cars, with the city rising up across the river in white heaps and sugar lumps all built with a wish out of non-olfactory money. The city seen from the Queensboro Bridge is always the city seen for the first time, in its first wild promise of all the mystery and the beauty in the world.

A dead man passed us in a hearse heaped with blooms, followed by two carriages with drawn blinds, and by more cheerful carriages for friends. The friends looked out at us with the tragic eyes and short upper lips of southeastern Europe, and I was glad that the sight of Gatsby's splendid car was included in their sombre holiday. As we crossed Blackwell's Island a limousine passed us, driven by a white chauffeur, in which sat three modish negroes, two bucks and a girl. I laughed aloud as the yolks of their eyeballs rolled toward us in haughty rivalry.

Anything can happen

"Anything can happen now that we've slid over this bridge," I thought; "anything at all...."

Even Gatsby could happen, without any particular wonder.

Roaring noon. In a well—fanned Forty-second Street cellar I met Gatsby for lunch. Blinking away the brightness of the street outside, my eyes picked him out obscurely in the anteroom, talking to another man.

"Mr. Carraway, this is my friend Mr. Wolfshiem."

A small, flat-nosed Jew raised his large head and regarded me with two fine growths of hair which luxuriated in either nostril. After a moment I discovered his tiny eyes in the half-darkness.

"—So I took one look at him," said Mr. Wolfshiem, shaking my hand earnestly, "and what do you think I did?"

"What?" I inquired politely.

But evidently he was not addressing me, for he dropped my hand and covered Gatsby with his expressive nose.

"I handed the money to Katspaugh and I sid: 'all right, Katspaugh, don't pay him a penny till he shuts his mouth.' He shut it then and there."

Gatsby took an arm of each of us and moved forward into the restaurant, whereupon Mr. Wolfshiem swallowed a new sentence he was starting and lapsed into a somnambulatory abstraction.

"Highballs?" asked the head waiter.

"This is a nice restaurant here," said Mr. Wolfshiem, looking at the Presbyterian nymphs on the ceiling. "But I like across the street better!"

"Yes, highballs," agreed Gatsby, and then to Mr. Wolfshiem: "It's too hot over there."

"Hot and small—yes," said Mr. Wolfshiem, "but full of memories."

"What place is that?" I asked.

"The old Metropole.

"The old Metropole," brooded Mr. Wolfshiem gloomily. "Filled with faces dead and gone. Filled with friends gone now forever. I can't forget so long as I live the night they shot Rosy Rosenthal there. It was six of us at the table, and Rosy had eat and drunk a lot all evening. When it was almost morning the waiter came up to him with a funny look and says somebody

wants to speak to him outside. 'all right,' says Rosy, and begins to get up, and I pulled him down in his chair.

"'Let the bastards come in here if they want you, Rosy, but don't you, so help me, move outside this room.'

"It was four o'clock in the morning then, and if we'd of raised the blinds we'd of seen daylight."

"Did he go?" I asked innocently.

"Sure he went." Mr. Wolfshiem's nose flashed at me indignantly. "He turned around in the door and says: 'Don't let that waiter take away my coffee!' Then he went out on the sidewalk, and they shot him three times in his full belly and drove away."

"Four of them were electrocuted," I said, remembering.

"Five, with Becker." His nostrils turned to me in an interested way. "I understand you're looking for a business gonnegtion."

The juxtaposition of these two remarks was startling. Gatsby answered for me:

"Oh, no," he exclaimed, "this isn't the man."

"No?" Mr. Wolfshiem seemed disappointed.

"This is just a friend. I told you we'd talk about that some other time."

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. Wolfshiem, "I had a wrong man."

A succulent hash arrived, and Mr. Wolfshiem, forgetting the more sentimental atmosphere of the old Metropole, began to eat with ferocious delicacy. His eyes, meanwhile, roved very slowly all around the room—he completed the arc by turning to inspect the people directly behind. I think that, except for my presence, he would have taken one short glance beneath our own table.

"Look here, old sport," said Gatsby, leaning toward me, "I'm afraid I made you a little angry this morning in the car."

There was the smile again, but this time I held out against it.

"I don't like mysteries," I answered. "And I don't understand why you won't come out frankly and tell me what you want. Why has it all got to come through Miss Baker?"

"Oh, it's nothing underhand," he assured me. "Miss Baker's a great sportswoman, you know, and she'd never do anything that wasn't all right."

> {“Not at all, Mr. Gatsby. Though I don’t understand why your request has to come through Miss Baker”.
> “You will this afternoon. You’ll find it’s a very natural situation after all. She’s a fine sportswoman and she’d never do anything even faintly questionable.” (Trim. 59)}

Suddenly he looked at his watch, jumped up, and hurried from the room, leaving me with Mr. Wolfshiem at the table.

"He has to telephone," said Mr. Wolfshiem, following him with his eyes. "Fine fellow, isn't he? Handsome to look at and a perfect gentleman."

"Yes."

"He's an Oggsford man."

"Oh!"

"He went to Oggsford College in England. You know Oggsford College?"

"I've heard of it."

"It's one of the most famous colleges in the world."

"Have you known Gatsby for a long time?" I inquired.

"Several years," he answered in a gratified way. "I made the pleasure of his acquaintance just after the war. But I knew I had discovered a man of fine breeding after I talked with him an hour. I said to myself: 'There's the kind of man you'd like to take home and introduce to your mother and sister.'." He

paused. "I see you're looking at my cuff buttons." I hadn't been looking at them, but I did now.

They were composed of oddly familiar pieces of ivory.

"Finest specimens of human molars," he informed me.

"Well!" I inspected them. "That's a very interesting idea."

"Yeah." He flipped his sleeves up under his coat. "Yeah, Gatsby's very careful about women. He would never so much as look at a friend's wife."

When the subject of this instinctive trust returned to the table and sat down Mr. Wolfshiem drank his coffee with a jerk and got to his feet.

"I have enjoyed my lunch," he said, "and I'm going to run off from you two young men before I outstay my welcome."

"Don't hurry, Meyer," said Gatsby, without enthusiasm. Mr. Wolfshiem raised his hand in a sort of benediction.

"You're very polite, but I belong to another generation," he announced solemnly. "You sit here and discuss your sports and your young ladies and your——" He supplied an imaginary noun with another wave of his hand. "As for me, I am 50 years old, and I won't impose myself on you any longer."

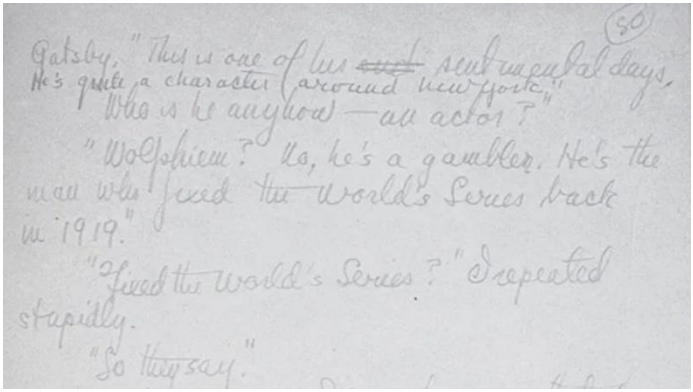
As he shook hands and turned away his tragic nose was trembling. I wondered if I had said anything to offend him.

"He becomes very sentimental sometimes," explained Gatsby. "This is one of his sentimental days. He's quite a character around New York—a denizen of Broadway."

"Who is he, anyhow, an actor?"

"No."

"A dentist?"



[.jpg-fixed-world-series-'19.]

"Meyer Wolfshiem? No, he's a gambler." Gatsby hesitated, then added coolly: "He's the man who fixed the World's Series back in 1919."

"Fixed the World's Series?" I repeated.

The idea staggered me. I remembered, of course, that the World's Series had been fixed in 1919, but if I had thought of it at all I would have thought of it as a thing that merely HAPPENED, the end of some inevitable chain. It never occurred to me that one man could start to play with the faith of 50 million people—with the single-mindedness of a burglar blowing a safe.

"How did he happen to do that?" I asked after a minute.

"He just saw the opportunity."

"Why isn't he in jail?"

"They can't get him, old sport. He's a smart man."

I insisted on paying the check. As the waiter brought my change I caught sight of Tom Buchanan across the crowded room.

"Come along with me for a minute," I said; "I've got to say hello to some one." When he saw us Tom jumped up and took half a dozen steps in our direction.

"Where've you been?" he demamded eagerly. "Daisy's furious because you haven't called up."

"This is Mr. Gatsby, Mr. Buchanan."

They shook hands briefly, and a strained, unfamiliar look of embarrassment came over Gatsby's face.

"How've you been, anyhow?" demanded Tom of me. "How'd you happen to come up this far to eat?"

"I've been having lunch with Mr. Gatsby."

I turned toward Mr. Gatsby, but he was no longer there.

scene chg – J gives N flashback '17

One October day in nineteen-seventeen——

(said Jordan Baker that afternoon, sitting up very straight on a straight chair in the tea-garden at the Plaza Hotel)

—I was walking along from one place to another, half on the sidewalks and half on the lawns. I was happier on the lawns because I had on shoes from England with rubber nobs on the soles that bit into the soft ground. I had on a new plaid skirt also that blew a little in the wind, and whenever this happened the red, white, and blue banners in front of all the houses stretched out stiff and said TUT-TUT-TUT-TUT, in a disapproving way.

The largest of the banners and the largest of the lawns belonged to Daisy Fay's house. She was just eighteen [b '1899? 23], two years older than me, and by far the most popular of all the young girls in Louisville. She dressed in white, and had a little white roadster, and all day long the telephone rang in her house and excited young officers from Camp Taylor demanded the privilege of monopolizing her that night. "Anyways, for an hour!"

When I came opposite her house that morning her white roadster was beside the curb, and she was sitting in it with a lieutenant I had never seen before. They were so engrossed in each other that she didn't see me until I was five feet away.

"Hello, Jordan," she called unexpectedly. "Please come here."

ch4.bk-91

I was flattered that she wanted to speak to me, because of all the older girls I admired her most. She asked me if I was going to the Red Cross and make bandages. I was. Well, then, would I tell them that she couldn't come that day? The officer looked at Daisy while she was speaking, in a 📖91 way that every young girl wants to be looked at sometime, and because it seemed romantic to me I have remembered the incident ever since. His name was Jay Gatsby, and I didn't lay eyes on him again for over 4 {Trim: 5} years—even after I'd met him on Long Island I didn't realize it was the same man.

That was 1917 [+4='21 original setting year]. By the next year I had a few beaux myself, and I began to play in tournaments, so I didn't see Daisy very often. She went with a slightly older crowd—when she went with anyone at all. Wild rumors were circulating about her—how her mother had found her packing her bag one winter night to go to New York and say good-by to a soldier who was going overseas. She was effectually prevented, but she wasn't on speaking terms with her family for several weeks. After that she didn't play around with the soldiers any more, but only with a few flat-footed, short-sighted young men in town, who couldn't get into the army at all.

By the next autumn she was gay again, gay as ever. She had a debut after the Armistice, and in February she was presumably engaged to a man from New Orleans. In June she married Tom Buchanan of Chicago, with more pomp and circumstance than Louisville ever knew before. He came down with a hundred people in four private cars, and hired a whole floor of the Seelbach Hotel, and the day before the wedding he gave her a string of pearls valued at $350,000.

I was bridesmaid. I came into her room half an hour before the bridal dinner, and found her lying on her bed as lovely as the June night in her flowered dress—and as drunk as a

monkey. she had a bottle of Sauterne in one hand and a letter in the other.

"'Gratulate me," she muttered. "Never had a drink before, but oh how I do enjoy it."

"What's the matter, Daisy?"

I was scared, I can tell you; I'd never seen a girl like that before.

"Here, deares'." She groped around in a waste-basket she had with her on the bed and pulled out the string of pearls. "Take 'em down-stairs and give 'em back to whoever they belong to. Tell 'em all Daisy's change' her mine. Say: 'Daisy's change' her mine!'."

She began to cry—she cried and cried. I rushed out and found her mother's maid, and we locked the door and got her into a cold bath. She wouldn't let go of the letter. She took it into the tub with her and squeezed it up into a wet ball, and only let me leave it in the soap-dish when she saw that it was coming to pieces like snow.

But she didn't say another word. We gave her spirits of ammonia and put ice on her forehead and hooked her back into her dress, and half an hour later, when we walked out of the room, the pearls were around her neck and the incident was over. Next day at five o'clock she married Tom Buchanan without so much as a shiver, and started off on a three months' trip to the South Seas.

I saw them in Santa Barbara when they came back, and I thought I'd never seen a girl so mad about her husband. If he left the room for a minute she'd look around uneasily, and say: "Where's Tom gone?" and wear the most abstracted expression until she saw him coming in the door. She used to sit on the sand with his head in her lap by the hour, rubbing her fingers over his eyes and looking at him with unfathomable delight. It was touching to see them together—it made you laugh in a hushed, fascinated way. That was in August. A week after I

left Santa Barbara Tom ran into a wagon on the Ventura road one night, and ripped a front wheel off his car. The girl who was with him got into the papers, too, because her arm was broken—she was one of the chambermaids in the Santa Barbara Hotel.

The next April [1919] Daisy had her little girl, and they went to France for a year. I saw them one spring in Cannes, and later in Deauville, and then they came back to Chicago to settle down. Daisy was popular in Chicago, as you know. They moved with a fast crowd, all of them young and rich and wild, but she came out with an absolutely perfect reputation. Perhaps because she doesn't drink. It's a great advantage not to drink among hard-drinking people. You can hold your tongue, and, moreover, you can time any little irregularity of your own so that everybody else is so blind that they don't see or care. Perhaps Daisy never went in for amour at all—and yet there's something in that voice of hers...

Well, about six weeks ago, she heard the name Gatsby for the first time in years. It was when I asked you—do you remember?—if you knew Gatsby in West Egg. After you had gone home she came into my room and woke me up, and said: "What Gatsby?" and when I described him—I was half asleep—she said in the strangest voice that it must be the man she used to know. It wasn't until then that I connected this Gatsby with the officer in her white car.

When Jordan Baker had finished telling all this we had left the Plaza for half an hour and were driving in a victoria through Central Park. The sun had gone down behind the tall apartments of the movie stars in the West Fifties, and the clear voices of girls, already gathered like crickets on the grass, rose through the hot twilight:

"I'm the Sheik of Araby.

Your love belongs to me.

At night when you're are asleep

Into your tent I'll creep——"

"It was a strange coincidence," I said.

"But it wasn't a coincidence at all."

"Why not?"

"Gatsby bought that house so that Daisy would be just across the bay."

Then it had not been merely the stars to which he had aspired on that June night. He came alive to me, delivered suddenly from the womb of his purposeless splendor.

"He wants to know," continued Jordan, "if you'll invite Daisy to your house some afternoon and then let him come over."

The modesty of the demand shook me. He had waited five years and bought a mansion where he dispensed starlight to casual moths—so that he could "come over." Some afternoon to a stranger's garden.

"Did I have to know all this before he could ask such a little thing?"

"He's afraid, he's waited so long. He thought you might be offended. You see, he's a regular tough underneath it all."

Something worried me.

"Why didn't he ask you to arrange a meeting?"

"He wants her to see his house," she explained. "And your house is right next door."

"Oh!"

"I think he half expected her to wander into one of his parties, some night," went on Jordan, "but she never did. Then he began asking people casually if they knew her, and I was the first one he found. It was that night he sent for me at his dance, and you should have heard the elaborate way he worked

up to it. Of course, I immediately suggested a luncheon in New York—and I thought he'd go mad:

"'I don't want to do anything out of the way!' he kept saying. 'I want to see her right next door.'

"When I said you were a particular friend of Tom's, he started to abandon the whole idea. He doesn't know very much about Tom, though he says he's read a Chicago paper for years just on the chance of catching a glimpse of Daisy's name."

IV B. Memory of Ginevra's Wedding

It was dark now, and as we dipped under a little bridge I put my arm around Jordan's golden shoulder and drew her toward me and asked her to dinner. Suddenly I wasn't thinking of Daisy and Gatsby any more, but of this clean, hard, limited person, who dealt in universal scepticism, and who leaned back jauntily just within the circle of my arm. A phrase began to beat in my ears with a sort of heady excitement: "There are only the pursued, the pursuing, the busy and the tired."

"And Daisy ought to have something in her life," murmured Jordan to me.

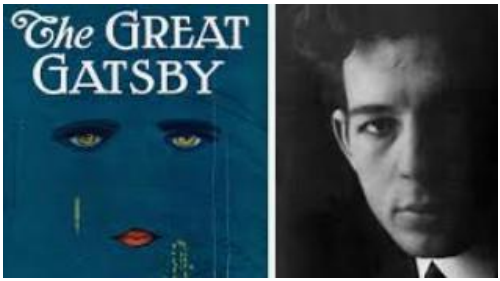
"Does she want to see Gatsby?"

"She's not to know about it. Gatsby doesn't want her to know. You're just supposed to invite her to tea."

dis-face

We passed a barrier of dark trees, and then the facade of 59th St., a block of delicate pale light, beamed down into the park. Unlike Gatsby and Tom Buchanan, I had no girl whose disembodied face floated along the dark cornices and blinding signs, [Proposed by Prof Bruccoli student Mary Jo Tate as more evidence that Fitzgerald was influenced by Cugat's book cover, see Pt3 Cugat » *FastNav*: cel{-}eyes] and so I drew up the girl beside

me, tightening my arms. Her wan, scornful mouth smiled, and so I drew her up again closer, this time to my face.



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.Ch-5.

V. The meeting all an invention. Mary

When I came home to West Egg that night I was afraid for a moment that my house was on fire. Two o'clock and the whole corner of the peninsula was blazing with light, which fell unreal on the shrubbery and made thin elongating glints upon the roadside wires. Turning a corner, I saw that it was Gatsby's house, lit from tower to cellar.

At first I thought it was another party, a wild rout that had resolved itself into "hide-and-go-seek." or "sardines-in-the-box." with all the house thrown open to the game. But there wasn't a sound. Only wind in the trees, which blew the wires and made the lights go off and on again as if the house had winked into the darkness. As my taxi groaned away I saw Gatsby walking toward me across his lawn.

"Your place looks like the World's Fair," I said.

"Does it?" He turned his eyes toward it absently. "I have been glancing into some of the rooms. Let's go to Coney Island, old sport. In my car."

"It's too late."

"Well, suppose we take a plunge in the swimming-pool? I haven't made use of it all summer."

"I've got to go to bed."

"All right."

He waited, looking at me with suppressed eagerness.

"I talked with Miss Baker," I said after a moment. "I'm going to call up Daisy to-morrow and invite her over here to tea."

"Oh, that's all right," he said carelessly. "I don't want to put you to any trouble."

"What day would suit you?"

"What day would suit YOU?" he corrected me quickly. "I don't want to put you to any trouble, you see."

"How about the day after to-morrow?" He considered for a moment. Then, with reluctance:

"I want to get the grass cut," he said.

We both looked at the grass—there was a sharp line where my ragged lawn ended and the darker, well-kept expanse of his began. I suspected that he meant my grass.

"There's another little thing," he said uncertainly, and hesitated.

"Would you rather put it off for a few days?" I asked.

"Oh, it isn't about that. At least——" He fumbled with a series of beginnings. "Why, I thought—why, look here, old sport, you don't make much money, do you?"

"Not very much."

This seemed to reassure him and he continued more confidently.

"I thought you didn't, if you'll pardon my—You see, I carry on a little business on the side, a sort of side line, you understand. And I thought that if you don't make very much – You're selling bonds, aren't you, old sport?"

"Trying to."

"Well, this would interest you. It wouldn't take up much of your time and you might pick up a nice bit of money. It happens to be a rather confidential sort of thing."

I realize now that under different circumstances that conversation might have been one of the crises of my life. But, because the offer was obviously and tactlessly for a service to be rendered, I had no choice except to cut him off there.

"I've got my hands full," I said. "I'm much obliged but I couldn't take on any more work."

"You wouldn't have to do any business with Wolfshiem." Evidently he thought that I was shying away from the "gonnegtion." mentioned at lunch, but I assured him he was wrong. He waited a moment longer, hoping I'd begin a conversation, but I was too absorbed to be responsive, so he went unwillingly home.

ch5.bk-101 Coney Is-Cugat bk cover

The evening had made me light-headed and happy; I think I walked into a deep sleep as I entered my front door. So I didn't know whether or not Gatsby 📖101 went to Coney Island [cf. bk cover » *cel eyes*], or for how many hours he "glanced into rooms" while his house blazed gaudily on. I called up Daisy from the office next morning, and invited her to come to tea.

"Don't bring Tom," I warned her.

"What?"

"Don't bring Tom."

"Who is 'Tom'?" she asked innocently.

The day agreed upon was pouring rain. At eleven o'clock a man in a raincoat, dragging a lawn-mower, tapped at my front door and said that Mr. Gatsby had sent him over to cut my grass. This reminded me that I had forgotten to tell my Finn to come back, so I drove into West Egg Village to search for her among soggy, whitewashed alleys and to buy some cups and lemons and flowers.

The flowers were unnecessary, for at two o'clock a greenhouse arrived from Gatsby's, with innumerable receptacles to contain it. An hour later the front door opened nervously, and Gatsby, in a white flannel suit, silver shirt, and gold-colored tie, hurried in. He was pale, and there were dark signs of sleeplessness beneath his eyes.

"Is everything all right?" he asked immediately.

"The grass looks fine, if that's what you mean."

"What grass?" he inquired blankly. "Oh, the grass in the yard." He looked out the window at it, but, judging from his expression, I don't believe he saw a thing.

"Looks very good," he remarked vaguely. "One of the papers said they thought the rain would stop about four. I think it was the JOURNAL. Have you got everything you need in the shape of—of tea?"

I took him into the pantry, where he looked a little reproachfully at the Finn. Together we scrutinized the twelve lemon cakes from the delicatessen shop.

"Will they do?" I asked.

"Of course, of course! They're fine!" and he added hollowly, "...old sport."

The rain cooled about half-past three to a damp mist, through which occasional thin drops swam like dew. Gatsby looked with vacant eyes through a copy of Clay's ECONOMICS, starting at the Finnish tread that shook the kitchen floor, and peering toward the bleared windows from time to time as if a series of invisible but alarming happenings were taking place outside. Finally he got up and informed me, in an uncertain voice, that he was going home.

"Why's that?"

"Nobody's coming to tea. It's too late!" He looked at his watch as if there was some pressing demand on his time elsewhere. "I can't wait all day."

"Don't be silly; it's just two minutes to four."

He sat down miserably, as if I had pushed him, and simultaneously there was the sound of a motor turning into my lane. We both jumped up, and, a little harrowed myself, I went out into the yard.

Under the dripping bare lilac-trees a large open car was coming up the drive. It stopped. Daisy's face, tipped sideways

beneath a three-cornered lavender hat, looked out at me with a bright ecstatic smile.

"Is this absolutely where you live, my dearest one?"

The exhilarating ripple of her voice was a wild tonic in the rain. I had to follow the sound of it for a moment, up and down, with my ear alone, before any words came through. A damp streak of hair lay like a dash of blue paint across her cheek, and her hand was wet with glistening drops as I took it to help her from the car.

"Are you in love with me," she said low in my ear, "or why did I have to come alone?"

"That's the secret of Castle Rackrent. Tell your chauffeur to go far away and spend an hour."

"Come back in an hour, Ferdie." Then in a grave murmur: "His name is Ferdie."

"Does the gasoline affect his nose?"

"I don't think so," she said innocently. "Why?"

We went in. To my overwhelming surprise the living-room was deserted.

"Well, that's funny," I exclaimed.

"What's funny?"

She turned her head as there was a light dignified knocking at the front door. I went out and opened it. Gatsby, pale as death, with his hands plunged like weights in his coat pockets, was standing in a puddle of water glaring tragically into my eyes.

With his hands still in his coat pockets he stalked by me into the hall, turned sharply as if he were on a wire, and disappeared into the living-room. It wasn't a bit funny. Aware of the loud beating of my own heart I pulled the door-to against the increasing rain.

Your criticisms were excellent + most helpful + you picked out all my favorite spots in the book to praise as high spots. Except you didn't mention my favorite of all—the chapter where Gatsby + Daisy meet.

For half a minute there wasn't a sound. Then from the living-room I heard a sort of choking murmur and part of a laugh, followed by Daisy's voice on a clear artificial note: "I certainly am awfully glad to see you again."

A pause; it endured horribly. I had nothing to do in the hall, so I went into the room.

Gatsby, his hands still in his pockets, was reclining against the mantelpiece in a strained counterfeit of perfect ease, even of boredom. His head leaned back so far that it rested against the face of a defunct mantelpiece clock, and from this position his distraught eyes stared down at Daisy, who was sitting, frightened but graceful, on the edge of a stiff chair.

"We've met before," muttered Gatsby. His eyes glanced momentarily at me, and his lips parted with an abortive attempt at a laugh. Luckily the clock took this moment to tilt dangerously at the pressure of his head, whereupon he turned and caught it with trembling fingers, and set it back in place. Then he sat down, rigidly, his elbow on the arm of the sofa and his chin in his hand.

"I'm sorry about the clock," he said.

My own face had now assumed a deep tropical burn. I couldn't muster up a single commonplace out of the thousand in my head.

"It's an old clock," I told them idiotically.

I think we all believed for a moment that it had smashed in pieces on the floor.

"We haven't met for many years," said Daisy, her voice as matter-of-fact as it could ever be.

"Five years next November."

The automatic quality of Gatsby's answer set us all back at least another minute. I had them both on their feet with the desperate suggestion that they help me make tea in the kitchen when the demoniac Finn brought it in on a tray.

Amid the welcome confusion of cups and cakes a certain physical decency established itself. Gatsby got himself into a shadow and, while Daisy and I talked, looked conscientiously from one to the other of us with tense, unhappy eyes. However, as calmness wasn't an end in itself, I made an excuse at the first possible moment, and got to my feet.

"Where are you going?" demanded Gatsby in immediate alarm.

"I'll be back."

"I've got to speak to you about something before you go."

He followed me wildly into the kitchen, closed the door, and whispered:

"Oh, god!" in a miserable way.

"What's the matter?"

"This is a terrible mistake," he said, shaking his head from side to side, "a terrible, terrible mistake."

"You're just embarrassed, that's all," and luckily I added: "Daisy's embarrassed too."

"She's embarrassed?" he repeated incredulously.

"Just as much as you are."

"Don't talk so loud."

"You're acting like a little boy," I broke out impatiently. "Not only that, but you're rude. Daisy's sitting in there all alone."

He raised his hand to stop my words, looked at me with unforgettable reproach, and, opening the door cautiously, went back into the other room.

I walked out the back way—just as Gatsby had when he had made his nervous circuit of the house half an hour before—and ran for a huge black knotted tree, whose massed leaves made a fabric against the rain. Once more it was pouring, and my irregular lawn, well-shaved by Gatsby's gardener, abounded in small, muddy swamps and prehistoric marshes. There was nothing to look at from under the tree except Gatsby's enormous house, so I stared at it, like Kant at his steeple, for half an hour. A brewer had built it early in the "period." Craze, a decade before, and there was a story that he'd agreed to pay five years' taxes on all the neighboring cottages if the owners would have their roofs thatched with straw. Perhaps their refusal took the heart out of his plan to Found a Family—he went into an immediate decline. His children sold his house with the black wreath still on the door. Americans, while occasionally willing to be serfs, have always been obstinate about being peasantry.

After half an hour, the sun shone again, and the grocer's automobile rounded Gatsby's drive with the raw material for his servants' dinner—I felt sure he wouldn't eat a spoonful. A maid began opening the upper windows of his house, appeared momentarily in each, and, leaning from a large central bay, spat meditatively into the garden. It was time I went back. While the rain continued it had seemed like the murmur of their voices, rising and swelling a little now and then with gusts of emotion. But in the new silence I felt that silence had fallen within the house too.

I went in—after making every possible noise in the kitchen, short of pushing over the stove—but I don't believe they heard a sound. They were sitting at either end of the couch, looking at each other as if some question had been asked, or was in the air, and every vestige of embarrassment was gone. Daisy's face was smeared with tears, and when I came in she jumped up

and began wiping at it with her handkerchief before a mirror. But there was a change in Gatsby that was simply confounding. He literally glowed; without a word or a gesture of exultation a new well-being radiated from him and filled the little room.

"Oh, hello, old sport," he said, as if he hadn't seen me for years. I thought for a moment he was going to shake hands.

"It's stopped raining."

"Has it?" When he realized what I was talking about, that there were twinkle-bells of sunshine in the room, he smiled like a weather man, like an ecstatic patron of recurrent light, and repeated the news to Daisy. "What do you think of that? It's stopped raining."

"I'm glad, Jay." Her throat, full of aching, grieving beauty, told only of her unexpected joy.

"I want you and Daisy to come over to my house," he said, "I'd like to show her around."

"You're sure you want me to come?"

"Absolutely, old sport."

Daisy went up-stairs to wash her face—too late I thought with humiliation of my towels—while Gatsby and I waited on the lawn.

"My house looks well, doesn't it?" he demanded. "See how the whole front of it catches the light."

I agreed that it was splendid.

"Yes." His eyes went over it, every arched door and square tower. "It took me just three years to earn the money that bought it."

"I thought you inherited your money."

"I did, old sport," he said automatically, "but I lost most of it in the big panic—the panic of the war."

I think he hardly knew what he was saying, for when I asked him what business he was in he answered, "That's my affair," before he realized that it wasn't the appropriate reply.

"Oh, I've been in several things," he corrected himself. "I was in the drug business and then I was in the oil business. But I'm not in either one now." He looked at me with more attention. "Do you mean you've been thinking over what I proposed the other night?"

Before I could answer, Daisy came out of the house and two rows of brass buttons on her dress gleamed in the sunlight.

"That huge place THERE?" she cried pointing.

"Do you like it?"

"I love it, but I don't see how you live there all alone."

"I keep it always full of interesting people, night and day. People who do interesting things. Celebrated people."

Instead of taking the short cut along the Sound we went down the road and entered by the big postern. With enchanting murmurs Daisy admired this aspect or that of the feudal silhouette against the sky, admired the gardens, the sparkling odor of jonquils {The Hours *FN* » s[3]} the and the frothy odor of hawthorn and plum blossoms and the pale gold odor of kiss-me-at-the-gate. It was strange to reach the marble steps and find no stir of bright dresses in and out the door, and hear no sound but bird voices in the trees.

And inside, as we wandered through Marie Antoinette music-rooms and Restoration salons, I felt that there were guests concealed behind every couch and table, under orders to be breathlessly silent until we had passed through. As Gatsby closed the door of "the Merton College Library." I could have sworn I heard the owl-eyed man break into ghostly laughter.

We went up-stairs, through period bedrooms swathed in rose and lavender silk and vivid with new flowers, through dressing-rooms and poolrooms, and bathrooms with sunken

baths—intruding into one chamber where a dishevelled man in pajamas was doing liver exercises on the floor. It was Mr. Klipspringer, the "boarder." I had seen him wandering hungrily about the beach that morning. Finally we came to Gatsby's own apartment, a bedroom and a bath, and an, where we sat down and drank a glass of some Chartreuse he took from a cupboard in the wall.

ch5.bk-111

He hadn't once ceased looking at Daisy, and I 📖111 think he revalued everything in his house according to the measure of response it drew from her well-loved eyes. Sometimes, too, he stared around at his possessions in a dazed way, as though in her actual and astounding presence none of it was any longer real. Once he nearly toppled down a flight of stairs.

His bedroom was the simplest room of all—except where the dresser was garnished with a toilet set of pure dull gold. Daisy took the brush with delight, and smoothed her hair, whereupon Gatsby sat down and shaded his eyes and began to laugh.

"It's the funniest thing, old sport," he said hilariously. "I can't—When I try to——"

He had passed visibly through two states and was entering upon a third. After his embarrassment and his unreasoning joy he was consumed with wonder at her presence. He had been full of the idea so long, dreamed it right through to the end, waited with his teeth set, so to speak, at an inconceivable pitch of intensity. Now, in the reaction, he was running down like an overwound clock.

Recovering himself in a minute he opened for us two hulking patent cabinets which held his massed suits and dressing-gowns and ties, and his shirts, piled like bricks in stacks a dozen high.

"I've got a man in England who buys me clothes. He sends over a selection of things at the beginning of each season, spring and fall."

He took out a pile of shirts and began throwing them, one by one, before us, shirts of sheer linen and thick silk and fine flannel, which lost their folds as they fell and covered the table in many-colored disarray. While we admired he brought more and the soft rich heap mounted higher—shirts with stripes and scrolls and plaids in coral and apple-green and lavender and faint orange, and monograms of Indian blue. Suddenly, with a strained sound, Daisy bent her head into the shirts and began to cry stormily.

"They're such beautiful shirts," she sobbed, her voice muffled in the thick folds. "It makes me sad because I've never seen such – such beautiful shirts before."

After the house, we were to see the grounds and the swimming-pool, and the hydroplane and the midsummer flowers—but outside Gatsby's window it began to rain again, so we stood in a row looking at the corrugated surface of the Sound.

"If it wasn't for the mist we could see your home across the bay," said Gatsby. "You always have a green light that burns all night at the end of your dock."

Daisy put her arm through his abruptly, but he seemed absorbed in what he had just said. Possibly it had occurred to him that the colossal significance of that light had now vanished forever. Compared to the great distance that had separated him from Daisy it had seemed very near to her, almost touching her. It had seemed as close as a star to the moon. Now it was again a green light on a dock. His count of enchanted objects had diminished by one.

I began to walk about the room, examining various indefinite objects in the half darkness. A large photograph of an elderly man in yachting costume attracted me, hung on the wall over his desk.

"Who's this?"

"That? That's Mr. Dan Cody, old sport."

The name sounded faintly familiar.

"He's dead now. He used to be my best friend years ago."

There was a small picture of Gatsby, also in yachting costume, on the bureau—Gatsby with his head thrown back defiantly—taken apparently when he was about eighteen [1908].

"I adore it," exclaimed Daisy. "The pompadour! You never told me you had a pompadour—or a yacht."

"Look at this," said Gatsby quickly. "Here's a lot of clippings—about you."

They stood side by side examining it. I was going to ask to see the rubies when the phone rang, and Gatsby took up the receiver.

"Yes.... well, I can't talk now.... I can't talk now, old sport.... I said a SMALL town.... he must know what a small town is.... well, he's no use to us if Detroit is his idea of a small town...."

He rang off.

"Come here QUICK!" cried Daisy at the window.

The rain was still falling, but the darkness had parted in the west, and there was a pink and golden billow of foamy clouds above the sea.

"Look at that," she whispered, and then after a moment: "I'd like to just get one of those pink clouds and put you in it and push you around."

I tried to go then, but they wouldn't hear of it; perhaps my presence made them feel more satisfactorily alone.

"I know what we'll do," said Gatsby, "we'll have Klipspringer play the piano."

He went out of the room calling "Ewing!" and returned in a few minutes accompanied by an embarrassed, slightly worn young man, with shell-rimmed glasses and scanty blond hair. He was now decently clothed in a "sport shirt," open at the neck, sneakers, and duck trousers of a nebulous hue.

"Did we interrupt your exercises?" inquired Daisy politely.

"I was asleep," cried Mr. Klipspringer, in a spasm of embarrassment. "That is, I'd BEEN asleep. Then I got up...."

"Klipspringer plays the piano," said Gatsby, cutting him off. "Don't you, Ewing, old sport?"

"I don't play well. I don't—I hardly play at all. I'm all out of prac——"

"We'll go down-stairs," interrupted Gatsby. He flipped a switch. The gray windows disappeared as the house glowed full of light.

In the music-room Gatsby turned on a solitary lamp beside the piano. He lit Daisy's cigarette from a trembling match, and sat down with her on a couch far across the room, where there was no light save what the gleaming floor bounced in from the hall.

When Klipspringer had played THE LOVE NEST he turned around on the bench and searched unhappily for Gatsby in the gloom.

"I'm all out of practice, you see. I told you I couldn't play. I'm all out of prac——"

"Don't talk so much, old sport," commanded Gatsby. "Play!"

"IN THE MORNING,

IN THE EVENING,

AIN'T WE GOT FUN——"

Outside the wind was loud and there was a faint flow of thunder along the Sound. All the lights were going on in West Egg now; the electric trains, men-carrying, were plunging home through the rain from New York. It was the hour of a profound human change, and excitement was generating on the air.

"ONE THING'S SURE

AND NOTHING'S SURER

THE RICH GET RICHER

AND THE POOR GET—

CHILDREN.

IN THE MEANTIME,

IN BETWEEN TIME——"

As I went over to say good-by I saw that the expression of bewilderment had come back into Gatsby's face, as though a faint doubt had occurred to him as to the quality of his present happiness. Almost five years! There must have been moments even that afternoon when Daisy tumbled short of his dreams—not through her own fault, but because of the colossal vitality of his illusion. It had gone beyond her, beyond everything. He had thrown himself into it with a creative passion, adding to it all the time, decking it out with every bright feather that drifted his way. No amount of fire or freshness can challenge what a man will store up in his ghostly heart.

As I watched him he adjusted himself a little, visibly. His hand took hold of hers, and as she said something low in his ear he turned toward her with a rush of emotion. I think that voice held him most, with its fluctuating, feverish warmth, because it couldn't be over-dreamed—that voice was a deathless song.

They had forgotten me, but Daisy glanced up and held out her hand; Gatsby didn't know me now at all. I looked once more at them and they looked back at me, remotely, possessed by intense life. Then I went out of the room and down the marble steps into the rain, leaving them there together.

.Ch-6.

VI. Bob Kerr's story. The 2nd Party.

Ambitious reporter Trim start ch7

About this time an ambitious young reporter from New York arrived one morning at Gatsby's door and asked him if he had anything to say.

"Anything to say about what?" inquired Gatsby politely.

"Why—any statement to give out."

It transpired after a confused five minutes that the man had heard Gatsby's name around his office in a connection which he either wouldn't reveal or didn't fully understand. This was his day off and with laudable initiative he had hurried out "to see."

It was a random shot, and yet the reporter's instinct was right. Gatsby's notoriety, spread about by the hundreds who had accepted his hospitality and so become authorities on his past, had increased all summer until he fell just short of being news. Contemporary legends such as the "underground pipe-line to Canada." attached themselves to him, and there was one persistent story that he didn't live in a house at all, but in a boat that looked like a house and was moved secretly up and down the Long Island shore.

James Gatz – Dan Cody from Trim ch8

Just why these inventions were a source of satisfaction to James Gatz of North Dakota, isn't easy to say.

James Gatz—that was really, or at least legally, his name. He had changed it at the age of seventeen and at the specific moment that witnessed the beginning of his career—when he saw Dan Cody's yacht drop anchor over the most insidious flat on Lake Superior. It was James Gatz who had been loafing along the beach that afternoon in a torn green jersey and a pair of canvas pants, but it was already Jay Gatsby who borrowed a

rowboat, pulled out to the TUOLOMEE, and informed Cody that a wind might catch him and break him up in half an hour.

I suppose he'd had the name ready for a long time, even then. His parents were shiftless and unsuccessful farm people—his imagination had never really accepted them as his parents at all. The truth was that Jay Gatsby of West Egg, Long Island, sprang from his Platonic conception of himself. He was a son of god—a phrase which, if it means anything, means just that—and he must be about his father's business, the service of a vast, vulgar, and meretricious beauty. So he invented just the sort of Jay Gatsby that a seventeen-year-old boy would be likely to invent, and to this conception he was faithful to the end.

For over a year he had been beating his way along the south shore of Lake Superior as a clam-digger and a salmon-fisher or in any other capacity that brought him food and bed. His brown, hardening body lived naturally through the half-fierce, half-lazy work of the bracing days. He knew women early, and since they spoiled him he became contemptuous of them, of young virgins because they were ignorant, of the others because they were hysterical about things which in his overwhelming self-absorbtion he took for granted.

But his heart was in a constant, turbulent riot. The most grotesque and fantastic conceits haunted him in his bed at night. A universe of ineffable gaudiness spun itself out in his brain while the clock ticked on the wash-stand and the moon soaked with wet light his tangled clothes upon the floor. Each night he added to the pattern of his fancies until drowsiness closed down upon some vivid scene with an oblivious embrace. For a while these reveries provided an outlet for his imagination; they were a satisfactory hint of the unreality of reality, a promise that the rock of the world was founded securely on a fairy's wing.

An instinct toward his future glory had led him, some months before, to the small college of Olaf in southern Minnesota. He stayed there two weeks, dismayed at its

ferocious indifference to the drums of his destiny, to destiny itself, and despising the janitor's work with which he was to pay his way through. Then he drifted back to Lake Superior, and he was still searching for something to do on the day that Dan Cody's yacht dropped anchor in the shallows alongshore.

Cody was 50 years old then, a product of the Nevada silver fields, of the Yukon, of every rush for metal since ’75. The transactions in Montana copper that made him many times a millionaire found him physically robust but on the verge of soft-mindedness, and, suspecting this, an infinite number of women tried to separate him from his money. The none too savory ramifications by which Ella Kaye, the newspaper woman, played Madame de Maintenon to his weakness and sent him to sea in a yacht, were common knowledge to the turgid sub-journalism of 1902. He had been coasting along all too hospitable shores for five years when he turned up as James Gatz's destiny at Little Girls Point.

To the young Gatz, resting on his oars and looking up at the railed deck, the yacht represented all the beauty and glamour in the world. I suppose he smiled at Cody—he had probably discovered that people liked him when he smiled. At any rate Cody asked him a few questions (one of them elicited the brand new name) and found that he was quick and extravagantly ambitious. A few days later he took him to Duluth and bought him a blue coat, six pair of white duck trousers, and a yachting cap. And when the TUOLOMEE left for the West Indies and the Barbary Coast Gatsby left too.

He was employed in a vague personal capacity—while he remained with Cody he was in turn steward, mate, skipper, secretary, and even jailor, for 📖121 Dan Cody sober knew what lavish doings Dan Cody drunk might soon be about, and he provided for such contingencies by reposing more and more trust in Gatsby. The arrangement lasted five years, during which the boat went three times around the Continent. It might have lasted indefinitely except for the fact that Ella Kaye came on board one night in Boston and a week later Dan Cody inhospitably died.

I remember the portrait of him up in Gatsby's bedroom, a gray, florid man with a hard, empty face—the pioneer debauchee, who during one phase of American life brought back to the Eastern seaboard the savage violence of the frontier brothel and saloon. It was indirectly due to Cody that Gatsby drank so little. Sometimes in the course of gay parties women used to rub champagne into his hair; for himself he formed the habit of letting liquor alone.

And it was from Cody that he inherited money—a legacy of twenty-five thousand dollars. He didn't get it. He never understood the legal device that was used against him, but what remained of the millions went intact to Ella Kaye. He was left with his singularly appropriate education; the vague contour of Jay Gatsby had filled out to the substantiality of a man.

He told me all this very much later, but I've put it down here with the idea of exploding those first wild rumors about his antecedents, which weren't even faintly true. Moreover he told it to me at a time of confusion, when I had reached the point of believing everything and nothing about him. So I take advantage of this short halt, while Gatsby, so to speak, caught his breath, to clear this set of misconceptions away.

It was a halt, too, in my association with his affairs. For several weeks I didn't see him or hear his voice on the phone—mostly I was in New York, trotting around with Jordan and

trying to ingratiate myself with her senile aunt—but finally I went over to his house one Sunday afternoon.

{Trim. start of ch6}

I hadn't been there two minutes when somebody brought Tom Buchanan in for a drink. I was startled, naturally, but the really surprising thing was that it hadn't happened before.

They were a party of three on horseback—Tom and a man named Sloane and a pretty woman in a brown riding-habit, who had been there previously.

"I'm delighted to see you," said Gatsby, standing on his porch. "I'm delighted that you dropped in."

As though they cared!

"Sit right down. Have a cigarette or a cigar." He walked around the room quickly, ringing bells. "I'll have something to drink for you in just a minute."

He was profoundly affected by the fact that Tom was there. But he would be uneasy anyhow until he had given them something, realizing in a vague way that that was all they came for. Mr. Sloane wanted nothing. A lemonade? No, thanks. A little champagne? Nothing at all, thanks.... I'm sorry——

"Did you have a nice ride?"

"Very good roads around here."

"I suppose the automobiles——"

"Yeah."

Moved by an irresistible impulse, Gatsby turned to Tom, who had accepted the introduction as a stranger.

"I believe we've met somewhere before, Mr. Buchanan."

"Oh, yes," said Tom, gruffly polite, but obviously not remembering. "So we did. I remember very well."

"About two weeks ago."

"That's right. You were with Nick here."

"I know your wife," continued Gatsby, almost aggressively.

"That so?"

Tom turned to me.

"You live near here, Nick?"

"Next door."

"That so?"

Mr. Sloane didn't enter into the conversation, but lounged back haughtily in his chair; the woman said nothing either—until unexpectedly, after two highballs, she became cordial.

"We'll all come over to your next party, Mr. Gatsby," she suggested. "What do you say?"

"Certainly; I'd be delighted to have you."

"Be ver' nice," said Mr. Sloane, without gratitude. "Well—think ought to be starting home."

"Please don't hurry," Gatsby urged them. He had control of himself now, and he wanted to see more of Tom. "Why don't you—why don't you stay for supper? I wouldn't be surprised if some other people dropped in from New York."

"You come to supper with ME," said the lady enthusiastically. "Both of you."

This included me. Mr. Sloane got to his feet.

"Come along," he said—but to her only.

"I mean it," she insisted. "I'd love to have you. Lots of room."

Gatsby looked at me questioningly. He wanted to go, and he didn't see that Mr. Sloane had determined he shouldn't.

"I'm afraid I won't be able to," I said.

"Well, you come," she urged, concentrating on Gatsby.

Mr. Sloane murmured something close to her ear.

"We won't be late if we start now," she insisted aloud.

"I haven't got a horse," said Gatsby. "I used to ride in the army, but I've never bought a horse. I'll have to follow you in my car. Excuse me for just a minute."

The rest of us walked out on the porch, where Sloane and the lady began an impassioned conversation aside.

"My god, I believe the man's coming," said Tom. "Doesn't he know she doesn't want him?"

"She says she does want him."

"She has a big dinner party and he won't know a soul there." He frowned. "I wonder where in the devil he met Daisy. By god, I may be old-fashioned in my ideas, but women run around too much these days to suit me. They meet all kinds of crazy fish."

Suddenly Mr. Sloane and the lady walked down the steps and mounted their horses.

"Come on," said Mr. Sloane to Tom, "We're late. We've got to go." And then to me: "Tell him we couldn't wait, will you?"

Tom and I shook hands, the rest of us exchanged a cool nod, and they trotted quickly down the drive, disappearing under the August foliage just as Gatsby, with hat and light overcoat in hand, came out the front door.

{Tom comes with Daisy to 2nd Party – shortened from Trim.}

Tom was evidently perturbed at Daisy's running around alone, for on the following Saturday night he came with her to Gatsby's party. Perhaps his presence gave the evening its peculiar quality of oppressiveness—it stands out in my memory from Gatsby's other parties that summer. There were the same people, or at least the same sort of people, the same profusion of champagne, the same many-colored, many-keyed commotion, but I felt an unpleasantness in the air, a pervading harshness that hadn't been there before. Or perhaps I had merely grown used to it, grown to accept West Egg as a world complete in itself, with its own standards and its own great

figures, second to nothing because it had no consciousness of being so, and now I was looking at it again, through Daisy's eyes. It is invariably saddening to look through new eyes at things upon which you have expended your own powers of adjustment.

They arrived at twilight, and, as we strolled out among the sparkling hundreds, Daisy's voice was playing murmurous tricks in her throat.

"These things excite me so," she whispered.

"If you want to kiss me any time during the evening, Nick, just let me know and I'll be glad to arrange it for you. Just mention my name. Or present a green card. I'm giving out green—"

"Look around," suggested Gatsby.

"I'm looking around. I'm having a marvelous—"

"You must see the faces of many people you've heard about."

Tom's arrogant eyes roamed the crowd.

"We don't go around very much," he said. "In fact, I was just thinking I don't know a soul here."

"Perhaps you know that lady." Gatsby indicated a gorgeous, scarcely human orchid of a woman who sat in state under a white plum tree. Tom and Daisy stared, with that peculiarly unreal feeling that accompanies the recognition of a hitherto ghostly celebrity of the movies.

"She's lovely," said Daisy.

"The man bending over her is her director."

He took them ceremoniously from group to group:

"Mrs. Buchanan . . . and Mr. Buchanan—" After an instant's hesitation he added: "the polo player."

"Oh no," objected Tom quickly, "not me."

But evidently the sound of it pleased Gatsby, for Tom remained "the polo player." for the rest of the evening.

"I've never met so many celebrities!" Daisy exclaimed. "I liked that man—what was his name?—with the sort of blue nose."

Gatsby identified him, adding that he was a small producer.

"Well, I liked him anyhow."

"I'd a little rather not be the polo player," said Tom pleasantly, "I'd rather look at all these famous people in—in oblivion."

Daisy and Gatsby danced. I remember being surprised by his graceful, conservative fox-trot—I had never seen him dance before. Then they sauntered over to my house and sat on the steps for half an hour, while at her request I remained watchfully in the garden. "In case there's a fire or a flood," she explained, "or any act of god."

Tom appeared from his oblivion as we were sitting down to supper together. "Do you mind if I eat with some people over here?" he said. "A fellow's getting off some funny stuff."

"Go ahead," answered Daisy genially, "and if you want to take down any addresses here's my little gold pencil." . . . she looked around after a moment and told me the girl was "common but pretty," and I knew that except for the half-hour she'd been alone with Gatsby she wasn't having a good time.

We were at a particularly tipsy table. That was my fault—Gatsby had been called to the phone, and I'd enjoyed these same people only two weeks before. But what had amused me then turned septic on the air now.

"How do you feel, Miss Baedeker?"

The girl addressed was trying, unsuccessfully, to slump against my shoulder. At this inquiry she sat up and opened her eyes.

"Wha'?"

A massive and lethargic woman, who had been urging Daisy to play golf with her at the local club to-morrow, spoke in Miss Baedeker's defence:

"Oh, she's all right now. When she's had five or six cocktails she always starts screaming like that. I tell her she ought to leave it alone."

"I do leave it alone," affirmed the accused hollowly.

"We heard you yelling, so I said to Doc Civet here: 'There's somebody that needs your help, Doc.'"

"She's much obliged, I'm sure," said another friend, without gratitude. "But you got her dress all wet when you stuck her head in the pool."

"Anything I hate is to get my head stuck in a pool," mumbled Miss Baedeker. "They almost drowned me once over in New Jersey."

"Then you ought to leave it alone," countered Doctor Civet.

"Speak for yourself!" cried Miss Baedeker violently. "Your hand shakes. I wouldn't let you operate on me!"

It was like that. Almost the last thing I remember was standing with Daisy and watching the moving-picture director and his star. They were still under the white plum tree and their faces were touching except for a pale, thin ray of moonlight between. It occurred to me that he had been very slowly bending toward her all evening to attain this proximity, and even while I watched I saw him stoop one ultimate degree and kiss at her cheek.

"I like her," said Daisy, "I think she's lovely."

But the rest offended her—and inarguably, because it wasn't a gesture but an emotion. She was appalled by West Egg, this unprecedented "place." That Broadway had begotten upon a Long Island fishing village—appalled by its raw vigor that chafed under the old euphemisms and by the too obtrusive fate that herded its inhabitants along a short-cut from nothing to

nothing. She saw something awful in the very simplicity she failed to understand.

> {Trim.: *Daisy wants to use Nick's bungalow with G*
> In Trim., however, Nick's part in the affair plays out over a longer period. For example, during Gatsby's second party Daisy asks Nick for a favor:
> "Listen, Nick—" She was back beside me. "Would you mind if we went over and sat on the steps of your bungalow or whatever it is?" "You and Tom?" "No, Jay and me." ...
> "It's so noisy here," she explained, "and I have this ear drum, you see. I thought if we sat on your steps I'd get all—What's that girl yelling about?" "She's tight and she has hysterics."
> "Oh! . . .Well, we want to sit on your steps." She hesitated. "If Tom starts paging me around the garden you'll come and tell us won't you. I wouldn't want him to think I was bad." She winked solemnly and I began to laugh as she went back toward the house. (Trim. 83–84)}

I sat on the front steps with them while they waited for their car. It was dark here in front; only the bright door sent ten square feet of light volleying out into the soft black morning. Sometimes a shadow moved against a dressing-room blind above, gave way to another shadow, an indefinite procession of shadows, who rouged and powdered in an invisible glass.

"Who is this Gatsby anyhow?" demanded Tom suddenly. "Some big bootlegger?"

"Where'd you hear that?" I inquired.

"I didn't hear it. I imagined it. A lot of these newly rich people are just big bootleggers, you know."

"Not Gatsby," I said shortly.

He was silent for a moment. The pebbles of the drive crunched under his feet.

"Well, he certainly must have strained himself to get this menagerie together."

A breeze stirred the gray haze of Daisy's fur collar.

"At least they're more interesting than the people we know," she said with an effort.

"You didn't look so interested."

"Well, I was."

Tom laughed and turned to me.

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📖131"Did you notice Daisy's face when that girl asked her to put her under a cold shower?"

Daisy began to sing with the music in a husky, rhythmic whisper, bringing out a meaning in each word that it had never had before and would never have again. When the melody rose, her voice broke up sweetly, following it, in a way contralto voices have, and each change tipped out a little of her warm human magic upon the air.

"Lots of people come who haven't been invited," she said suddenly. "That girl hadn't been invited. They simply force their way in and he's too polite to object."

"I'd like to know who he is and what he does," insisted Tom. "And I think I'll make a point of finding out."

"I can tell you right now," she answered. "He owned some drug-stores, a lot of drug-stores. He built them up himself."

The dilatory limousine came rolling up the drive.

"Good night, Nick," said Daisy.

{Added scene N&G 'repeat the past' to replace 'Daisy packs her bags'}

Her glance left me and sought the lighted top of the steps, where THREE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING, a neat, sad little waltz of that year, was drifting out the open door. After all, in the very casualness of Gatsby's party there were romantic possibilities totally absent from her world. What was it up there in the song that seemed to be calling her back inside? What would happen now in the dim, incalculable hours? Perhaps some unbelievable guest would arrive, a person infinitely rare and to be marvelled at, some authentically radiant young girl who with one fresh glance at Gatsby, one

moment of magical encounter, would blot out those five years of unwavering devotion.

I stayed late that night, Gatsby asked me to wait until he was free, and I lingered in the garden until the inevitable swimming party had run up, chilled and exalted, from the black beach, until the lights were extinguished in the guest-rooms overhead. When he came down the steps at last the tanned skin was drawn unusually tight on his face, and his eyes were bright and tired.

"She didn't like it," he said immediately.

"Of course she did."

"She didn't like it," he insisted. "She didn't have a good time."

He was silent, and I guessed at his unutterable depression.

"I feel far away from her," he said. "It's hard to make her understand."

"You mean about the dance?"

"The dance?" He dismissed all the dances he had given with a snap of his fingers. "old sport, the dance is unimportant."

He wanted nothing less of Daisy than that she should go to Tom and say: "I never loved you." After she had obliterated four years with that sentence they could decide upon the more practical measures to be taken. One of them was that, after she was free, they were to go back to Louisville and be married from her house—just as if it were five years ago.

"And she doesn't understand," he said. "She used to be able to understand. We'd sit for hours——"

He broke off and began to walk up and down a desolate path of fruit rinds and discarded favors and crushed flowers.

"I wouldn't ask too much of her," I ventured. "You can't repeat the past."

"Can't repeat the past?" he cried incredulously. "Why of course you can!"

He looked around him wildly, as if the past were lurking here in the shadow of his house, just out of reach of his hand.

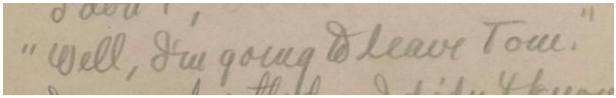
"I'm going to fix everything just the way it was before," he said, nodding determinedly. "She'll see."

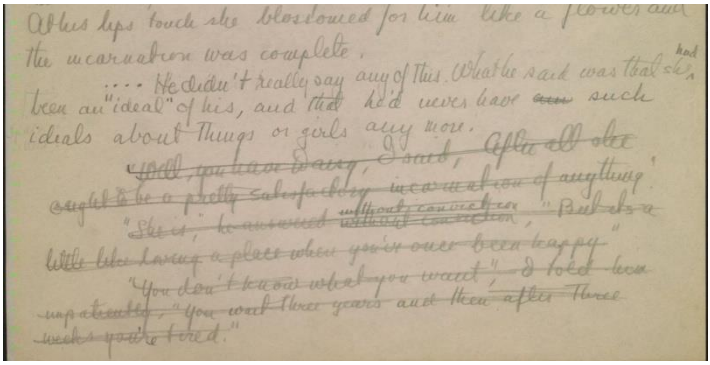
He talked a lot about the past, and I gathered that he wanted to recover something, some idea of himself perhaps, that had gone into loving Daisy. His life had been confused and disordered since then, but if he could once return to a certain starting place and go over it all slowly, he could find out what that thing was....

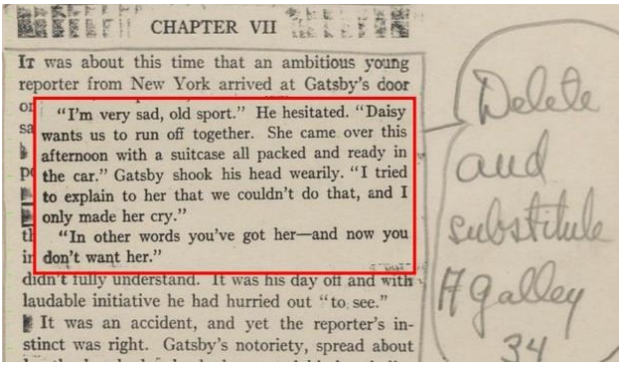
...One autumn night, 5 years before, they had been walking down the street when the leaves were falling, and they came to a place where there were no trees and the sidewalk was white with moonlight. They stopped here and turned toward each other. Now it was a cool night with that mysterious excitement in it which comes at the two changes of the year. The quiet lights in the houses were humming out into the darkness and there was a stir and bustle among the stars. Out of the corner of his eye Gatsby saw that the blocks of the sidewalks really formed a ladder and mounted to a secret place above the trees—he could climb to it, if he climbed alone, and once there he could suck on the pap of life, gulp down the incomparable milk of wonder.

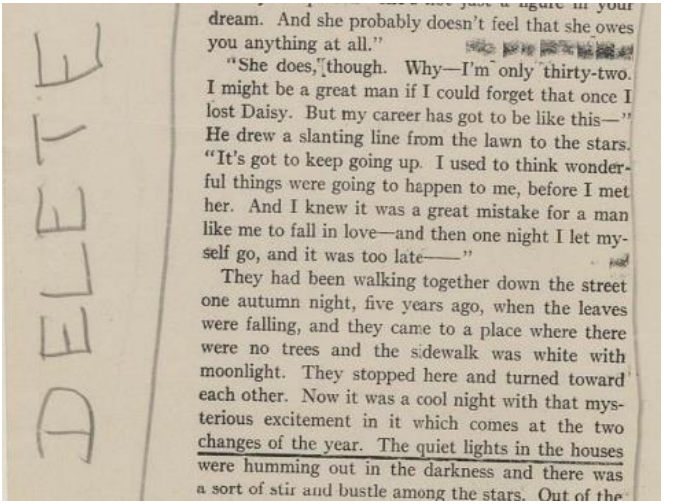
His heart beat faster and faster as Daisy's white face came up to his own. He knew that when he kissed this girl, and forever wed his unutterable visions to her perishable breath, he would never romp again like the god. So he waited, listening for a moment longer to the tuning-fork that had been struck upon a star. Then he kissed her. At his lips' touch she blossomed for him like a flower and the incarnation was complete.

Trim:.bags-packed.









dream. And she probably doesn't feel that she owes you anything at all."

"She does, though. Why—I'm only thirty-two. I might be a great man if I could forget that once I lost Daisy. But my career has got to be like this—" He drew a slanting line from the lawn to the stars. "It's got to keep going up. I used to think wonderful things were going to happen to me, before I met her. And I knew it was a great mistake for a man like me to fall in love—and then one night I let myself go, and it was too late——"

They had been walking together down the street one autumn night, five years ago, when the leaves were falling, and they came to a place where there were no trees and the sidewalk was white with moonlight. They stopped here and turned toward each other. Now it was a cool night with that mysterious excitement in it which comes at the two changes of the year. The quiet lights in the houses were humming out in the darkness and there was a sort of stir and bustle among the stars. Out of the

Through all he said, even through his appalling sentimentality, I was reminded of something—an elusive rhythm, a fragment of lost words, that I had heard somewhere a long time ago. For a moment a phrase tried to take shape in my mouth and my lips parted like a dumb man's, as though there was more struggling upon them than a wisp of startled air. But they made no sound, and what I had almost remembered was uncommunicable forever.

..

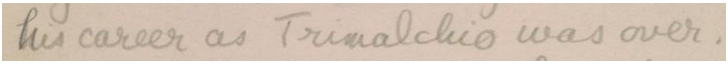
.Ch-7.

VII. Day in New York – Catastrophe

> With the aid you've given me I can make "Gatsby" perfect. The chapter VII (the hotel scene) will never quite be up to mark—I've worried about it too long + I can't quite place Daisy's reaction. But I can improve it a lot. It isn't imaginative energy that's lacking—its because I'm automaticly prevented from thinking it out over again because I must get all those characters to New York in order to have the catastrophe on the road going back + I must have it pretty much that way. So there's no chance of bringing the freshness to it that a new free conception sometimes gives...
>
> It's Chap VII that's the trouble with Daisy + it may hurt the book's popularity that it's a man's book.
>
> F to Max 20 Dec '24

..

'Trimalchio' ref.career over – new servants



It was when curiosity about Gatsby was at its highest that the lights in his house failed to go on one Saturday night—and, as obscurely as it had begun, his career as Trimalchio was over. Only gradually did I become aware that the automobiles which turned expectantly into his drive stayed for just a minute and then drove sulkily away. Wondering if he were sick I went over to find out—an unfamiliar butler with a villainous face squinted at me suspiciously from the door.

"Is Mr. Gatsby sick?"

"Nope." After a pause he added "sir." in a dilatory, grudging way.

"I hadn't seen him around, and I was rather worried. Tell him Mr. Carraway came over."

"Who?" he demanded rudely.

"Carraway."

"Carraway. All right, I'll tell him." Abruptly he slammed the door.

My Finn informed me that Gatsby had dismissed every servant in his house a week ago and replaced them with half a dozen others, who never went into West Egg Village to be bribed by the tradesmen, but ordered moderate supplies over the telephone. The grocery boy reported that the kitchen looked like a pigsty, and the general opinion in the village was that the new people weren't servants at all.

Next day Gatsby called me on the phone.

"Going away?" I inquired.

"No, old sport."

"I hear you fired all your servants."

"I wanted somebody who wouldn't gossip. Daisy comes over quite often—in the afternoons."

So the whole caravansary had fallen in like a card house at the disapproval in her eyes.

"They're some people Wolfshiem wanted to do something for. They're all brothers and sisters. They used to run a small hotel."

"I see."

Galley revision: Daisy packed bags (cont., see abv.) to elope with Gatsby » *FN*: trim bags

He was calling up at Daisy's request—would I come to lunch at her house to-morrow? Miss Baker would be there. Half an hour later Daisy herself telephoned and seemed relieved to find that I was coming. Something was up. And yet I couldn't believe that they would choose this occasion for a scene—especially for the rather harrowing scene that Gatsby had outlined in the garden.

The next day was broiling, almost the last, certainly the warmest, of the summer. As my train emerged from the tunnel into sunlight, only the hot whistles of the National Biscuit Company broke the simmering hush at noon. The straw seats of the car hovered on the edge of combustion; the woman next to me perspired delicately for a while into her white shirtwaist, and then, as her newspaper dampened under her fingers, lapsed despairingly into deep heat with a desolate cry. Her pocket-book slapped to the floor.

"Oh, my!" she gasped.

I picked it up with a weary bend and handed it back to her, holding it at arm's length and by the extreme tip of the corners to indicate that I had no designs upon it—but every one near by, including the woman, suspected me just the same.

"Hot!" said the conductor to familiar faces. "Some weather! hot! hot! hot! Is it hot enough for you? Is it hot? Is it…?"

My commutation ticket came back to me with a dark stain from his hand. That any one should care in this heat whose flushed lips he kissed, whose head made damp the pajama pocket over his heart!

…Through the hall of the Buchanans' house blew a faint wind, carrying the sound of the telephone bell out to Gatsby and me as we waited at the door.

"The master's body!" roared the butler into the mouthpiece. "I'm sorry, madame, but we can't furnish it—it's far too hot to touch this noon!"

What he really said was: "Yes … yes … I'll see."

He set down the receiver and came toward us, glistening slightly, to take our stiff straw hats.

"Madame expects you in the salon!" he cried, needlessly indicating the direction. In this heat every extra gesture was an affront to the common store of life.

The room, shadowed well with awnings, was dark and cool. Daisy and Jordan lay upon an enormous couch, like silver idols weighing down their own white dresses against the singing breeze of the fans.

"We can't move," they said together.

Jordan's fingers, powdered white over their tan, rested for a moment in mine.

"And Mr. Thomas Buchanan, the athlete?" I inquired.

Simultaneously I heard his voice, gruff, muffled, husky, at the hall telephone.

Gatsby stood in the centre of the crimson carpet and gazed around with fascinated eyes. Daisy watched him and laughed, her sweet, exciting laugh; a tiny gust of powder rose from her bosom into the air.

"The rumor is," whispered Jordan, "that that's Tom's girl on the telephone."

We were silent. The voice in the hall rose high with annoyance: "Very well, then, I won't sell you the car at all.... I'm under no obligations to you at all . . . and as for your bothering me about it at lunch time, I won't stand that at all!"

"Holding down the receiver," said Daisy cynically.

"No, he's not," I assured her. "It's a bona-fide deal. I happen to know about it."

Tom flung open the door, blocked out its space for a moment with his thick body, and hurried into the room.

"Mr. Gatsby!" He put out his broad, flat hand with well-concealed dislike. "I'm glad to see you, sir.... Nick...."

"Make us a cold drink," cried Daisy.

As he left the room again she got up and went over to Gatsby and pulled his face down, kissing him on the mouth.

Galley revision: "+You know+ I love you," she murmured, ~~proudly~~. See jpg below.

"You know I love you," she murmured.

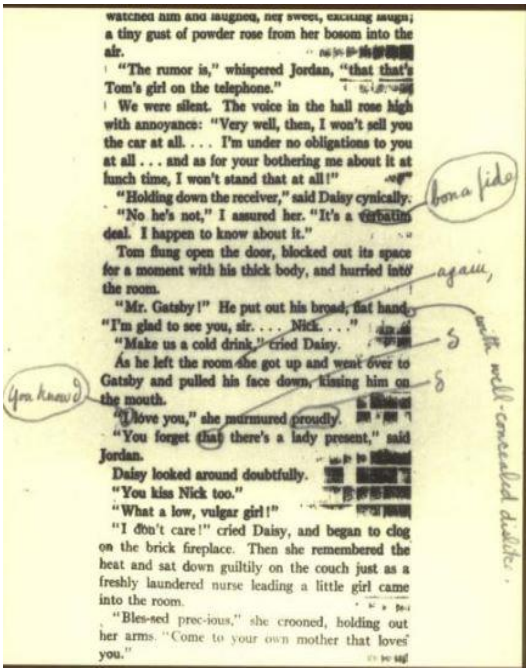
"You forget there's a lady present," said Jordan.

Daisy looked around doubtfully.

"You kiss Nick too."

"What a low, vulgar girl!"

"I don't care!" cried Daisy, and began to clog on the brick fireplace. Then she remembered the heat and sat down guiltily on the couch just as a freshly laundered nurse leading a little girl came into the room.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As he left the room she got up and went over to Gatsby and pulled his face down, kissing him on the mouth.

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"Bles-sed prec-ious," she crooned, holding out her arms. "Come to your own mother that loves you."

"Bles-sed pre-cious," she crooned, holding out her arms. "Come to your own mother that loves you."

The child, relinquished by the nurse, rushed across the room and rooted shyly into her mother's dress.

"The bles-sed pre-cious! Did mother get powder on your old yellowy hair? Stand up now, and say—How-de-do."

Gatsby and I in turn leaned down and took the small, reluctant hand. Afterward he kept looking at the child with surprise. I don't think he had ever really believed in its existence before.

"I got dressed before luncheon," said the child, turning eagerly to Daisy.

"That's because your mother wanted to show you off." Her face bent into the single wrinkle of the small, white neck. "You dream, you. You absolute little dream."

"Yes," admitted the child calmly. "Aunt Jordan's got on a white dress too."

"How do you like mother's friends?" Daisy turned her around so that she faced Gatsby. "Do you think they're pretty?"

"Where's Daddy?"

"She doesn't look like her father," explained Daisy. "She looks like me. She's got my hair and shape of the face."

Daisy sat back upon the couch. The nurse took a step forward and held out her hand.

"Come, Pammy."

"Good-by, sweetheart!"

With a reluctant backward glance the well-disciplined child held to her nurse's hand and was pulled out the door, just as Tom came back, preceding four gin rickeys that clicked full of ice.

Gatsby took up his drink.

"They certainly look cool," he said, with visible tension.

141We drank in long, greedy swallows.

"I read somewhere that the sun's getting hotter every year," said Tom genially. "It seems that pretty soon the earth's going to fall into the sun—or wait a minute—it's just the opposite—the sun's getting colder every year.

"Come outside," he suggested to Gatsby, "I'd like you to have a look at the place."

I went with them out to the veranda. On the green Sound, stagnant in the heat, one small sail crawled slowly toward the fresher sea. Gatsby's eyes followed it momentarily; he raised his hand and pointed across the bay.

"I'm right across from you."

"So you are."

Our eyes lifted over the rose-beds and the hot lawn and the weedy refuse of the dog-days along-shore. Slowly the white wings of the boat moved against the blue cool limit of the sky. Ahead lay the scalloped ocean and the abounding blessed isles.

"There's sport for you," said Tom, nodding. "I'd like to be out there with him for about an hour."

We had luncheon in the dining-room, darkened too against the heat, and drank down nervous gayety with the cold ale.

"What'll we do with ourselves this afternoon?" cried Daisy, "and the day after that, and the next thirty years?"

"Don't be morbid," Jordan said. "Life starts all over again when it gets crisp in the fall."

"But it's so hot," insisted Daisy, on the verge of tears, "and everything's so confused. Let's all go to town!"

Her voice struggled on through the heat, beating against it, molding its senselessness into forms.

"I've heard of making a garage out of a stable," Tom was saying to Gatsby, "but I'm the first man who ever made a stable out of a garage."

"Who wants to go to town?" demanded Daisy insistently. Gatsby's eyes floated toward her. "Ah," she cried, "you look so cool."

Their eyes met, and they stared together at each other, alone in space. With an effort she glanced down at the table.

"You always look so cool," she repeated.

She had told him that she loved him, and Tom Buchanan saw. He was astounded. His mouth opened a little, and he looked at Gatsby, and then back at Daisy as if he had just recognized her as some one he knew a long time ago.

"You resemble the advertisement of the man," she went on innocently. "You know the advertisement of the man——"

"All right," broke in Tom quickly, "I'm perfectly willing to go to town. Come on—we're all going to town."

He got up, his eyes still flashing between Gatsby and his wife. No one moved.

"Come on!" His temper cracked a little. "What's the matter, anyhow? If we're going to town, let's start."

His hand, trembling with his effort at self-control, bore to his lips the last of his glass of ale. Daisy's voice got us to our feet and out on to the blazing gravel drive.

"Are we just going to go?" she objected. "Like this? Aren't we going to let any one smoke a cigarette first?"

"Everybody smoked all through lunch."

"Oh, let's have fun," she begged him. "It's too hot to fuss." He didn't answer.

"Have it your own way," she said. "Come on, Jordan."

They went up-stairs to get ready while we three men stood there shuffling the hot pebbles with our feet. A silver curve of the moon hovered already in the western sky. Gatsby started to speak, changed his mind, but not before Tom wheeled and faced him expectantly.

"Have you got your stables here?" asked Gatsby with an effort.

"About a quarter of a mile down the road."

"Oh."

A pause.

"I don't see the idea of going to town," broke out Tom savagely. "Women get these notions in their heads——"

"Shall we take anything to drink?" called Daisy from an upper window.

"I'll get some whiskey," answered Tom. He went inside.

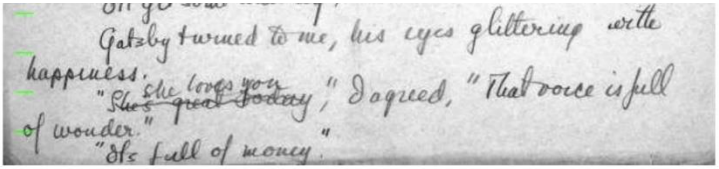
Gatsby turned to me rigidly:

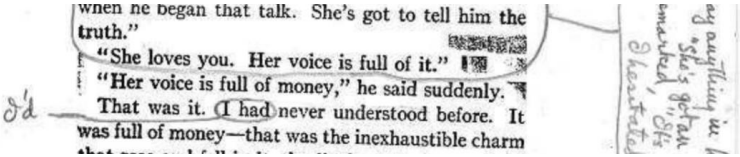
"I can't say anything in his house, old sport."

"She's got an indiscreet voice," I remarked. "It's full of——" I hesitated.

ch7.bk-144 jpg-money

"Her voice is full of money," he said suddenly.


Gatsby turned to me, his eyes glittering with happiness. "She loves you," I agreed, "That voice is full of wonder." "It's full of money."


when he began that talk. She's got to tell him the truth."

"She loves you. Her voice is full of it."

"Her voice is full of money," he said suddenly.

That was it. I had never understood before. It was full of money—that was the inexhaustible charm

That was it. I'd never understood before. It was full of money—that was the inexhaustible charm that rose and fell in it, the jingle of it, the cymbals' song of it.... high in a white palace the king's daughter, the golden girl....

Tom came out of the house wrapping a quart bottle in a towel, followed by Daisy and Jordan wearing small tight hats of metallic cloth and carrying light capes over their arms.

"Shall we all go in my car?" suggested Gatsby. He felt the hot, green leather of the seat. "I ought to have left it in the shade."

"Is it standard shift?" demanded Tom.

"Yes."

"Well, you take my coupe and let me drive your car to town."

The suggestion was distasteful to Gatsby.

"I don't think there's much gas," he objected.

"Plenty of gas," said Tom boisterously. He looked at the gauge. "And if it runs out I can stop at a drug-store. You can buy anything at a drug-store nowadays."

A pause followed this apparently pointless remark. Daisy looked at Tom frowning, and an indefinable expression, at once definitely unfamiliar and vaguely recognizable, as if I had only heard it described in words, passed over Gatsby's face.

"Come on, Daisy," said Tom, pressing her with his hand toward Gatsby's car. "I'll take you in this circus wagon."

He opened the door, but she moved out from the circle of his arm.

"You take Nick and Jordan. We'll follow you in the coupe."

She walked close to Gatsby, touching his coat with her hand. Jordan and Tom and I got into the front seat of Gatsby's car, Tom pushed the unfamiliar gears tentatively, and we shot off into the oppressive heat, leaving them out of sight behind.

"Did you see that?" demanded Tom.

"See what?"

He looked at me keenly, realizing that Jordan and I must have known all along.

"You think I'm pretty dumb, don't you?" he suggested. "Perhaps I am, but I have a—almost a second sight, sometimes, that tells me what to do. Maybe you don't believe that, but science——"

He paused. The immediate contingency overtook him, pulled him back from the edge of the theoretical abyss.

"I've made a small investigation of this fellow," he continued. "I could have gone deeper if I'd known——"

"Do you mean you've been to a medium?" inquired Jordan humorously.

"What?" Confused, he stared at us as we laughed. "A medium?"

"About Gatsby."

"About Gatsby! No, I haven't. I said I'd been making a small investigation of his past."

"And you found he was an Oxford man," said Jordan helpfully.

"An Oxford man!" He was incredulous. "Like hell he is! He wears a pink suit."

"Nevertheless he's an Oxford man."

"Oxford, New Mexico," snorted Tom contemptuously, "or something like that."

"Listen, Tom. If you're such a snob, why did you invite him to lunch?" demanded Jordan crossly.

"Daisy invited him; she knew him before we were married—god knows where!"

We were all irritable now with the fading ale, and aware of it we drove for a while in silence. Then as Doctor T. J. Eckleburg's faded eyes came into sight down the road, I remembered Gatsby's caution about gasoline.

"We've got enough to get us to town," said Tom.

"But there's a garage right here," objected Jordan. "I don't want to get stalled in this baking heat." Tom threw on both brakes impatiently, and we slid to an abrupt dusty stop under Wilson's sign. After a moment the proprietor emerged from the interior of his establishment and gazed hollow-eyed at the car.

"Let's have some gas!" cried Tom roughly. "What do you think we stopped for—to admire the view?"

"I'm sick," said Wilson without moving. "Been sick all day."

"What's the matter?"

"I'm all run down."

"Well, shall I help myself?" Tom demanded. "You sounded well enough on the phone."

With an effort Wilson left the shade and support of the doorway and, breathing hard, unscrewed the cap of the tank. In the sunlight his face was green.

"I didn't mean to interrupt your lunch," he said. "But I need money pretty bad, and I was wondering what you were going to do with your old car."

"How do you like this one?" inquired Tom. "I bought it last week."

"It's a nice yellow one," said Wilson, as he strained at the handle.

"Like to buy it?"

"Big chance," Wilson smiled faintly. "No, but I could make some money on the other."

"What do you want money for, all of a sudden?"

"I've been here too long. I want to get away. My wife and I want to go West."

"Your wife does," exclaimed Tom, startled.

"She's been talking about it for ten years." He rested for a moment against the pump, shading his eyes. "And now she's going whether she wants to or not. I'm going to get her away."

The coupe flashed by us with a flurry of dust and the flash of a waving hand.

"What do I owe you?" demanded Tom harshly.

"I just got wised up to something funny the last two days," remarked Wilson. "That's why I want to get away. That's why I been bothering you about the car."

"What do I owe you?"

"Dollar twenty."

The relentless beating heat was beginning to confuse me and I had a bad moment there before I realized that so far his suspicions hadn't alighted on Tom. He had discovered that Myrtle had some sort of life apart from him in another world, and the shock had made him physically sick. I stared at him and then at Tom, who had made a parallel discovery less than an hour before—and it occurred to me that there was no difference between men, in intelligence or race, so profound as the difference between the sick and the well. Wilson was so sick that he looked guilty, unforgivably guilty—as if he had just got some poor girl with child.

"I'll let you have that car," said Tom. "I'll send it over to-morrow afternoon."

That locality was always vaguely disquieting, even in the broad glare of afternoon, and now I turned my head as though I had been warned of something behind. Over the ashheaps the giant eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg kept their vigil, but I

perceived, after a moment, that other eyes were regarding us with peculiar intensity from less than twenty feet away.

In one of the windows over the garage the curtains had been moved aside a little, and Myrtle Wilson was peering down at the car. So engrossed was she that she had no consciousness of being observed, and one emotion after another crept into her face like objects into a slowly developing picture. Her expression was curiously familiar—it was an expression I had often seen on women's faces, but on Myrtle Wilson's face it seemed purposeless and inexplicable until I realized that her eyes, wide with jealous terror, were fixed not on Tom, but on Jordan Baker, whom she took to be his wife.

There is no confusion like the confusion of a simple mind, and as we drove away Tom was feeling the hot whips of panic. His wife and his mistress, until an hour ago secure and inviolate, were slipping precipitately from his control. Instinct made him step on the accelerator with the double purpose of overtaking Daisy and leaving Wilson behind, and we sped along toward Astoria at 50 miles an hour, until, among the spidery girders of the elevated, we came in sight of the easy-going blue coupe.

"Those big movies around Fiftieth Street are cool," suggested Jordan. "I love New York on summer afternoons when every one's away. There's something very sensuous about it—overripe, as if all sorts of funny fruits were going to fall into your hands."

The word "sensuous" had the effect of further disquieting Tom, but before he could invent a protest the coupe came to a stop, and Daisy signaled us to draw up alongside.

"Where are we going?" she cried.

"How about the movies?"

"It's so hot," she complained. "You go. We'll ride around and meet you after." With an effort her wit rose faintly, "We'll

meet you on some corner. I'll be the man smoking two cigarettes."

"We can't argue about it here," Tom said impatiently, as a truck gave out a cursing whistle behind us. "You follow me to the south side of Central Park, in front of the Plaza."

ch7.bk-151

Several times he turned his head and looked back for their car, and if the traffic delayed them he slowed up until they came into sight. I think he was afraid 📖151 they would dart down a side street and out of his life forever.

But they didn't. And we all took the less explicable step of engaging the parlor of a suite in the Plaza Hotel.

The prolonged and tumultuous argument that ended by herding us into that room eludes me, though I have a sharp physical memory that, in the course of it, my underwear kept climbing like a damp snake around my legs and intermittent beads of sweat raced cool across my back. The notion originated with Daisy's suggestion that we hire five bath-rooms and take cold baths, and then assumed more tangible form as "a place to have a mint julep." Each of us said over and over that it was a "crazy idea."—we all talked at once to a baffled clerk and thought, or pretended to think, that we were being very funny....

The room was large and stifling, and, though it was already four o'clock, opening the windows admitted Only a gust of hot shrubbery from the Park. Daisy went to the mirror and stood with her back to us, fixing her hair.

"It's a swell suite," whispered Jordan respectfully, and every one laughed.

"Open another window," commanded Daisy, without turning around.

"There aren't any more."

"Well, we'd better telephone for an axe——"

"The thing to do is to forget about the heat," said Tom impatiently. "You make it ten times worse by crabbing about it."

He unrolled the bottle of whiskey from the towel and put it on the table.

"Why not let her alone, old sport?" remarked Gatsby. "You're the one that wanted to come to town." [cf. Trim. below]

There was a moment of silence. The telephone book slipped from its nail and splashed to the floor, whereupon Jordan whispered, "Excuse me."—but this time no one laughed.

"I'll pick it up," I offered.

"I've got it." Gatsby examined the parted string, muttered "Hum!" in an interested way, and tossed the book on a chair.

"That's a great expression of yours, isn't it?" said Tom sharply.

"What is?"

"All this 'old sport' business. Where'd you pick that up?"

"Now see here, Tom," said Daisy, turning around from the mirror, "if you're going to make personal remarks I won't stay here a minute. Call up and order some ice for the mint julep."

Mendelssohn's Wedding March

As Tom took up the receiver the compressed heat exploded into sound and we were listening to the portentous chords of *Mendelssohn's Wedding March* [idea from Ginevra's '16 letter] from the ballroom below.

> {Trim: “Do you recognize it Daisy?” Tom inquired. “On the day they played it for us I didn’t suspect that you were so devoid of common sense.”
>
> “Why not let her alone?” said Gatsby, not unpleasantly. “It was you who insisted we come to town.”}

"Imagine marrying anybody in this heat!" cried Jordan dismally.

"Still—I was married in the middle of June," Daisy remembered, "Louisville in June! Somebody fainted. Who was it fainted, Tom?"

"Biloxi," he answered shortly.

"A man named Biloxi. 'blocks' Biloxi, and he made boxes—that's a fact—and he was from Biloxi, Tennessee."

"They carried him into my house," appended Jordan, "because we lived just two doors from the . And he stayed three weeks, until Daddy told him he had to get out. The day after he left Daddy died." After a moment she added as if she might have sounded irreverent, "There wasn't any connection."

"I used to know a Bill Biloxi from Memphis," I remarked.

"That was his cousin. I knew his whole family history before he left. He gave me an aluminum putter that I use to-day."

The music had died down as the ceremony began and now a long cheer floated in at the window, followed by intermittent cries of "Yea-ea-ea!" and finally by a burst of jazz as the dancing began.

"We're getting old," said Daisy. "If we were young we'd rise and dance."

"Remember Biloxi," Jordan warned her. "Where'd you know him, Tom?"

"Biloxi?" He concentrated with an effort. "I didn't know him. He was a friend of Daisy's."

"He was not," she denied. "I'd never seen him before. He came down in the private car."

"Well, he said he knew you. He said he was raised in Louisville. Asa Bird brought him around at the last minute and asked if we had room for him."

Jordan smiled.

"He was probably bumming his way home. He told me he was president of your class at Yale."

Tom and I looked at each other blankly.

"Biloxi?"

"First place, we didn't have any president——"

Gatsby's foot beat a short, restless tattoo and Tom eyed him suddenly.

"By the way, Mr. Gatsby, I understand you're an Oxford man."

"Not exactly."

"Oh, yes, I understand you went to Oxford."

"Yes—I went there."

A pause. Then Tom's voice, incredulous and insulting: "You must have gone there about the time Biloxi went to New Haven."

Another pause. A waiter knocked and came in with crushed mint and ice but, the silence was unbroken by his "thank you." and the soft closing of the door. This tremendous detail was to be cleared up at last.

"I told you I went there," said Gatsby.

"I heard you, but I'd like to know when."

"It was in nineteen-nineteen, I only stayed five months. That's why I can't really call myself an Oxford man."

Tom glanced around to see if we mirrored his unbelief. But we were all looking at Gatsby.

"It was an opportunity they gave to some of the officers after the Armistice," he continued. "We could go to any of the universities in England or France."

I wanted to get up and slap him on the back. I had one of those renewals of complete faith in him that I'd experienced before.

Daisy rose, smiling faintly, and went to the table.

"Open the whiskey, Tom," she ordered, "and I'll make you a mint julep. Then you won't seem so stupid to yourself.... Look at the mint!"

"Wait a minute," snapped Tom, "I want to ask Mr. Gatsby one more question."

"Go on," Gatsby said politely.

"What kind of a row are you trying to cause in my house anyhow?" [cf. F to Jozan]

They were out in the open at last and Gatsby was content.

"He isn't causing a row." Daisy looked desperately from one to the other. "You're causing a row. Please have a little self-control."

"Self-control!" Repeated Tom incredulously. "I suppose the latest thing is to sit back and let Mr. Nobody from Nowhere make love to your wife. Well, if that's the idea you can count me out.... Nowadays people begin by sneering at family life and family institutions, and next they'll throw everything overboard and have intermarriage between black and white."

Flushed with his impassioned gibberish, he saw himself standing alone on the last barrier of civilization.

"We're all white here," murmured Jordan.

"I know I'm not very popular. I don't give big parties. I suppose you've got to make your house into a pigsty in order to have any friends—in the modern world."

Angry as I was, as we all were, I was tempted to laugh whenever he opened his mouth. The transition from libertine to prig was so complete.

[MS-Revision: galley 40
As late as Feb 18, ‘25, F cabled Max, “Hold up galley 40 for big change” This change involved cutting five or six pages from the heart of the quarrel between Gatsby and Tom and rewriting the whole passage (The new material runs from "I've got something to tell you, old sport' ...' (p156) to "I just remembered that to-day's my birthday." (163.) He had already done extensive rewriting on the proofs. The episode about 'Blocks' Biloxi (153-54), for example, was a last-minute inspiration, and he rewrote the last half of ch 6 (from 'Tom was evidently perturbed...' on 125) at this time and relocated most of the material about Gatsby's past).]

"I've got something to tell YOU, old sport." began Gatsby. But Daisy guessed at his intention.

ch7.bk-156

"Please don't!" she interrupted helplessly. "Please let's all go home. Why don't we all go home?"

"That's a good idea." I got up. "Come on, Tom. Nobody wants a drink."

"I want to know what Mr. Gatsby has to tell me."

"Your wife doesn't love you," said Gatsby. "She's never loved you. She loves me."

"You must be crazy!" exclaimed Tom automatically.

Gatsby sprang to his feet, vivid with excitement.

"She never loved you, do you hear?" he cried. "She only married you because I was poor and she was tired of waiting for me. It was a terrible mistake, but in her heart she never loved any one except me!"

At this point Jordan and I tried to go, but Tom and Gatsby insisted with competitive firmness that we remain—as though neither of them had anything to conceal and it would be a privilege to partake vicariously of their emotions.

"Sit down, Daisy," Tom's voice groped unsuccessfully for the paternal note. "What's been going on? I want to hear all about it."

"I told you what's been going on," said Gatsby. "Going on for five years—and you didn't know."

Tom turned to Daisy sharply.

"You've been seeing this fellow for five years?"

"Not seeing," said Gatsby. "No, we couldn't meet. But both of us loved each other all that time, old sport, and you didn't know. I used to laugh sometimes."—but there was no laughter in his eyes——" to think that you didn't know."

"Oh—that's all." Tom tapped his thick fingers together like a clergyman and leaned back in his chair.

"You're crazy!" he exploded. "I can't speak about what happened five years ago, because I didn't know Daisy then—and I'll be damned if I see how you got within a mile of her unless you brought the groceries to the back door. But all the rest of that's a god damned lie. Daisy loved me when she married me and she loves me now."

"No," said Gatsby, shaking his head.

"She does, though. The trouble is that sometimes she gets foolish ideas in her head and doesn't know what she's doing." He nodded sagely. "And what's more, I love Daisy too. Once in a while I go off on a spree and make a fool of myself, but I always come back, and in my heart I love her all the time."

"You're revolting," said Daisy. She turned to me, and her voice, dropping an octave lower, filled the room with thrilling scorn: "Do you know why we left Chicago? I'm surprised that they didn't treat you to the story of that little spree."

Gatsby walked over and stood beside her.

"Daisy, that's all over now," he said earnestly. "It doesn't matter any more. Just tell him the truth—that you never loved him—and it's all wiped out forever."

She looked at him blindly. "Why—how could I love him—possibly?"

"You never loved him."

She hesitated. Her eyes fell on Jordan and me with a sort of appeal, as though she realized at last what she was doing—and as though she had never, all along, intended doing anything at all. But it was done now. It was too late.

"I never loved him," she said, with perceptible reluctance.

"Not at Kapiolani?" demanded Tom suddenly.

"No."

From the ballroom beneath, muffled and suffocating chords were drifting up on hot waves of air.

"Not that day I carried you down from the Punch Bowl to keep your shoes dry?" There was a husky tenderness in his tone.... "Daisy?"

"Please don't." Her voice was cold, but the rancor was gone from it. She looked at Gatsby. "There, Jay," she said—but her hand as she tried to light a cigarette was trembling. Suddenly she threw the cigarette and the burning match on the carpet.

"Oh, you want too much!" she cried to Gatsby. "I love you now—isn't that enough? I can't help what's past." She began to sob helplessly. "I did love him once—but I loved you too."

Gatsby's eyes opened and closed.

"You loved me TOO?" he repeated.

"Even that's a lie," said Tom savagely. "She didn't know you were alive. Why—there're things between Daisy and me that you'll never know, things that neither of us can ever forget."

The words seemed to bite physically into Gatsby.

"I want to speak to Daisy alone," he insisted. "She's all excited now——"

"Even alone I can't say I never loved Tom," she admitted in a pitiful voice. "It wouldn't be true."

"Of course it wouldn't," agreed Tom.

She turned to her husband.

"As if it mattered to you," she said.

"Of course it matters. I'm going to take better care of you from now on."

"You don't understand," said Gatsby, with a touch of panic. "You're not going to take care of her any more."

"I'm not?" Tom opened his eyes wide and laughed. He could afford to control himself now. "Why's that?"

"Daisy's leaving you."

"Nonsense."

"I am, though," she said with a visible effort.

"She's not leaving me!" Tom's words suddenly leaned down over Gatsby. "Certainly not for a common swindler who'd have to steal the ring he put on her finger."

"I won't stand this!" cried Daisy. "Oh, please let's get out."

"Who are you, anyhow?" broke out Tom. "You're one of that bunch that hangs around with Meyer Wolfshiem—that much I happen to know. I've made a little investigation into your affairs—and I'll carry it further to-morrow."

"You can suit yourself about that, old sport." said Gatsby steadily.

"I found out what your 'drug-stores' were." He turned to us and spoke rapidly. "He and this Wolfshiem bought up a lot of side-street drug-stores here and in Chicago and sold grain alcohol over the counter. That's one of his little stunts. I picked him for a bootlegger the first time I saw him, and I wasn't far wrong."

"What about it?" said Gatsby politely. "I guess your friend Walter Chase wasn't too proud to come in on it."

"And you left him in the lurch, didn't you? You let him go to jail for a month over in New Jersey. god! You ought to hear Walter on the subject of YOU."

"He came to us dead broke. He was very glad to pick up some money, old sport."

"Don't you call me 'old sport'!" cried Tom. Gatsby said nothing. "Walter could have you up on the betting laws too, but Wolfshiem scared him into shutting his mouth."

That unfamiliar yet recognizable look was back again in Gatsby's face.

"That drug-store business was just small change," continued Tom slowly, "but you've got something on now that Walter's afraid to tell me about."

I glanced at Daisy, who was staring terrified between Gatsby and her husband, and at Jordan, who had begun to balance an invisible but absorbing object on the tip of her chin. Then I turned back to Gatsby—and was startled at his expression. He looked—and this is said in all contempt for the babbled slander of his garden—as if he had "killed a man." For a moment the set of his face could be described in just that fantastic way.

It passed, and he began to talk excitedly to Daisy, denying everything, defending his name against accusations that had not been made. But with every word she was drawing further and further into herself, so he gave that up, and only the dead dream fought on as the afternoon slipped away, trying to touch what was no longer tangible, struggling unhappily, undespairingly, toward that lost voice across the room.

The voice begged again to go.

"PLEASE, Tom! I can't stand this any more."

Her frightened eyes told that whatever intentions, whatever courage, she had had, were definitely gone.

"You two start on home, Daisy," said Tom. "In Mr. Gatsby's car."

She looked at Tom, alarmed now, but he insisted with magnanimous scorn.

"Go on. He won't annoy you. I think he realizes that his presumptuous little flirtation is over."

They were gone, without a word, snapped out, made accidental, isolated, like ghosts, even from our pity.

After a moment Tom got up and began wrapping the unopened bottle of whiskey in the towel.

"Want any of this stuff? Jordan? . . . Nick?"

I didn't answer.

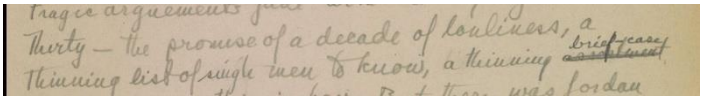
"Nick?" He asked again.

"What?"

"Want any?"

"No . . . I just remembered that to-day's my birthday."

I was thirty. Before me stretched the portentous, menacing road of a new decade.



It was seven o'clock when we got into the coupe with him and started for Long Island. Tom talked incessantly, exulting and laughing, but his voice was as remote from Jordan and me as the foreign clamor on the sidewalk or the tumult of the elevated overhead. Human sympathy has its limits, and we were content to let all their tragic arguments fade with the city lights behind. Thirty—the promise of a decade of loneliness, a thinning list of *single men to know*, [*FN » g mug*] a thinning brief-case of enthusiasm, thinning hair. But there was Jordan beside me, who, unlike Daisy, was too wise ever to carry well-forgotten dreams from age to age. As we passed over the dark

bridge her wan face fell lazily against my coat's shoulder and the formidable stroke of thirty died away with the reassuring pressure of her hand.

So we drove on toward death through the cooling twilight.

The young Greek, Michaelis, who ran the coffee joint beside the ashheaps was the principal witness at the inquest. He had slept through the heat until after five, when he strolled over to the garage, and found George Wilson sick in his office – really sick, pale as his own pale hair and shaking all over. Michaelis advised him to go to bed, but Wilson refused, saying that he'd miss a lot of business if he did. While his neighbor was trying to persuade him a violent racket broke out overhead.

"I've got my wife locked in up there," explained Wilson calmly. "She's going to stay there till the day after to-morrow, and then we're going to move away."

Michaelis was astonished; they had been neighbors for four years, and Wilson had never seemed faintly capable of such a statement. Generally, he was one of these worn-out men: when he wasn't working, he sat on a chair in the doorway and stared at the people and the cars that passed along the road. When any one spoke to him he invariably laughed in an agreeable, colorless way. He was his wife's man and not his own.

So naturally Michaelis tried to find out what had happened, but Wilson wouldn't say a word—instead he began to throw curious, suspicious glances at his visitor and ask him what he'd been doing at certain times on certain days. Just as the latter was getting uneasy, some workmen came past the door bound for his restaurant, and Michaelis took the opportunity to get away, intending to come back later. But he didn't. He supposed he forgot to, that's all. When he came outside again, a little after seven, he was reminded of the conversation because he heard Mrs. Wilson's voice, loud and scolding, down-stairs in the garage.

"Beat me!" he heard her cry. "Throw me down and beat me, you dirty little coward!"

A moment later she rushed out into the dusk, waving her hands and shouting—before he could move from his door the business was over.

The "death car." as the newspapers called it, didn't stop; it came out of the gathering darkness, wavered tragically for a moment, and then disappeared around the next bend. Michaelis wasn't even sure of its color—he told the first policeman that it was light green. The other car, the one going toward New York, came to rest a hundred yards beyond, and its driver hurried back to where Myrtle Wilson, her life violently extinguished, knelt in the road and mingled her thick dark blood with the dust.

Michaelis and this man reached her first, but when they had torn open her shirtwaist, still damp with perspiration, they saw that her left breast was swinging loose like a flap, and there was no need to listen for the heart beneath. The mouth was wide open and ripped at the corners, as though she had choked a little in giving up the tremendous vitality she had stored so long.

We saw the three or four automobiles and the crowd when we were still some distance away.

"Wreck!" said Tom. "That's good. Wilson'll have a little business at last."

He slowed down, but still without any intention of stopping, until, as we came nearer, the hushed, intent faces of the people at the garage door made him automatically put on the brakes.

"We'll take a look," he said doubtfully, "just a look."

I became aware now of a hollow, wailing sound which issued incessantly from the garage, a sound which as we got out of the coupe and walked toward the door resolved itself into the words "Oh, my god!" uttered over and over in a gasping moan.

"There's some bad trouble here," said Tom excitedly.

He reached up on tiptoes and peered over a circle of heads into the garage, which was lit only by a yellow light in a swinging wire basket overhead. Then he made a harsh sound in his throat, and with a violent thrusting movement of his powerful arms pushed his way through.

The circle closed up again with a running murmur of expostulation; it was a minute before I could see anything at all. Then new arrivals deranged the line, and Jordan and I were pushed suddenly inside.

Myrtle Wilson's body, wrapped in a blanket, and then in another blanket, as though she suffered from a chill in the hot night, lay on a work-table by the wall, and Tom, with his back to us, was bending over it, motionless. Next to him stood a motorcycle policeman taking down names with much sweat and correction in a little book. At first I couldn't find the source of the high, groaning words that echoed clamorously through the bare garage—then I saw Wilson standing on the raised threshold of his office, swaying back and forth and holding to the doorposts with both hands. Some man was talking to him in a low voice and attempting, from time to time, to lay a hand on his shoulder, but Wilson neither heard nor saw. His eyes would drop slowly from the swinging light to the laden table by the wall, and then jerk back to the light again, and he gave out incessantly his high, horrible call:

"Oh, my Ga-od! Oh, my Ga-od! oh, Ga-od! oh, my Ga-od!"

Presently Tom lifted his head with a jerk and, after staring around the garage with glazed eyes, addressed a mumbled incoherent remark to the policeman.

"M-a-y-." the policeman was saying, "-o——"

M-a-v-r-o——

Michaelis' name creates an inexplicable puzzle. Originally he was named Mavromichaelis, and on p207, when he is spelling out his name for the policeman, he begins, 'M-a-v-r-o.' But then he adds 'g'. The galleys printed this 'g' (it appears twice) as a capital and F carefully corrected it to lower case but did not change it. Where did it come from? There is no 'g' in either Michaelis or Mavromichaelis. [Unless first letter of surname.]

"No, r-." corrected the man, "M-a-v-r-o—"

"Listen to me!" muttered Tom fiercely.

"r" said the policeman, "o—"

"g—"

"g—" He looked up as Tom's broad hand fell sharply on his shoulder. "What you want, fella?"

"What happened?—that's what I want to know."

"Auto hit her. Ins'antly killed."

"Instantly killed," repeated Tom, staring.

"She ran out on the road. Son-of-a-bitch didn't even stop his car."

"There was two cars," said Michaelis, "one comin', one goin', see?"

"Going where?" asked the policeman keenly.

"One goin' each way. Well, she," his hand rose toward the blankets but stopped half way and fell to his side, "she ran out there an' the one comin' from N'york knock right into her, goin' 30 or 40 miles an hour."

"What's the name of this place here?" demanded the officer.

"Hasn't got any name."

A pale well-dressed negro stepped near.

"It was a yellow car," he said, "big yellow car. New."

"See the accident?" asked the policeman.

"No, but the car passed me down the road, going faster'n 40. Going 50, 60."

"Come here and let's have your name. Look out now. I want to get his name."

Some words of this conversation must have reached Wilson, swaying in the office door, for suddenly a new theme found voice among his gasping cries:

"You don't have to tell me what kind of car it was! I know what kind of car it was!"

Watching Tom, I saw the wad of muscle back of his shoulder tighten under his coat. He walked quickly over to Wilson and, standing in front of him, seized him firmly by the upper arms.

"You've got to pull yourself together," he said with soothing gruffness.

Wilson's eyes fell upon Tom; he started up on his tiptoes and then would have collapsed to his knees had not Tom held him upright.

"Listen," said Tom, shaking him a little. "I just got here a minute ago, from New York. I was bringing you that coupe we've been talking about. That yellow car I was driving this afternoon wasn't mine—do you hear? I haven't seen it all afternoon."

Only the negro and I were near enough to hear what he said, but the policeman caught something in the tone and looked over with truculent eyes.

"What's all that?" he demanded.

"I'm a friend of his." Tom turned his head but kept his hands firm on Wilson's body. "He says he knows the car that did it . . . it was a yellow car."

Some dim impulse moved the policeman to look suspiciously at Tom.

"And what color's your car?"

"It's a blue car, a coupe."

"We've come straight from New York," I said.

Some one who had been driving a little behind us confirmed this, and the policeman turned away.

"Now, if you'll let me have that name again correct" Picking up Wilson like a doll, Tom carried him into the office, set him down in a chair, and came back.

"If somebody'll come here and sit with him," he snapped authoritatively. He watched while the two men standing closest glanced at each other and went unwillingly into the room. Then Tom shut the door on them and came down the single step, his eyes avoiding the table. As he passed close to me he whispered: "Let's get out."

Self-consciously, with his authoritative arms breaking the way, we pushed through the still gathering crowd, passing a hurried doctor, case in hand, who had been sent for in wild hope half an hour ago.

Tom drove slowly until we were beyond the bend—then his foot came down hard, and the coupe raced along through the night. In a little while I heard a low husky sob, and saw that the tears were overflowing down his face.

"The god damned coward!" he whimpered. "He didn't even stop his car."

The Buchanans' house floated suddenly toward us through the dark rustling trees. Tom stopped beside the porch and looked up at the second floor, where two windows bloomed with light among the vines.

"Daisy's home," he said. As we got out of the car he glanced at me and frowned slightly.

"I ought to have dropped you in West Egg, Nick. There's nothing we can do to-night."

A change had come over him, and he spoke gravely, and with decision. As we walked across the moonlight gravel to the porch he disposed of the situation in a few brisk phrases.

"I'll telephone for a taxi to take you home, and while you're waiting you and Jordan better go in the kitchen and have them get you some supper—if you want any." He opened the door. "Come in."

"No, thanks. But I'd be glad if you'd order me the taxi. I'll wait outside."

Jordan put her hand on my arm.

"Won't you come in, Nick?"

"No, thanks."

I was feeling a little sick and I wanted to be alone. But Jordan lingered for a moment more.

"It's only half-past nine," she said.

I'd be damned if I'd go in; I'd had enough of all of them for one day, and suddenly that included Jordan too. She must have seen something of this in my expression, for she turned abruptly away and ran up the porch steps into the house. I sat down for a few minutes with my head in my hands, until I heard the phone taken up inside and the butler's voice calling a taxi. Then I walked slowly down the drive away from the house, intending to wait by the gate.

I hadn't gone twenty yards when I heard my name and Gatsby stepped from between two bushes into the path. I must have felt pretty weird by that time, because I could think of nothing except the luminosity of his pink suit under the moon.

"What are you doing?" I inquired.

"Just standing here, old sport."

Somehow, that seemed a despicable occupation. For all I knew he was going to rob the house in a moment; I wouldn't have been surprised to see sinister faces, the faces of 'Wolfshiem's people,' behind him in the dark shrubbery.

"Did you see any trouble on the road?" he asked after a minute.

"Yes."

He hesitated.

"Was she killed?"

"Yes."

"I thought so; I told Daisy I thought so. It's better that the shock should all come at once. She stood it pretty well."

He spoke as if Daisy's reaction was the only thing that mattered.

"I got to West Egg by a side road," he went on, "and left the car in my garage. I don't think anybody saw us, but of course I can't be sure."

I disliked him so much by this time that I didn't find it necessary to tell him he was wrong.

"Who was the woman?" he inquired.

"Her name was Wilson. Her husband owns the garage. How the devil did it happen?"

"Well, I tried to swing the wheel——" He broke off, and suddenly I guessed at the truth.

"Was Daisy driving?"

"Yes," he said after a moment, "but of course I'll say I was. You see, when we left New York she was very nervous and she thought it would steady her to drive—and this woman rushed out at us just as we were passing a car coming the other way. It all happened in a minute, but it seemed to me that she wanted to speak to us, thought we were somebody she knew.

Well, first Daisy turned away from the woman toward the other car, and then she lost her nerve and turned back. The second my hand reached the wheel I felt the shock—it must have killed her instantly."

"It ripped her open——"

"Don't tell me, old sport." He winced. "Anyhow—Daisy stepped on it. I tried to make her stop, but she couldn't, so I pulled on the emergency brake. Then she fell over into my lap and I drove on.

"She'll be all right to-morrow," he said presently. "I'm just going to wait here and see if he tries to bother her about that unpleasantness this afternoon. She's locked herself into her room, and if he tries any brutality she's going to turn the light out and on again."

"He won't touch her,' I said. "He's not thinking about her."

"I don't trust him, old sport."

"How long are you going to wait?"

"All night, if necessary. Anyhow, till they all go to bed."

A new point of view occurred to me. Suppose Tom found out that Daisy had been driving. He might think he saw a connection in it—he might think anything. I looked at the house; there were two or three bright windows down-stairs and the pink glow from Daisy's room on the second floor.

"You wait here," I said. "I'll see if there's any sign of a commotion."

I walked back along the border of the lawn, traversed the gravel softly, and tiptoed up the veranda steps. The drawing-room curtains were open, and I saw that the room was empty. Crossing the porch where we had dined that June night three months before, I came to a small rectangle of light which I guessed was the pantry window. The blind was drawn, but I found a rift at the sill.

Daisy and Tom were sitting opposite each other at the kitchen table, with a plate of cold fried chicken between them, and two bottles of ale. He was talking intently across the table at her, and in his earnestness his hand had fallen upon and covered her own. Once in a while she looked up at him and nodded in agreement.

They weren't happy, and neither of them had touched the chicken or the ale—and yet they weren't unhappy either. There was an unmistakable air of natural intimacy about the picture, and anybody would have said that they were conspiring together.

As I tiptoed from the porch I heard my taxi feeling its way along the dark road toward the house. Gatsby was waiting where I had left him in the drive.

"Is it all quiet up there?" he asked anxiously.

"Yes, it's all quiet." I hesitated. "You'd better come home and get some sleep."

He shook his head.

"I want to wait here till Daisy goes to bed. Good night, old sport."

He put his hands in his coat pockets and turned back eagerly to his scrutiny of the house, as though my presence marred the sacredness of the vigil. So I walked away and left him standing there in the moonlight—watching over nothing.

.Ch-8.

VIII. The Murder (inv.)

(c) But his long narrative in Chap VIII will be difficult to split up. Zelda also thought I was a little out of key but it is good writing and I don't think I could bear to sacrifice any of it.

I couldn't sleep all night; a fog-horn was groaning incessantly on the Sound, and I tossed half-sick between grotesque reality and savage, frightening dreams. Toward dawn I heard a taxi go up Gatsby's drive, and immediately I jumped out of bed and began to dress—I felt that I had something to tell him, something to warn him about, and morning would be too late.

Crossing his lawn, I saw that his front door was still open and he was leaning against a table in the hall, heavy with dejection or sleep.

"Nothing happened," he said wanly. "I waited, and about four o'clock she came to the window and stood there for a minute and then turned out the light."

His house had never seemed so enormous to me as it did that night when we hunted through the great rooms for cigarettes. We pushed aside curtains that were like pavilions, and felt over innumerable feet of dark wall for electric light switches—once I tumbled with a sort of splash upon the keys of a ghostly piano. There was an inexplicable amount of dust everywhere, and the rooms were musty, as though they hadn't been aired for many days. I found the humidor on an unfamiliar table, with two stale, dry cigarettes inside. Throwing open the French windows of the drawing-room, we sat smoking out into the darkness.

"You ought to go away," I said. "It's pretty certain they'll trace your car."

"Go away NOW, old sport?"

"Go to Atlantic City for a week, or up to Montreal."

He wouldn't consider it. He couldn't possibly leave Daisy until he knew what she was going to do. He was clutching at some last hope and I couldn't bear to shake him free.

It was this night that he told me the strange story of his youth with Dan Cody—told it to me because "Jay Gatsby." had broken up like glass against Tom's hard malice, and the long secret extravaganza was played out. I think that he would have acknowledged anything now, without reserve, but he wanted to talk about Daisy.

She was the first "nice" girl he had ever known. In various unrevealed capacities he had come in contact with such people, but always with indiscernible barbed wire between. He found her excitingly desirable. He went to her house, at first with other officers from Camp Taylor, then alone. It amazed him—he had never been in such a beautiful house before. but what gave it an air of breathless intensity, was that Daisy lived there—it was as casual a thing to her as his tent out at camp was to him. There was a ripe mystery about it, a hint of bedrooms up-stairs more beautiful and cool than other bedrooms, of gay and radiant activities taking place through its corridors, and of romances that were not musty and laid away already in lavender but fresh and breathing and redolent of this year's shining motor-cars and of dances whose flowers were scarcely withered. It excited him, too, that many men had already loved Daisy—it increased her value in his eyes. He felt their presence all about the house, pervading the air with the shades and echoes of still vibrant emotions.

But he knew that he was in Daisy's house by a colossal accident. However glorious might be his future as Jay Gatsby, he was at present a penniless young man without a past, and at any moment the invisible cloak of his uniform might slip from his shoulders. So he made the most of his time. He took what he could get, ravenously and unscrupulously— eventually he

took Daisy one still October night, took her because he had no real right to touch her hand.

He might have despised himself, for he had certainly taken her under false pretenses. I don't mean that he had traded on his phantom millions, but he had deliberately given Daisy a sense of security; he let her believe that he was a person from much the same stratum as herself—that he was fully able to take care of her. As a matter of fact, he had no such facilities—he had no comfortable family standing behind him, and he was liable at the whim of an impersonal government to be blown anywhere about the world.

But he didn't despise himself and it didn't turn out as he had imagined. He had intended, probably, to take what he could and go—but now he found that he had committed himself to the following of a grail. He knew that Daisy was extraordinary, but he didn't realize just how extraordinary a "nice" girl could be. She vanished into her rich house, into her rich, full life, leaving Gatsby—nothing. He felt married to her, that was all.

When they met again, two days later, it was Gatsby who was breathless, who was, somehow, betrayed. Her porch was bright with the bought luxury of star-shine; the wicker of the settee squeaked fashionably as she turned toward him and he kissed her curious and lovely mouth. She had caught a cold, and it made her voice huskier and more charming than ever, and Gatsby was overwhelmingly aware of the youth and mystery that wealth imprisons and preserves, of the freshness of many clothes, and of Daisy, gleaming like silver, safe and proud above the hot struggles of the poor.

"I can't describe to you how surprised I was to find out I loved her, old sport. I even hoped for a while that she'd throw me over, but she didn't, because she was in love with me too. She thought I knew a lot because I knew different things from her.... Well, there I was, 'way off my ambitions, getting deeper in love every minute, and all of a sudden I didn't care. What was the use of doing great things if I could have a better time telling her what I was going to do?" On the last afternoon

before he went abroad, he sat with Daisy in his arms for a long, silent time. It was a cold fall day, with fire in the room and her cheeks flushed. Now and then she moved and he changed his arm a little, and once he kissed her dark shining hair. The afternoon had made them tranquil for a while, as if to give them a deep memory for the long parting the next day promised. They had never been closer in their month of love, nor communicated more profoundly one with another, than when she brushed silent lips against his coat's shoulder or when he touched the end of her fingers, gently, as though she were asleep.

He did extraordinarily well in the war. He was a captain before he went to the front, and following the Argonne battles he got his majority and the command of the divisional machine-guns. After the Armistice he tried frantically to get home, but some complication or misunderstanding sent him to Oxford instead. He was worried now—there was a quality of nervous despair in Daisy's letters. She 📖181 didn't see why he couldn't come. She was feeling the pressure of the world outside, and she wanted to see him and feel his presence beside her and be reassured that she was doing the right thing after all.

For Daisy was young and her artificial world was redolent of orchids and pleasant, cheerful snobbery and orchestras which set the rhythm of the year, summing up the sadness and suggestiveness of life in new tunes. All night the saxophones wailed the hopeless comment of the BEALE STREET BLUES. while a hundred pairs of golden and silver slippers shuffled the shining dust. At the gray tea hour there were always rooms that throbbed incessantly with this low, sweet fever, while fresh faces drifted here and there like rose petals blown by the sad horns around the floor.

Through this twilight universe Daisy began to move again with the season; suddenly she was again keeping half a dozen dates a day with half a dozen men, and drowsing asleep at dawn with the beads and chiffon of an evening dress tangled

among dying orchids on the floor beside her bed. And all the time something within her was crying for a decision. She wanted her life shaped now, immediately—and the decision must be made by some force—of love, of money, of unquestionable practicality—that was close at hand.

That force took shape in the middle of spring with the arrival of Tom Buchanan. There was a wholesome bulkiness about his person and his position, and Daisy was flattered. Doubtless there was a certain struggle and a certain relief. The letter reached Gatsby while he was still at Oxford.

It was dawn now on Long Island and we went about opening the rest of the windows down-stairs, filling the house with gray-turning, gold-turning light. The shadow of a tree fell abruptly across the dew and ghostly birds began to sing among the blue leaves. There was a slow, pleasant movement in the air, scarcely a wind, promising a cool, lovely day.

"I don't think she ever loved him." Gatsby turned around from a window and looked at me challengingly. "You must remember, old sport, she was very excited this afternoon. He told her those things in a way that frightened her—that made it look as if I was some kind of cheap sharper. And the result was she hardly knew what she was saying."

He sat down gloomily.

"Of course she might have loved him just for a minute, when they were first married—and loved me more even then, do you see?"

Suddenly he came out with a curious remark.

"In any case," he said, "it was just personal."

What could you make of that, except to suspect some intensity in his conception of the affair that couldn't be measured?

He came back from France when Tom and Daisy were still on their wedding trip, and made a miserable but irresistible journey to Louisville on the last of his army pay. He stayed

there a week, walking the streets where their footsteps had clicked together through the November night and revisiting the out-of-the-way places to which they had driven in her white car. Just as Daisy's house had always seemed to him more mysterious and gay than other houses, so his idea of the city itself, even though she was gone from it, was pervaded with a melancholy beauty.

He left feeling that if he had searched harder, he might have found her—that he was leaving her behind. The day-coach – he was penniless now—was hot. He went out to the open vestibule and sat down on a folding-chair, and the station slid away and the backs of unfamiliar buildings moved by. Then out into the spring fields, where a yellow trolley raced them for a minute with people in it who might once have seen the pale magic of her face along the casual street.

The track curved and now it was going away from the sun, which as it sank lower, seemed to spread itself in benediction over the vanishing city where she had drawn her breath. He stretched out his hand desperately as if to snatch only a wisp of air, to save a fragment of the spot that she had made lovely for him. But it was all going by too fast now for his blurred eyes and he knew that he had lost that part of it, the freshest and the best, forever.

It was nine o'clock when we finished breakfast and went out on the porch. The night had made a sharp difference in the weather and there was an autumn flavor in the air. The gardener, the last one of Gatsby's former servants, came to the foot of the steps.

"I'm going to drain the pool to-day, Mr. Gatsby. Leaves'll start falling pretty soon, and then there's always trouble with the pipes."

"Don't do it to-day," Gatsby answered. He turned to me apologetically. "You know, old sport, I've never used that pool all summer?"

I looked at my watch and stood up.

"Twelve minutes to my train."

I didn't want to go to the city. I wasn't worth a decent stroke of work, but it was more than that—I didn't want to leave Gatsby. I missed that train, and then another, before I could get myself away.

"I'll call you up," I said finally.

"Do, old sport."

"I'll call you about noon."

We walked slowly down the steps.

"I suppose Daisy'll call too." He looked at me anxiously, as if he hoped I'd corroborate this.

"I suppose so."

"Well, good-by."

We shook hands and I started away. Just before I reached the hedge I remembered something and turned around.

📖185 "They're a rotten crowd," I shouted across the lawn. "You're worth the whole damn bunch put together."

I've always been glad I said that. It was the only compliment I ever gave him, because I disapproved of him from beginning to end. First he nodded politely, and then his face broke into that radiant and understanding smile, as if we'd been in ecstatic cahoots on that fact all the time. His gorgeous pink rag of a suit made a bright spot of color against the white steps, and I thought of the night when I first came to his ancestral home, three months before. The lawn and drive had been crowded with the faces of those who guessed at his corruption—and he had stood on those steps, concealing his incorruptible dream, as he waved them good-by.

I thanked him for his hospitality. We were always thanking him for that—I and the others.

"Good-by," I called. "I enjoyed breakfast, Gatsby."

Up in the city, I tried for a while to list the quotations on an interminable amount of stock, then I fell asleep in my swivel-chair. Just before noon the phone woke me, and I started up with sweat breaking out on my forehead. It was Jordan Baker; she often called me up at this hour because the uncertainty of her own movements between hotels and clubs and private houses made her hard to find in any other way. Usually her voice came over the wire as something fresh and cool, as if a divot from a green golf-links had come sailing in at the office window, but this morning it seemed harsh and dry.

"I've left Daisy's house," she said. "I'm at Hempstead, and I'm going down to Southampton this afternoon."

Probably it had been tactful to leave Daisy's house, but the act annoyed me, and her next remark made me rigid.

"You weren't so nice to me last night."

"How could it have mattered then?"

Silence for a moment. Then:

"However—I want to see you."

"I want to see you, too."

"Suppose I don't go to Southampton, and come into town this afternoon?"

"No—I don't think this afternoon."

"Very well."

"It's impossible this afternoon. Various——"

We talked like that for a while, and then abruptly we weren't talking any longer. I don't know which of us hung up with a sharp click, but I know I didn't care. I couldn't have talked to her across a tea-table that day if I never talked to her again in this world.

I called Gatsby's house a few minutes later, but the line was busy. I tried four times; finally an exasperated central told me the wire was being kept open for long distance from Detroit. Taking out my time-table, I drew a small circle around the 3:50 train. Then I leaned back in my chair and tried to think. It was just noon.

When I passed the ashheaps on the train that morning I had crossed deliberately to the other side of the car. I suppose there'd be a curious crowd around there all day with little boys searching for dark spots in the dust, and some garrulous man telling over and over what had happened, until it became less and less real even to him and he could tell it no longer, and Myrtle Wilson's tragic achievement was forgotten. Now I want to go back a little and tell what happened at the garage after we left there the night before.

They had difficulty in locating the sister, Kathryn. She must have broken her rule against drinking that night, for when she arrived she was stupid with liquor and unable to understand that the ambulance had already gone to Flushing. When they convinced her of this, she immediately fainted, as if that was the intolerable part of the affair. Some one, kind or curious, took her in his car and drove her in the wake of her sister's body.

Until long after midnight a changing crowd lapped up against the front of the garage, while George Wilson rocked himself back and forth on the couch inside. For a while the door of the office was open, and every one who came into the garage glanced irresistibly through it. Finally someone said it was a shame, and closed the door. Michaelis and several other men were with him; first, four or five men, later two or three men. Still later Michaelis had to ask the last stranger to wait there fifteen minutes longer, while he went back to his own place and made a pot of coffee. After that, he stayed there alone with Wilson until dawn.

About three o'clock the quality of Wilson's incoherent muttering changed—he grew quieter and began to talk about

the yellow car. He announced that he had a way of finding out whom the yellow car belonged to, and then he blurted out that a couple of months ago his wife had come from the city with her face bruised and her nose swollen.

But when he heard himself say this, he flinched and began to cry "Oh, my god!" again in his groaning voice. Michaelis made a clumsy attempt to distract him.

"How long have you been married, George? Come on there, try and sit still a minute and answer my question. How long have you been married?"

"Twelve years."

"Ever had any children? Come on, George, sit still—I asked you a question. Did you ever have any children?"

The hard brown beetles kept thudding against the dull light, and whenever Michaelis heard a car go tearing along the road outside it sounded to him like the car that hadn't stopped a few hours before. He didn't like to go into the garage, because the work bench was stained where the body had been lying, so he moved uncomfortably around the office—he knew every object in it before morning—and from time to time sat down beside Wilson trying to keep him more quiet.

"Have you got a place you go to sometimes, George? Maybe even if you haven't been there for a long time? Maybe I could call up someone to come over and he could talk to you, see?"

"Don't know any."

"You ought to have some place, George, for times like this.

The effort of answering broke the rhythm of his rocking—for a moment he was silent. Then the same half-knowing, half-bewildered look came back into his faded eyes.

"Look in the drawer there," he said, pointing at the desk.

"Which drawer?"

"That drawer—that one."

Michaelis opened the drawer nearest his hand. There was nothing in it but a small, expensive dog-leash, made of leather and braided silver. It was apparently new.

"This?" he inquired, holding it up.

Wilson stared and nodded.

"I found it yesterday afternoon. She tried to tell me about it, but I knew it was something funny."

"You mean your wife bought it?"

"She had it wrapped in tissue paper on her bureau."

Michaelis didn't see anything odd in that, and he gave Wilson a dozen reasons why his wife might have bought the dog-leash. But conceivably Wilson had heard some of these same explanations before, from Myrtle, because he began saying "Oh, my god!" again in a whisper—his comforter left several explanations in the air.

"Then he killed her," said Wilson. His mouth dropped open suddenly.

"Who did?"

"I have a way of finding out."

"You're morbid, George," said his friend. "This has been a strain to you and you don't know what you're saying. You'd better try and sit quiet till morning."

"He murdered her."

"It was an accident, George."

Wilson shook his head. His eyes narrowed and his mouth widened slightly with the ghost of a superior "Hm!"

191"I know," he said definitely, "I'm one of these trusting fellas and I don't think any harm to nobody, but when I get to know a thing I know it. It was the man in that car. She ran out to speak to him and he wouldn't stop."

Michaelis had seen this too, but it hadn't occurred to him that there was any special significance in it. He believed that Mrs. Wilson had been running away from her husband, rather than trying to stop any particular car.

"How could she of been like that?"

"She's a deep one," said Wilson, as if that answered the question. "Ah-h-h—"

He began to rock again, and Michaelis stood twisting the leash in his hand.

"Maybe you got some friend that I could telephone for, George?"

This was a forlorn hope—he was almost sure that Wilson had no friend: there was not enough of him for his wife. He was glad a little later when he noticed a change in the room, a blue quickening by the window, and realized that dawn wasn't far off. About five o'clock it was blue enough outside to snap off the light.

Wilson's glazed eyes turned out to the ashheaps, where small gray clouds took on fantastic shape and scurried here and there in the faint dawn wind.

"I spoke to her," he muttered, after a long silence. "I told her she might fool me but she couldn't fool god. I took her to the window."—with an effort he got up and walked to the rear window and leaned with his face pressed against it—" and I said 'god knows what you've been doing, everything you've been doing. You may fool me, but you can't fool god!'"

Standing behind him, Michaelis saw with a shock that he was looking at the eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg, which had just emerged, pale and enormous, from the dissolving night.

"He sees everything," repeated Wilson.

"That's an advertisement," Michaelis assured him. Something made him turn away from the window and look back into the room. But Wilson stood there a long time, his face close to the window pane, nodding into the twilight.

By six o'clock Michaelis was worn out, and grateful for the sound of a car stopping outside. It was one of the watchers of the night before who had promised to come back, so he cooked breakfast for three, which he and the other man ate together. Wilson was quieter now, and Michaelis went home to sleep; when he awoke four hours later and hurried back to the garage, Wilson was gone.

His movements—he was on foot all the time—were afterward traced to Port Roosevelt and then to Gad's Hill, where he bought a sandwich that he didn't eat, and a cup of coffee. He must have been tired and walking slowly, for he didn't reach Gad's Hill until noon. Thus far there was no difficulty in accounting for his time—there were boys who had seen a man "acting sort of crazy," and motorists at whom he stared oddly from the side of the road. Then for three hours he disappeared from view. The police, on the strength of what he said to Michaelis, that he "had a way of finding out," supposed that he spent that time going from garage to garage thereabout, inquiring for a yellow car. On the other hand, no garage man who had seen him ever came forward, and perhaps he had an easier, surer way of finding out what he wanted to know. By half-past two he was in West Egg, where he asked someone the way to Gatsby's house. So by that time he knew Gatsby's name.

At two o'clock Gatsby put on his bathing-suit and left word with the butler that if any one phoned word was to be brought to him at the pool. He stopped at the garage for a pneumatic mattress that had amused his guests during the summer, and the chauffeur helped him pump it up. Then he gave instructions that the open car wasn't to be taken out under any

circumstances—and this was strange, because the front right fender needed repair.

Gatsby shouldered the mattress and started for the pool. Once he stopped and shifted it a little, and the chauffeur asked him if he needed help, but he shook his head and in a moment disappeared among the yellowing trees.

No telephone message arrived, but the butler went without his sleep and waited for it until four o'clock—until long after there was any one to give it to if it came. I have an idea that Gatsby himself didn't believe it would come, and perhaps he no longer cared. If that was true he must have felt that he had lost the old warm world, paid a high price for living too long with a single dream. He must have looked up at an unfamiliar sky through frightening leaves and shivered as he found what a grotesque thing a rose is and how raw the sunlight was upon the scarcely created grass. A new world, material without being real, where poor ghosts, breathing dreams like air, drifted fortuitously about . . . like that ashen, fantastic figure gliding toward him through the amorphous trees.

The chauffeur—he was one of Wolfshiem's proteges—heard the shots—afterward he could only say that he hadn't thought anything much about them. I drove from the station directly to Gatsby's house and my rushing anxiously up the front steps was the first thing that alarmed any one. But they knew then, I firmly believe. With scarcely a word said, four of us, the chauffeur, butler, gardener, and I, hurried down to the pool.

There was a faint, barely perceptible movement of the water as the fresh flow from one end urged its way toward the drain at the other. with little ripples that were hardly the shadows of waves, the laden mattress moved irregularly down the pool. A small gust of wind that scarcely corrugated the surface was enough to disturb its accidental course with its accidental burden. The touch of a cluster of leaves revolved it slowly, tracing, like the leg of compass, a thin red circle in the water.

It was after we started with Gatsby toward the house that the gardener saw Wilson's body a little way off in the grass, and the holocaust was complete.

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IX. Funeral an invention

After two years I remember the rest of that day, and that night and the next day, only as an endless drill of police and photographers and newspaper men in and out of Gatsby's front door. A rope stretched across the main gate and a policeman by it kept out the curious, but little boys soon discovered that they could enter through my yard, and there were always a few of them clustered open-mouthed about the pool. Someone with a positive manner, perhaps a detective, used the expression "madman." as he bent over Wilson's body that afternoon, and the adventitious authority of his voice set the key for the newspaper reports next morning.

Most of those reports were a nightmare—grotesque, circumstantial, eager, and untrue. When Michaelis's testimony at the inquest brought to light Wilson's suspicions of his wife I thought the whole tale would shortly be served up in racy pasquinade—but Kathryn, who might have said anything, didn't say a word. She showed a surprising amount of character about it too—looked at the coroner with determined eyes under that corrected brow of hers, and swore that her sister had never seen Gatsby, that her sister was completely happy with her husband, that her sister had been into no mischief whatever. She convinced herself of it, and cried into her handkerchief, as if the very suggestion was more than she could endure. So Wilson was reduced to a man "deranged by grief." in order that the case might remain in its simplist form. And it rested there.

But all this part of it seemed remote and unessential. I found myself on Gatsby's side, and alone. From the moment I telephoned news of the catastrophe to West Egg village, every surmise about him, and every practical question, was referred to me. At first I was surprised and confused; then, as he lay in his house and didn't move or breathe or speak, hour upon hour,

it grew upon me that I was responsible, because no one else was interested—interested, I mean, with that intense personal interest to which every one has some vague right at the end.

I called up Daisy half an hour after we found him, called her instinctively and without hesitation. But she and Tom had gone away early that afternoon, and taken baggage with them.

"Left no address?"

"No."

"Say when they'd be back?"

"No."

"Any idea where they are? How I could reach them?"

"I don't know. Can't say."

I wanted to get somebody for him. I wanted to go into the room where he lay and reassure him: "I'll get somebody for you, Gatsby. Don't worry. Just trust me and I'll get somebody for you——"

Meyer Wolfshiem's name wasn't in the phone book. The butler gave me his office address on Broadway, and I called Information, but by the time I had the number it was long after five, and no one answered the phone.

"Will you ring again?"

"I've rung them three times."

"It's very important."

"Sorry. I'm afraid no one's there."

I went back to the drawing-room and thought for an instant that they were chance visitors, all these official people who suddenly filled it. But, as they drew back the sheet and looked at Gatsby with unmoved eyes, his protest continued in my brain:

"Look here, old sport, you've got to get somebody for me. You've got to try hard. I can't go through this alone."

Some one started to ask me questions, but I broke away and going up-stairs looked hastily through the unlocked parts of his desk—he'd never told me definitely that his parents were dead. But there was nothing—only the picture of Dan Cody, a token of forgotten violence, staring down from the wall.

Next morning I sent the butler to New York with a letter to Wolfshiem, which asked for information and urged him to come out on the next train. That request seemed superfluous when I wrote it. I was sure he'd start when he saw the newspapers, just as I was sure there'd be a wire from Daisy before noon—but neither a wire nor Mr. Wolfshiem arrived; no one arrived except more police and photographers and newspaper men. When the butler brought back Wolfshiem's answer I began to have a feeling of defiance, of scornful solidarity between Gatsby and me against them all.

> DEAR MR. CARRAWAY. This has been one of the most terrible shocks of my life to me I hardly can believe it that it is true at all. Such a mad act as that man did should make us all think. I cannot come down now as I am tied up in some very important business and cannot get mixed up in this thing now. If there is anything I can do a little later let me know in a letter by Edgar. I hardly know where I am when I hear about a thing like this and am completely knocked down and out.
>
> Yours truly MEYER WOLFSHIEM

and then hasty addenda beneath:

> Let me know about the funeral etc. do not know his family at all.

When the phone rang that afternoon and Long Distance said Chicago was calling I thought this would be Daisy at last. But the connection came through as a man's voice, very thin and far away.

"This is Slagle speaking . . ."

"Yes?" The name was unfamiliar.

"Hell of a note, isn't it? Get my wire?"

"There haven't been any wires."

"Young Parke's in trouble," he said rapidly. "They picked him up when he handed the bonds over the counter. They got a circular from New York giving 'em the numbers just five minutes before. What d'you know about that, hey? You never can tell in these hick towns——"

"Hello!" I interrupted breathlessly. "Look here—this isn't Mr. Gatsby. Mr. Gatsby's dead."

There was a long silence on the other end of the wire, followed by an exclamation . . . then a quick squawk as the connection was broken.

I think it was on the third day that a telegram signed Henry C. Gatz arrived from a town in Minnesota. It said only that the sender was leaving immediately and to postpone the funeral until he came.

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It was Gatsby's father, a solemn old man, very helpless and dismayed, bundled up in a long cheap ulster against the warm September day. His eyes leaked continuously with excitement, and when I took the bag and umbrella from his hands he began to pull so incessantly at his sparse gray beard that I had difficulty in getting off his coat. He was on 📖201 the point of collapse, so I took him into the music room and made him sit down while I sent for something to eat. But he wouldn't eat, and the glass of milk spilled from his trembling hand.

"I saw it in the Chicago newspaper," he said. "It was all in the Chicago newspaper. I started right away."

"I didn't know how to reach you." His eyes, seeing nothing, moved ceaselessly about the room.

"It was a madman," he said. "He must have been mad."

"Wouldn't you like some coffee?" I urged him.

"I don't want anything. I'm all right now, Mr.——"

"Carraway."

"Well, I'm all right now. Where have they got Jimmy?" I took him into the drawing-room, where his son lay, and left him there. Some little boys had come up on the steps and were looking into the hall; when I told them who had arrived, they went reluctantly away.

After a little while Mr. Gatz opened the door and came out, his mouth ajar, his face flushed slightly, his eyes leaking isolated and unpunctual tears. He had reached an age where death no longer has the quality of ghastly surprise, and when he looked around him now for the first time and saw the height and splendor of the hall and the great rooms opening out from it into other rooms, his grief began to be mixed with an awed pride. I helped him to a bedroom up-stairs; while he took off his coat and vest I told him that all arrangements had been deferred until he came.

"I didn't know what you'd want, Mr. Gatsby——"

"Gatz is my name."

"—Mr. Gatz. I thought you might want to take the body West."

He shook his head.

"Jimmy always liked it better down East. He rose up to his position in the East. Were you a friend of my boy's, Mr.—?"

"We were close friends."

"He had a big future before him, you know. He was only a young man, but he had a lot of brain power here."

He touched his head impressively, and I nodded.

"If he'd of lived, he'd of been a great man. A man like James J. Hill. He'd of helped build up the country."

"That's true," I said, uncomfortably.

He fumbled at the embroidered coverlet, trying to take it from the bed, and lay down stiffly—was instantly asleep.

That night an obviously frightened person called up, and demanded to know who I was before he would give his name.

"This is Mr. Carraway," I said.

"Oh!" He sounded relieved. "This is Klipspringer." I was relieved too, for that seemed to promise another friend at Gatsby's grave. I didn't want it to be in the papers and draw a sightseeing crowd, so I'd been calling up a few people myself. They were hard to find.

"The funeral's to-morrow," I said. "Three o'clock, here at the house. I wish you'd tell anybody who'd be interested."

"Oh, I will," he broke out hastily. "Of course I'm not likely to see anybody, but if I do."

His tone made me suspicious.

"Of course you'll be there yourself."

"Well, I'll certainly try. What I called up about is——"

"Wait a minute," I interrupted. "How about saying you'll come?"

"Well, the fact is—the truth of the matter is that I'm staying with some people up here in Greenwich, and they rather expect me to be with them to-morrow. In fact, there's a sort of picnic or something. Of course I'll do my very best to get away."

I ejaculated an unrestrained "Huh!" and he must have heard me, for he went on nervously:

"What I called up about was a pair of shoes I left there. I wonder if it'd be too much trouble to have the butler send them on. You see, they're tennis shoes, and I'm sort of helpless without them. My address is care of B. F.——"

I didn't hear the rest of the name, because I hung up the receiver.

After that I felt a certain shame for Gatsby—one gentleman to whom I telephoned implied that he had got what he deserved. However, that was my fault, for he was one of those

who used to sneer most bitterly at Gatsby on the courage of Gatsby's liquor, and I should have known better than to call him.

The morning of the funeral I went up to New York to see Meyer Wolfshiem; I couldn't seem to reach him any other way. The door that I pushed open, on the advice of an elevator boy, was marked "The Swastika Holding Company," and at first there didn't seem to be any one inside. But when I'd shouted "hello." several times in vain, an argument broke out behind a partition, and presently a lovely Jewess appeared at an interior door and scrutinized me with black hostile eyes.

"Nobody's in," she said. "Mr. Wolfshiem's gone to Chicago."

The first part of this was obviously untrue, for someone had begun to whistle "The Rosary," tunelessly, inside.

"Please say that Mr. Carraway wants to see him."

"I can't get him back from Chicago, can I?"

At this moment a voice, unmistakably Wolfshiem's, called "Stella!" from the other side of the door.

"Leave your name on the desk," she said quickly. "I'll give it to him when he gets back."

"But I know he's there."

She took a step toward me and began to slide her hands indignantly up and down her hips.

"You young men think you can force your way in here any time," she scolded. "We're getting sickantired of it. When I say he's in Chicago, he's in Chicago."

I mentioned Gatsby.

"Oh—h!" She looked at me over again. "Will you just—What was your name?"

She vanished. In a moment Meyer Wolfshiem stood solemnly in the doorway, holding out both hands. He drew me

into his office, remarking in a reverent voice that it was a sad time for all of us, and offered me a cigar.

"My memory goes back to when I first met him," he said. "A young major just out of the army and covered over with medals he got in the war. He was so hard up he had to keep on wearing his uniform because he couldn't buy some regular clothes. First time I saw him was when he come into Winebrenner's poolroom at Forty-third Street and asked for a job. He hadn't eat anything for a couple of days. 'come on have some lunch with me,' I sid. He ate more than four dollars' worth of food in half an hour."

"Did you start him in business?" I inquired.

"Start him! I made him."

"Oh."

"I raised him up out of nothing, right out of the gutter. I saw right away he was a fine-appearing, gentlemanly young man, and when he told me he was an Oggsford I knew I could use him good. I got him to join up in the American Legion and he used to stand high there. Right off he did some work for a client of mine up to Albany. We were so thick like that in everything."—he held up two bulbous fingers——" always together."

I wondered if this partnership had included the World's Series transaction in 1919.

"Now he's dead," I said after a moment. "You were his closest friend, so I know you'll want to come to his funeral this afternoon."

"I'd like to come."

"Well, come then."

The hair in his nostrils quivered slightly, and as he shook his head his eyes filled with tears.

"I can't do it—I can't get mixed up in it," he said.

"There's nothing to get mixed up in. It's all over now."

"When a man gets killed I never like to get mixed up in it in any way. I keep out. When I was a young man it was different—if a friend of mine died, no matter how, I stuck with them to the end. You may think that's sentimental, but I mean it—to the bitter end."

I saw that for some reason of his own he was determined not to come, so I stood up.

"Are you a college man?" he inquired suddenly.

For a moment I thought he was going to suggest a "gonnegtion," but he only nodded and shook my hand.

"Let us learn to show our friendship for a man when he is alive and not after he is dead," he suggested. "After that my own rule is to let everything alone."

When I left his office the sky had turned dark and I got back to West Egg in a drizzle. After changing my clothes I went next door and found Mr. Gatz walking up and down excitedly in the hall. His pride in his son and in his son's possessions was continually increasing and now he had something to show me.

"Jimmy sent me this picture." He took out his wallet with trembling fingers. "Look there."

It was a photograph of the house, cracked in the corners and dirty with many hands. He pointed out every detail to me eagerly. "Look there!" and then sought admiration from my eyes. He had shown it so often that I think it was more real to him now than the house itself.

"Jimmy sent it to me. I think it's a very pretty picture. It shows up well."

"Very well. Had you seen him lately?"

"He come out to see me two years ago and bought me the house I live in now. Of course we was broke up when he run off from home, but I see now there was a reason for it. He

knew he had a big future in front of him. And ever since he made a success he was very generous with me." He seemed reluctant to put away the picture, held it for another minute, lingeringly, before my eyes. Then he returned the wallet and pulled from his pocket a ragged old copy of a book called HOPALONG CASSIDY.

"Look here, this is a book he had when he was a boy. It just shows you."

He opened it at the back cover and turned it around for me to see. On the last fly-leaf was printed the word SCHEDULE, and the date September 12, 1906. and underneath:

Rise from bed ....6.00 A.M.
Dumbbell exercise and wall-scaling ...6.15-6.30
"Study electricity, etc .... 7.15-8.15"
Work ....8.30-4.30 P.M.
Baseball and sports 4.30-5.00
"Practice elocution, poise & how to attain it 5.00-6.00"
"Study needed inventions ....7.00-9.00"
GENERAL RESOLVES
No wasting time at Shafters or [a name, indecipherable]
No more smokeing or chewing
Bath every other day
Read one improving book or magazine per week
Save $5.00 {crossed out} $3.00 per week
Be better to parents

"I come across this book by accident," said the old man. "It just shows you, don't it?"

"It just shows you."

"Jimmy was bound to get ahead. He always had some resolves like this or something. Do you notice what he's got about improving his mind? He was always great for that. He told me I et like a hog once, and I beat him for it."

He was reluctant to close the book, reading each item aloud and then looking eagerly at me. I think he rather expected me to copy down the list for my own use.

A little before three the funeral people arrived from Flushing, and I began to look involuntarily out the windows for other cars. So did Gatsby's father. And as the time passed and the servants came in and stood waiting in the hall, his eyes began to blink anxiously, and he spoke of the rain in a worried, uncertain way. The funeral director glanced several times at his watch, so I took him aside and asked him to wait for half an hour. But it wasn't any use. Nobody came.

About five o'clock our procession of three cars reached the cemetery and stopped in a thick drizzle beside the gate—first a motor hearse, horribly black and wet, then Mr. Gatz and the minister and I in the limousine, and a little later four or five servants and the postman from West Egg in Gatsby's station wagon, all wet to the skin. As we started through the gate into the cemetery I heard a car stop and then the sound of someone splashing after us over the soggy ground. I looked around. It was the man with owl-eyed glasses whom I had found marvelling over Gatsby's books in the library one night three months before.

I'd never seen him since then. I don't know how he knew about the funeral, or even his name. The rain poured down his thick glasses, and he took them off and wiped them to see the protecting canvas unrolled from Gatsby's grave.

I tried to think about Gatsby then for a moment, but he was already too far away, and I could only remember, without resentment, that Daisy hadn't sent a message or a flower. Dimly I heard someone murmur, "... the dead that the rain falls on," and then the owl-eyed man said "Second that," in a brave voice.

We straggled down quickly through the rain to the cars. Owl-eyes spoke to me by the gate.

"I couldn't get to the house," he remarked.

"Neither could anybody else."

"Go on!" He started. "Why, my god! they used to go there by the hundreds." 📖211 He took off his glasses and wiped them again, outside and in.

"The poor son-of-a-bitch," he said.

One of my most vivid memories is of coming back West from prep school and later from college at year-end. Those who went farther than Chicago would gather in the old dim Union Station at six o'clock of a December evening, with a few Chicago friends, already caught up into their own holiday gayeties, to bid them a hasty good-by.

I remember the fur coats of the girls returning from Miss This-or-that's and the chatter of frozen breath and the hands waving overhead as we caught sight of old acquaintances, and the matchings of invitations: "Are you going to the Ordways'? the Herseys'? the Schultzes'?" and the long green tickets clasped tight in our gloved hands. And last the murky yellow cars of the Chicago, Milwaukee and Paul railroad looking cheerful as Saturnalia itself on the tracks beside the gate.

When we pulled out into the winter night and the real snow, our snow, began to stretch out beside us and twinkle against the windows, and the dim lights of small Wisconsin stations moved by, a sharp wild brace came suddenly into the air. We drew in deep breaths of it as we walked back from dinner through the cold vestibules, unutterably aware of our identity with this country for one strange hour, before we melted indistinguishably into it again.

That's my Middle West—not the wheat or the prairies or the lost Swede towns, but the thrilling returning trains of my youth, and the street lamps and sleigh bells in the frosty dark and the shadows of holly wreaths thrown by lighted windows on the snow. I am part of that, a little solemn with the feel of those long winters, a little complacent from growing up in the Carraway house in a city where dwellings are still called through decades by a family's name. I see now that this has

been a story of the West, after all—Tom and Gatsby, Daisy and Jordan and I, were all Westerners, and perhaps we possessed some deficiency in common which made us subtly unadaptable to Eastern life.

Even when the East excited me most, even when I was most keenly aware of its superiority to the bored, sprawling, swollen towns beyond the Ohio, with their interminable inquisitions which spared only the children and the very old—even then it had always for me a quality of distortion. West Egg, especially, still figures in my more fantastic dreams. I see it as a night scene by El Greco: a hundred houses, at once conventional and grotesque, crouching under a sullen, overhanging sky and a lustreless moon. In the foreground four solemn men in dress suits are walking along the sidewalk with a stretcher on which lies a drunken woman in a white evening dress. Her hand, which dangles over the side, sparkles cold with jewels. Gravely the men turn in at a house—the wrong house. But no one knows the woman's name, and no one cares.

After Gatsby's death the East was haunted for me like that, distorted beyond my eyes' power of correction. So when the blue smoke of brittle leaves was in the air and the wind blew the wet laundry stiff on the line I decided to come back home.

There was one thing to be done before I left, an awkward, unpleasant thing that perhaps had better have been let alone. But I wanted to leave things in order and not just trust that obliging and indifferent sea to sweep my refuse away. I saw Jordan Baker and talked over and around what had happened to us together, and what had happened afterward to me, and she lay perfectly still, listening, in a big chair.

She was dressed to play golf, and I remember thinking she looked like a good illustration, her chin raised a little jauntily, her hair the color of an autumn leaf, her face the same brown tint as the fingerless glove on her knee. When I had finished she told me without comment that she was engaged to another man. I doubted that, though there were several she could have married at a nod of her head, but I pretended to be surprised.

For just a minute I wondered if I wasn't making a mistake, then I thought it all over again quickly and got up to say good-bye.

"Nevertheless you did throw me over," said Jordan suddenly. "You threw me over on the telephone. I don't give a damn about you now, but it was a new experience for me, and I felt a little dizzy for a while."

We shook hands.

"Oh, and do you remember."—she added——" a conversation we had once about driving a car?"

"Why—not exactly."

"You said a bad driver was only safe until she met another bad driver? Well, I met another bad driver, didn't I? I mean it was careless of me to make such a wrong guess. I thought you were rather an honest, straightforward person. I thought it was your secret pride."

"I'm thirty," I said. "I'm five years too old to lie to myself and call it honor."

She didn't answer. Angry, and half in love with her, and tremendously sorry, I turned away.

One afternoon late in October I saw Tom Buchanan. He was walking ahead of me along Fifth Avenue in his alert, aggressive way, his hands out a little from his body as if to fight off interference, his head moving sharply here and there, adapting itself to his restless eyes. Just as I slowed up to avoid overtaking him he stopped and began frowning into the windows of a jewelry store. Suddenly he saw me and walked back, holding out his hand.

"What's the matter, Nick? Do you object to shaking hands with me?"

"Yes. You know what I think of you."

"You're crazy, Nick," he said quickly. "Crazy as hell. I don't know what's the matter with you."

"Tom," I inquired, "what did you say to Wilson that afternoon?" He stared at me without a word, and I knew I had guessed right about those missing hours. I started to turn away, but he took a step after me and grabbed my arm.

"I told him the truth," he said. "He came to the door while we were getting ready to leave, and when I sent down word that we weren't in he tried to force his way up-stairs. He was crazy enough to kill me if I hadn't told him who owned the car. His hand was on a revolver in his pocket every minute he was in the house——" He broke off defiantly. "What if I did tell him? That fellow had it coming to him. He threw dust into your eyes just like he did in Daisy's, but he was a tough one. He ran over Myrtle like you'd run over a dog and never even stopped his car."

There was nothing I could say, except the one unutterable fact that it wasn't true.

"And if you think I didn't have my share of suffering—look here, when I went to give up that flat and saw that damn box of dog biscuits sitting there on the sideboard, I sat down and cried like a baby. By god it was awful——"

I couldn't forgive him or like him, but I saw that what he had done was, to him, entirely justified. It was all very careless and confused. They were careless people, Tom and Daisy—they smashed up things and creatures and then retreated back into their money or their vast carelessness, or whatever it was that kept them together, and let other people clean up the mess they had made....

I shook hands with him; it seemed silly not to, for I felt suddenly as though I were talking to a child. Then he went into the jewelry store to buy a pearl necklace—or perhaps only a pair of cuff buttons—rid of my provincial squeamishness forever.

Gatsby's house was still empty when I left—the grass on his lawn had grown as long as mine. One of the taxi drivers in the village never took a fare past the entrance gate without

stopping for a minute and pointing inside; perhaps it was he who drove Daisy and Gatsby over to East Egg the night of the accident, and perhaps he had made a story about it all his own. I didn't want to hear it and I avoided him when I got off the train.

I spent my Saturday nights in New York because those gleaming, dazzling parties of his were with me so vividly that I could still hear the music and 📖217 the laughter, faint and incessant, from his garden, and the cars going up and down his drive. One night I did hear a material car there, and saw its lights stop at his front steps. But I didn't investigate. Probably it was some final guest who had been away at the ends of the earth and didn't know that the party was over.

On the last night, with my trunk packed and my car sold to the grocer, I went over and looked at that huge incoherent failure of a house once more. On the white steps an obscene word, scrawled by some boy with a piece of brick, stood out clearly in the moonlight, and I erased it, drawing my shoe raspingly along the stone. Then I wandered down to the beach and sprawled out on the sand.

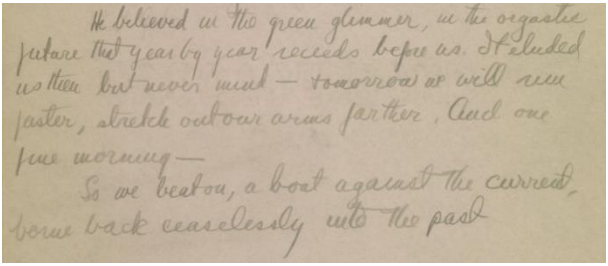
.ch9-end.

Dutch Sailors

[reworked & moved from *.ch1 end.* cf *.big mov.* » jpg]

Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time 📖218 in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.



Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms

farther.... And one fine morning—

So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

.bk-end-218

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.o-org.

Orgasmic / Orgastic / Orgiastic

It is of great interest that above Fitzgerald writes the word "orgasmic". In the original manuscript, he wrote "orgastic". When Max Perkins queried this, "Fitzgerald replied, "'Orgastic' is the adjective from 'orgasm' and it expresses exactly the intended ecstacy" (quoted in Bruccoli). In the first edition and in virtually all others, the word is Fitzgerald's choice, "orgastic." (In his '41 edition, Edmund Wilson incorrectly changed it to "orgiastic".)

Though Fitzgerald originally persuaded his editor, Max Perkins to use "orgastic" despite its strong sexual connotations — in his own personal copy of *Gatsby*, Fitzgerald later crossed that word out and penciled in "orgiastic"…

Ah, so you think orgastic is wrong, eh? You remember it as orgiastic?

Well, like most people, I had grown up with the original Scribners Library edition of The Great Gatsby from prep school, and had quoted from that last page for years at cocktail parties. But one day I noticed a new "corrected" edition at my local bookstore, edited by Matthew J. Bruccoli, Jeffries Professor of English at the University of South Carolina. I naturally opened it to the last page.

I, too, was shocked to see this "orgastic," and, turning to the editor's notes, I found:

When Edmund Wilson re-edited the novel after Fitzgerald's death, he tampered with the eloquent coda: "Gatsby believed

in the green light, the orgastic future…" substituting orgiastic for orgastic.

In his essay "Getting It Right: The Publishing Process and the Correction of Factual Errors—with Reference to Gatsby," Bruccoli explains further:

…When Edmund Wilson edited *The Great Gatsby* ('41) he emended the celebrated line "Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future, that year by year recedes before us." He subsequently explained: "The word orgastic, on the last page, I took to be Scott's mistake for orgiastic—he was very unreliable about words." But Fitzgerald's intention is certain. Perkins had queried orgastic, and Fitzgerald replied that "it expresses exactly the intended ecstasy." Wilson's emendation to "orgiastic future" became the standard reading in later editions of the novel.

It's fascinating, and it's clear that Fitzgerald meant "orgastic" (of orgasms) rather than "orgiastic" (of orgies). It's a sexier word, but the loss of this one meant I had to change my whole cocktail-party rhythm.

> Note on the text by Eleanor Lanahan (granddaughter), Matthew Bruccoli and Samuel J. Lanahan as Trustees July 3, '75, created by Frances Scott Fitzgerald Smith.

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2.4.t.fsf-TL.

FSF Relevant Timeline

Mid-Oct '22-Apr '24 Rent house at 6 Gateway Drive in Great Neck, Long Island. Friendship with Ring Lardner.

December '22 Winter Dreams – Gatsby cluster-1 publication.

26 April '23 "I'm beginning my 3rd novel tomorrow."

19 November '23 The Vegetable fails at tryout in Atlantic City.

5 April '24 "How to live on $36,000 a Year" published in The Saturday Evening Post.

Mid-April '24 Off to France

May '24 Visit Paris, then leave for Riviera; stop at Grimm's Park Hotel in Hyères and settle in June at Villa Marie, Valescure, Raphaël

June '24 Publication of "Absolution".

July '24 Z affair with French aviator Edouard Jozan [inspir. for F/Tom Buchanan]. Publication of "'The Sensible Thing'" in Liberty.

Summer '24 Meet Gerald and Sara Murphy at Cap d'Antibes.

Summer-Fall '24 Writes Gatsby.

[3 Aug '24 Joseph Conrad (big influence on Gatsby structure) dies aged 66]

Sep '24 Letter to Ober finished Gatsby will send in 10 days or 2 weeks

October '24-Februrary '25 At Hôtel des Princes, Rome, where F revises galleys.

February '25 Travel to Capri; at Hotel Tiberio.

10 April '25 Publication

Nov 21 '26 1st Gatsby Film

Starring Warner Baxter and Lois Wilson - 80 mins (now lost, but trailer survives on YouTube).

21 December ‘40 Passed at Sheilah Graham’s apartment, 1443 North Hayworth Avenue, Hollywood.

27 December '40 Buried in Rockville Union Cemetery, Rockville, Maryland.

27 October '41 Publication of unfinished The Last Tycoon with Gatsby as fill to make a book.

'44-45 Free GI WWII version of Gatsby begins apotheosis of Fitzgerald – forces critics to take another look.

12 August '45 Publication of The Crack-Up.

September '45 Publication of The Portable FSF.

10 March '48 Zelda dies in fire at Highland Hospital.

18 November '50 Scottie Fitzgerald Lanahan donates the Fitzgerald Papers to Princeton University.

7 November '75 Scott and Zelda reinterred in the Fitzgerald family plot at Rockville, Maryland.

18 June '86 Scottie dies and is buried with her parents at Rockville.

Book Timeline

'22

June: While still living at White Bear Lake MN, manages to get down to work – possibly influenced by the rich at the club and their luxurious holiday mansions, gathers notes on the theme of the storyline whilst correcting proofs for Tales of the Jazz Age – his second collection of short stories.

He is quite dissatisfied with the notes on beginning the story set in the Middle-West '1885 before moving the story to the East – touches on the same themes.

Mid-Oct ’22-Apr ’24 live at Great Neck NY

Rent house at 6 Gateway Drive in Great Neck, Long Island.

They attend parties at nearby mansions – experiences that found their way into the novel. Wrote the first few chapters of Gatsby in the rooms above the detached garage, naming the towns of his novel West Egg (Great Neck) and East Egg (Manhasset, the Port Washington peninsula and Sands Point.

Further development was interrupted by production of his play, The Vegetable. The play failed miserably (no doubt the choice of title didn't help) so worked that winter on magazine stories struggling to pay his debt caused by the production. The stories were, in his words, "all trash and it nearly broke my heart," although included among those stories was "Winter Dreams", which Fitzgerald later described as "a sort of first draft".

'23

Has written 18,000 words so far on the themes that engulf the G story. He trims them considerably and turns this into the short story "Absolution," published in June '24.

April 26 '23: "I'm beginning my 3rd novel tomorrow."

'24

April: Rewrites and reconceives the themes into a longer form. He tells Max, that it will be a "consciously artistic achievement."

June: Absolution is published – constructed from the '23 story.

Summer '24 Writes the bulk of the novel at Villa Marie Raphaël, Riviera. Bored and distracting Zelda has affair with Jozan.

May well have been somewhat contrived — by both of them, to give him freedom to write and provide 'act out live' elements for the developing story, where the words he would use to Jozan about playing around with his wife he would give to Tom in the Manhattan Hotel Showdown scene (so Nick & Tom are both alter egos for F, and of course too). To support this theory, contrary to later writing things would "never be the same again", Hemingway noted every time he told the story, he changed elements, as if trying it out. (But they were never

as good as the first rendition—the saddest, Hem thought by far.) And he would write JPB at the time of publication that he & Z were still in love and the happiest married couple he knew.

Keeping Max up to date, advises that he has put it aside for awile in September, then he and Zelda will take a fresh look at it in the early fall, and begin revising and the usual polishing.

October '24 Finishes the novel and mails it to Scribners on 27 October – title: "The Great Gatsby."

November '24: Title is changed to "Trimalchio in West Egg" – thus, October version would later become known as Trimalchio, alluding to the Roman play with similar themes, especially the parties – distinguishing it from the published book.

In the meantime, the text for the novel is sent to the typesetters, as not known for making major revisions.

On receiving the typescript Max, while acknowledging its brilliance, in letters dated 18 and 20 November, offered what turned out to be critical suggestions.

Firstly, G seemed somewhat vague, more use of the "old sport" line, hints too, on how he made his money.

Secondly, he thought that by having G tell the bulk of his story in the first-person late in the novel, he violated his own narrative method of sticking to Nick's impressionistic recollection of events.

The upshot was that while traveling in Italy, substantially revised his novel after it had been set in galleys (printing costs much cheaper back then) to meet the scheduled April publication date.

From Max Jan. 20, '25

> You are beginning to get me worried about the scene in Myrtle's apartment... it never occurred to me that there was any objection to it.

...First lot [of proofs] sent on December 27th and the second lot on December 30th.

To Max Jan. 24, '25

Under separate cover I'm sending the first part of the proof...

...I don't want to chop up good scenes by too much tinkering.

"Orgastic" is the adjective from "orgasm" and expresses exactly the intended ecstasy. It's not a bit dirty.

[On the page proof] ...that everyone of them are put in correctly. There are so many of them that I'm in terror of a mistake.

[In the blurb] ... Don't give away Gatsby *dies* or is a *parvenu* or a *crook* or anything. It's part of the suspense of the book that all these things are in doubt until the end.

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Critical Revisions Summary

- ✓ Extensive re-writing of scenes, especially in Ch III, VI & VII (of the 9 chapter book) that alters our impressions of characters and their motives.
- ✓ Breaks up the account of G's real history in Ch VIII and transposed part of it to the beginning of Ch VI, even as he had done more to hint at the nature of G's character throughout.
- ✓ Made N's description of G & Daisy's first kiss climax of Ch VI, rather than burying it early in Ch VII.
- ✓ Took most of G's best lines for himself/N! (As much as N is a surrogate, F moved his favoritism to Tom after Jozan – he was out for payback, and always intended for he as Tom to have Jozan murdered as Gatsby for fooling around with Zelda. Ergo, G becomes, ironically the weakest character. So he gets *bitched* [*FN* » *g bit*]. He had no hesitation in boasting that Tom was one of the best characters ever written, and had a problem in stopping him from taking over the whole novel.

Decemberr '24: Two sets of galley proofs are mailed to Fitzgerald at the end of the month; he reverts to “The Great Gatsby” as his title. At first was considered too vague a character, G is developed and a back story emerges as to how he has gained his wealth. Meanwhile the proofs of the first submission are sent to F in late December.

'25

January-February '25: Revises galleys in Rome and Capri; he returns master proofs to Max and continues to suggest other titles, including “Trimalchio”, but the idea is rejected. The story is then revised and completely restructured. He rewrites chapters 6 and 7, enriches the character of Jay Gatsby and moves around some very important information.

March '25: Resetting, corrections, and checking at Scribners. The title is fixed as “The Great Gatsby.”

10 April '25: Publication.

Printings

The first edition of the novel went through seven printings: Scribners, April '25; Scribners, August '25. London: Chatto & Windus, '26; New York: Modern Library, '34; Scribners, '42; New York: New Directions, '46; New York: Grosset & Dunlap, '49. After book publication the novel was serialized in *Famous Story Magazine* (April - August '26); reprinted in a single issue of the British *Argosy* (August '37); and condensed in the Sunday supplements of various American newspapers on 23 May '37. F had nothing to do with these periodical texts.

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Great Neck NY House (Oct ’22 - Apr ’24)

6 Gat[sby]eway Dr Great Neck (GoogleMaps)

Moved to Great Neck, New York, on Long Island, in October '22. Ring Lardner was a neighbor. It was in this house that Fitz began writing G in earnest, probably around April ’23.

Several mansions in the area served as inspiration for G's home, such as Oheka Castle and Beacon Towers at the tip of Sands Point. Another possibility is Land’s End, a notable Gold Coast Mansion. Still, another case has been made for one near where they were staying at Westport after they got married in the spring of ’20.

Great Neck party (’23)

To: Harold Ober

Villa Marie, Valescure
Raphael France
Sept 20th, '24

Dear Mr Ober

The situation is as follows:

I have finished my novel and will send it to you within 10 days or two weeks.

It may or may not serialize—certainly it'd never get in the Post.

Artisticly it’s head + shoulders over everything I've done.

When I send it I'll send a letter about terms ect.

..

Harold Ober (’1881-’1959) – ‘Slick’ magazine agent and banker. Constantly in debt to him, though Ober made good money out of him, especially when he was commanding high prices for his Saturday Evening Post stories, until the editor Horace Lorimer died and things went south in the 30s. (Ober started his own agency in ’29 which would later add JD Salinger). He and his wife Anne were surrogate parents to Scottie. Sadly, when things got tough F cut him, even though Scottie was living with them:

..

Max Letters

October 27th, '24
Villa Marie, Valescure
Raphael, France

Dear Max:

Under separate cover I'm sending you my third novel:

The Great Gatsby

(I think that at last I've done something really my own), but how good "my own" is remains to be seen.

I should suggest the following contract.

15 % up to 50,000

20 % after 50,000

The book is only a little over 50,000 words long but I believe, as you know, that Whitney Darrow has the wrong psychology about prices (and about what class constitute the bookbuying public now that the lowbrows go to the movies) and I'm anxious to charge two dollars for it and have it a fullsize book.

Of course, I want the binding to be absolutely uniform with my other books—the stamping too—and the jacket we discussed before. This time I don't want any signed blurbs on the jacket—not Mencken's or Lewis' or Howard's or anyone's. I'm tired of being the author of This Side of Paradise and I want to start over.

About serialization. I am bound under contract to show it to Hearsts but I am asking a prohibitive price, Long hates me and it's not a very serialized book. If they should take it—they won't—it would put of publication in the fall. Otherwise you can publish it in the spring. When Hearst turns it down I'm going to offer it to Liberty for $15,000 on condition that they'll publish it in ten weekly installments before April 15th. If they

don't want it I shan't serialize. I am absolutely positive Long won't want it.

I have an alternative title:

Gold-hatted Gatsby

After you've read the book let me know what you think about the title. Naturally I won't get a nights sleep until I hear from you but do tell me the absolute truth, your first impression of the book & tell me anything that bothers you in it.

As Ever
Scott

..

November 7th, '24
Hotel Continental, Raphael, Sun.
(Leaving Tuesday)

Dear Max:

By now you've received the novel. There are things in it I'm not satisfied with in the middle of the book—Chapters 6 & 7. And I may write in a complete new scene in proof. I hope you got my telegram.

Trimalchio in West Egg

The only other titles that seem to fit it are Trimalchio and On the Road to West Egg. I had two others Gold-hatted Gatsby and The High-bouncing Lover but they seemed too light.

We leave for Rome as soon as I finish the short story I'm working on.

As Ever
Scott

..

Nov. 18, '24

Dear Scott:

I think the novel is a wonder. I'm taking it home to read again and shall then write my impressions in full;—but it has vitality to an extraordinary degree, and glamour, and a great deal of underlying thought of unusual quality. It has a kind of mystic atmosphere at times that you infused into parts of "Paradise" and have not since used. It is a marvelous fusion, into a unity of presentation, of the extraordinary incongruities of life today. And as for sheer writing, it's astonishing.

Now deal with this question: various gentlemen here don't like the title,—in fact none like it but me. To me, the strange incongruity of the words in it sound the note of the book. But the objectors are more practical men than I. Consider as quickly as you can the question of a change.

But if you do not change, you will have to leave that note off the wrap. Its presence would injure it too much;—and good as the wrap always seemed, it now seems a masterpiece for this book. So, judge of the value of the title when it stands alone and write or cable your decision the instant you can.

With congratulations, I am,
Yours,
[Maxwell E. Perkins]

[Two days later, after re-reading...]

November 20, '24

Dear Scott:

I think you have every kind of right to be proud of this book.

It is an extraordinary book, suggestive of all sorts of thoughts and moods. You adopted exactly the right method of telling it, that of employing a narrator who is more of a spectator than an actor: this puts the reader upon a point of observation on a higher level than that on which the characters stand and at a distance that gives perspective.

In no other way could your irony have been so immensely effective, nor the reader have been enabled so strongly to feel at times the strangeness of human circumstance in a vast heedless universe. In the eyes of Dr. Eckleberg various readers will see different significances; but their presence gives a superb touch to the whole thing; great unblinking eyes, expressionless, looking down upon the human scene. It‘s magnificent!

I could go on praising the book and speculating on its various elements, and means, but points of criticism are more important now. I think you are right in feeling a certain slight sagging in chapters six and seven, and I don’t know how to suggest a remedy. I hardly doubt that you will find one and I am only writing to say that I think it does need something to hold up here to the pace set, and ensuing. I have only two actual criticisms:

One is that among a set of characters marvelously palpable and vital—I would know Tom Buchanan if I met him on the street and would avoid him—Gatsby is somewhat vague. The reader’s eyes can never quite focus upon him, his outlines are dim. Now everything about Gatsby is more or less a mystery, i.e., more or less vague, and this may be somewhat of an artistic intention, but I think it is mistaken. Couldn’t he be physically described as distinctly as the others, and couldn‘t you add one or two characteristics like the use of that phrase

“old sport"—not verbal, but physical ones, perhaps. I think that for some reason or other a reader—this was true of Mr. Scribner and of Louise [Saunders Perkins, Max’s wife]—gets an idea that Gatsby is a much older man than he is, although you have the writer say that he is little older than himself. But this would be avoided if on his first appearance he was seen as vividly as Daisy and Tom are, for instance—and I do not think your scheme would be impaired if you made him so.

The other point is also about Gatsby: his career must remain mysterious, of course. But in the end you make it pretty clear that his wealth came through his connection with Wolfsheim. You also suggest this much earlier.

Now almost all readers numerically are going to be puzzled by his having all this wealth and are going to feel entitled to an explanation. To give a distinct and definite one would be, of course, utterly absurd. It did occur to me, though, that you might here and there interpolate some phrases, and possibly incidents, little touches of various kinds, that would suggest that he was in some active way mysteriously engaged. You do have him called on the telephone, but couldn’t he be seen once or twice consulting at his parties with people of some sort of mysterious significance, from the political, the gambling, the sporting world, or whatever it may be.

I know I am floundering, but that fact may help you to see what I mean. The total lack of an explanation through so large a part of the story does seem to me a defect—or not of an explanation, but of the suggestion of an explanation. I wish you were here so I could at least make you understand what I mean. What Gatsby did ought never to be definitely imparted, even if it could be. Whether he was an innocent tool in the hands of somebody else, or to what degree he was this, ought not to be explained. But if some sort of business activity of his were simply adumbrated, it would lend further probability to that part of the story.

There is one other point: in giving deliberately Gatsby’s biography, when he gives it to the narrator, you do depart from

the method of the narrative in some degree, for otherwise almost everything is told, and beautifully told, in the regular flow of it, in the succession of events or in accompaniment with them. But you can't avoid the biography altogether. I thought you might find ways to let the truth of some of his claims like "Oxford" and his army career come out, bit by bit, in the course of actual narrative. I mention the point anyway, for consideration in this interval before I send the proofs.

The general brilliant quality of the book makes me ashamed to make even these criticisms. The amount of meaning you get into a sentence, the dimensions and intensity of the impression you make a paragraph carry, are most extraordinary. The manuscript is full of phrases which make a scene blaze with life. If one enjoyed a rapid railroad journey I would compare the number and vividness of pictures your living words suggest, to the living scenes disclosed in that way. It seems, in reading, a much shorter book than it is, but it carries the mind through a series of experiences that one would think would require a book of three times its length.

The presentation of Tom, his place, Daisy and Jordan, and the unfolding of their characters is unequaled so far as I know. The description of the valley of ashes adjacent to the lovely country, the conversation and the action in Myrtle's apartment, the marvelous catalogue of those who came to Gatsby's house—these are such things as make a man famous. And all these things, the whole pathetic episode, you have given a place in time and space, for with the help of TJ Eckleberg and by an occasional glance at the sky, or the sea, or the city, you have imparted a sort of sense of eternity. You once told me you were not a natural writer—my god! You have plainly mastered the craft, of course; but you needed far more than craftsmanship for this.

As ever,—Maxwell E. Perkins

Max Perkins, Editor (’1884-’1947 = 62 of pneumonia). Strangely, the film (Genius ’16 | clip | from Scott Berg book) made about him has F relegated to a secondary client to Thomas Wolfe, when you would have thought they would have covered his critical contributions to Gatsby. The eventual Mugsar film certainly will – there’s no more genius than that!

max-p

December 1st, '24
Hotel des Princes
Piazza di Spagna
Rome, Italy

Dear Max

Your wire & your letters made me feel like a million dollars—I'm sorry I could make no better response than a telegram whining for money. But the long siege of the novel winded me a little & I've been slow on starting the stories on which I must live.

I think all your criticisms are true.

(a) About the title. I'll try my best but I don't know what I can do. Maybe simply "Trimalchio" or "Gatsby." In the former case I don't see why the note shouldn't go on the back.

(b) Chapters VI & VII I know how to fix

(c) Gatsby's business affairs I can fix. I get your point about them.

(d) His vagueness I can repair by making more pointed—this doesn't sound good but wait and see. It'll make him clear

(e) But his long narrative in Chap VIII will be difficult to split up. Zelda also thought I was a little out of key but it is good writing and I don't think I could bear to sacrifice any of it.

(f) I have 1000 minor corrections which I will make on the proof & several more large ones which you didn't mention.

Your criticisms were excellent & most helpful & you picked out all my favorite spots in the book to praise as high spots. Except you didn't mention my favorite of all—the chapter where Gatsby & Daisy meet.

Two more things. Zelda's been reading me the cowboy book aloud to spare my mind & I love it—tho I think he learned the American language from Ring rather than from his own ear.

Another point—in Chap. II of my book when Tom & Myrtle go into the bedroom while Carraway reads Simon called Peter—is that raw? Let me know. I think it's pretty necessary.

I made the royalty smaller because I wanted to make up for all the money you've advanced these two years by letting it pay a sort of interest on it. But I see by calculating I made it too small—a difference of $2000. Let us call it 15 % up to 40,000 and 20% after that. That's a good fair contract all around.

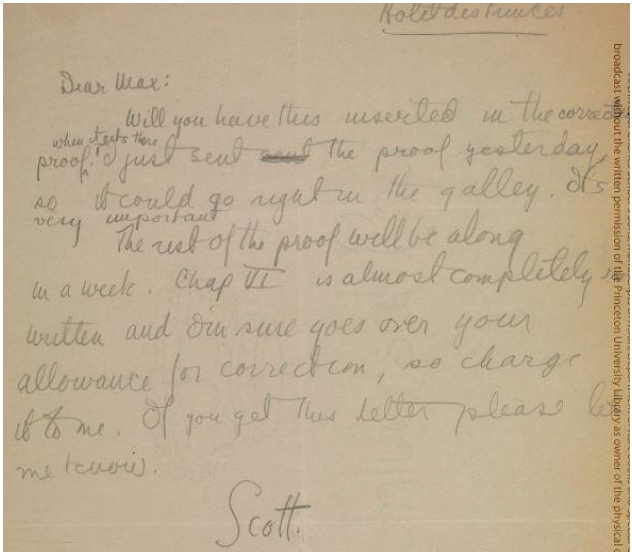
By now you have heard from a smart young french woman who wants to translate the book. She's equal to it intellectually & linguistically I think—had read all my others—If you'll tell her how to go about it as to royalty demands ect.

Anyhow thanks & thanks & thanks for your letters. I'd rather have you and Bunny like it than anyone I know. And I'd rather have you like it than Bunny. If its as good as you say, when I finish with the proof it'll be perfect.

Remember, by the way, to put by some cloth for the cover uniform with my other books.

As soon as I can think about the title I'll write or wire a decision. Thank Louise for me, for liking it. Best Regards to Mr. Scribner. Tell him Galsworthy is here in Rome.

As Ever
Scott


Hotel des Princes

Dear Max:

Will you have this inserted in the correct proof when it gets there? I just sent ~~sent~~ the proof yesterday, so it could go right in the galley. It's very important.

The rest of the proof will be along in a week. Chap VI is almost completely written and I'm sure goes over your allowance for correction, so charge it to me. If you get this letter please let me know.

Scott.

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To Max
(Dec. '24)
...With the aid you've given me I can make "Gatsby" perfect. The chapter VII (the hotel scene) will never quite be up to mark—I've worried about it too long + I can't quite place Daisy's reaction. But I can improve it a lot. It isn't imaginative energy that's lacking—its because I'm automaticly prevented from thinking it out over again because I must get all those characters to New York in order to have the catastrophe on the road going back + I must have it pretty much that way. So there's no chance of bringing the freshness to it that a new free conception sometimes gives.

(1.) I've brought Gatsby to life
(2.) I've accounted for his money
(3.) I've fixed up the two weak chapers (VI and VII)
(4.) I've improved his first party
(5.) I've broken up his long narrative in Chap. VIII

This morning I wired you to hold up the galley of Chap 40.

The correction—and God! its important because in my other

revision I made Gatsby look too mean—is enclosed herewith.

Also some corrections for the page proof.

We're moving to Capri. We hate Rome, I'm behind financially and have to write three short stories. Then I try another play, and by June, I hope, begin my new novel.
Had long interesting letters from Ring and John Bishop. Do tell me if all corrections have been recieved.
I'm worried
Scott
I hope you're setting publication date at first possible moment.

..

.2.8.t.ring-proof.

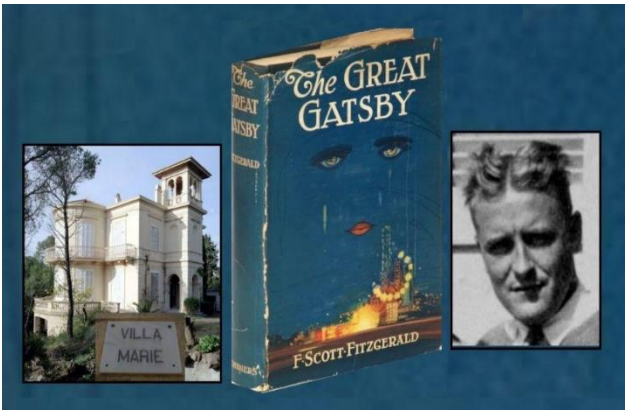
Ring Lardner – Gatsby Proofreader!

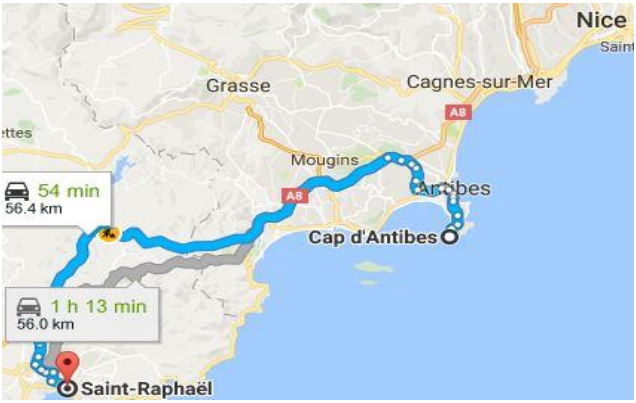
When Gatsby was in proof, Lardner acted as volunteer proofreader, informing Fitzgerald: "On pages 31 and 46 you spoke of the newsstand on the lower level, and the cold waiting room on the lower level of the {Pennsylvania Station. There ain't any lower level at that station and I suggested substitute terms for same. On page 82, you had the guy driving his car under the elevated at Astoria, which isn't Astoria, but Long Island City.

On page 118 you had a tide in Lake Superior and on page 209 you had the Chicago, Milwaukee & Paul Station. These things are trivial, but some of the critics pick on trivial errors for lack of anything else to pick on."

..

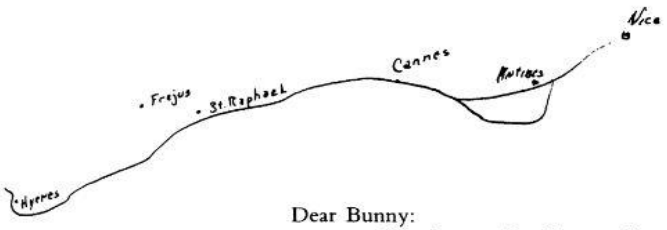
Villa Marie Valescure Raphael France





TO: Edmund Wilson *ALS, 3 pp. Yale University*
Summer 1924

Villa Marie, Valescure, St Raphael France



Dear Bunny:

The above will tell you where we are as you proclaim yourself unable to find it on the map. We enjoyed your letter enormously, collossally, stupendously. It was epochal, acrocryptical,

.2.5.t.3pp.let-var1.

To Robert Kerr

June '24
Great Neck—*I mean*
Raphael, France
Villa Marie

Dear Bob

Thanks for your letter + for selling the membership many thanks indeed.
$150 is more than I expected. I hope some time that I may be able to return the favor.

The part of what you told me which I am including in my novel is the ship, yacht I mean, + the mysterious yachtsman whose mistress was Nellie Bly.

I have my hero occupy the same position you did + obtain it in the same way.

I am calling him Robert B. Kerr instead of Robert C. Kerr

To conceal his identity (this is a joke—I wanted to give you a scare. His name is Gatsby).

Best to you all from all of us and again thanks enormously for your

Courtesy + your trouble.

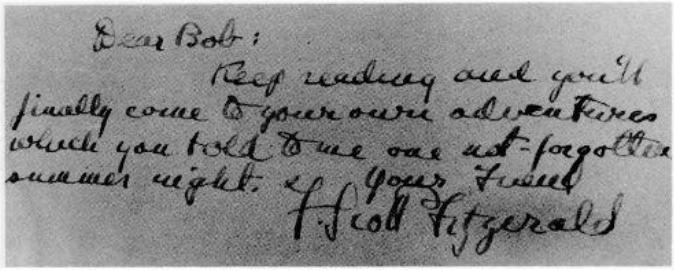
Sincerely
Scott Fitzg—

[Bob Kerr was Great Neck friend whose experience with Edward Gilman » Dan Cody were used by F. Nellie Bly was a journalist, who traveled around the world in 80 days.]

.kerr-inscr.

TO: Robert Kerr
April 1925

Inscription pasted in The Great Gatsby.[1]
Doris Kerr Brown
Capri, Italy



..

.let-menk.

To: HL Mencken

14 Rue de Tilsitt
Paris, France
May 4th, '25

Dear Menk

Your letter was the first outside word that reached me about my book. I was tremendously moved both by the fact that you liked it and by your kindness in writing me about it. By the next mail came a letter from Edmund Wilson and a clipping from Stallings, both bulging with interest and approval, but as you know I'd rather have you like a book of mine than anyone in America.

There is a tremendous fault in the book – the lack of an emotional presentment of Daisy's attitude toward Gatsby after their reunion (and the consequent lack of logic or importance in her throwing him over). Everyone has felt this but no one has spotted it because its concealed beneath elaborate and overlapping blankets of prose.

Wilson complained: "The characters are so uniformly unpleasant," Stalling: "a sheaf of gorgeous notes for a novel" and you say: "The story is fundamentally trivial." I think the smooth, almost unbroken pattern makes you feel that.

..

.let-bun.

To: Edmund Wilson

May '25
14 Rue de Tillsit
Paris, France

Dear Bunny

Thanks for your letter about the book. I was awfully happy that you liked it and that you approved of its design. The worst fault in it, I think is a Big Fault: I gave no account (and had no feeling about or knowledge of) the emotional relations between Gatsby and Daisy from the time of their reunion to the catastrophe. However, the lack is so astutely concealed by the retrospect of Gatsby's past and by blankets of excellent prose that no one has noticed it – tho everyone has felt the lack and called it by another name. Mencken said (in a most enthusiastic letter received today) that the only fault was that the central story was trivial and a sort of anecdote (that is because he has forgotten his admiration for Conrad and adjusted himself to the sprawling novel.) and I felt that what he really missed was the lack of any emotional backbone at the very height of it...

Letters from you and Mencken have compensated me for the fact that of all the reviews, even the most enthusiastic, not one had the slightest idea what the book was about and for the even more depressing fact that it was, in comparison with the others, a financial failure (after I'd turned down $15,000 for the serial rights!).

.~.

Fitzgerald exuberantly declares that "my novel is about the best American novel ever written. It is rough stuff in places, runs only to about 50,000 words + I hope you won't shy at it." "Rough stuff" presumably refers to the sexual allusions, particularly Tom+Myrtle's apartment —Nick+McKee scenes.

Ledger entries for September – October '24 indicate that these months were devoted to revising the typescripts:

"Hard work sets in" and "Working at high pressure to finish."

On 10 September he was able to inform Max that what was probably the penultimate typed draft was completed.

> Now for a promise – the novel will absolutely + definitely be mailed to you before the 1st of October. I've had to rewrite practically half of it – at present its stored away for a week so I can take a last look at it + see what I've left out – there's some intangible sequence lacking somewhere in the middle + a break in interest there invariably means the failure of a book.
>
> It is like nothing I've ever read before.

.2.11.t.3pp.facs-Budd.

The Best Gatsby – Budd Schulberg

If you seek an antidote to the image of FSF the playboy, the spoiled brat of American letters, or the careless genius, you may now go to the source, the facsimile of the hand-written manuscript of "The Great Gatsby," published in '73 and edited by Matthew Bruccoli.

Throughout the manuscript (and on through the galley revisions) one follows his tireless quest for the *mot juste* as he changes shadow to silhouette, quickly to vigorously, he interrupted to he suggested, a sort of joy to a joyous exaltation, looked to glance, My house was on the tip of West Egg to the more direct I lived at West Egg. We could fill this column with such examples. But still more provocative are the block cuts, long passages of lovely writing surgically removed because they interfere with the narrative flow or because they tell too much too soon about the Buchanans instead of allowing them to define themselves in dialogue and action ['Character is Action'].

In telling us of the Buchanans' symbolic move from the Middle West to the East, for instance, first had Nick saying:

> Why they came East I don't know—perhaps for the same reason I did, searching among unfamiliar surroundings for that vague lost stimulus of the war. Everybody knew Tom Buchanan, of course, east and west, and they had lived almost everywhere for a while, at least everywhere horses are ridden and polo is played in a fashionable sense. And for a little while

> for no particular reason, except perhaps the recurrent fascination of the war, they

There he stopped, crossed out all of the above and started again:

> Why they came east I don't know—perhaps they too were searching among unfamiliar surroundings for that vague lost stimulus of war. They had spent a year in France, for no particular reason and they drifted here and there unrestfully wherever horses were ridden in the fashionable sense and polo was played and people were rich together.

Finally, in print, it boils down to:

> Why they came East I don't know. They had spent a year in France for no particular reason, and then drifted here and there unrestfully wherever people played polo and were rich together.

The next, 16-line paragraph—gracefully describing Nick's eccentricity in driving with the top down, how people in passing cars stare at him, how he smiles encouragingly back, how they look alarmed and turn away—is omitted. Able to scrap a passage most novelists would indulge, recaptures the tone and economy of the Why they came east paragraph and simply opens the one to follow with: "And so it happened that on a warm windy evening I drove over to East Egg to see two old friends whom I scarcely knew at all." [see also in-book *FN » why east*]

The cut is a nice example of the philosophy of editing applied throughout the manuscript to maintain a delicate balance between Nick's and his material. The telling of this short, intensive novel through the eyes of Nick is flawless because he is always on guard against the self-indulgence of first-person narration.

We find an intriguing example at the end of the first chapter of the manuscript. Nick, just returned from dinner with the Buchanans, looks out from "my wretched lovely house at West Egg" (changed to "my estate at West Egg" in the published

novel) and sees his mysterious neighbor:

> …stretch out both his arms hands toward the sky and in a curious way—far as I was from him I could have sworn they were he was trembling. Involuntarily I looked up. When I lowered my eyes looked down again he was gone, and I was left to wonder whether it was really the sky he had come out to measure with the compass of those aspiring arms.
>
> The sense of being in a strange an unfamiliar place deepened on me and as the moon rose higher the unessential houses seemed to melt away until I was aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a fresh green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the very trees that had made was for Gatsby's house, had pandered once with whispering leaves pandered once in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams – and for a transitory and enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate with his capacity for wonder.

In the published version, Chapter I ends fastidiously:

> …he stretched his arms out toward the dark water in a curious way, and, far as I was from him, I could have sworn he was trembling. Involuntarily I glanced seaward—and distinguished nothing except a single green light, minute and far away, that might have been the end of a dock. When I looked once more for Gatsby he had vanished, and I was alone again in the unquiet darkness.

So, the revised chapter closes on just the right note of quiet mystery. Let the story unfold, let it create its own myth. But, when the story is finished, when G is buried and the Buchanans have retreated "back into their money or their vast carelessness," then it is time for Nick to sound the coda. And so we find the elegiac passage,

> …as the moon rose higher the unessential houses

seemed to melt away…

Originally written for the end of Chapter I, moved all the way to the closing pages of the published book [*FN » big mov*]. There it seems neither rhetorical nor anticipatory, but eminently fitting, relating Gatsby's loss of Daisy to the American dream once so full promise but now corrupted by the Buchanans, whose wealth is license to use other people's lives for their playthings.

Thus, the perfection of the published novel is found to be the result of a self-critical writer who could complete the hard work of this hand-written manuscript and then write in his ledger: "Now the hard work begins."

> G: A Facsimile of the Manuscript – Ed. Matthew Bruccoli '73. Softcover $285 Hardcover $737.
> Abe Books.
> Budd Schulberg ('1914-'2009) – I'm not just an entertainer, I'm an influencer, a wielder of opinion. A force – son of Paramount President, BP Schulberg and Adeline Jaffe brothet of producer Sam Jaffe. On his book, What Makes Sammy Run? ('41) as it exposes how Hollywood is run, the current power clique like Steven Spielberg still say it should never be filmed – that kind of continuing power is why you haven't seen films about the Sumerians... *bad karma* indeed, with the coming of the Mugsar to square things up, and then some ...with all the time in the universe. Amazon.

Princeton MS

The autograph manuscript and corrected galleys show Fitzgerald as an author at work, conceiving, crafting and reworking his novel in layers over a four-year period, from June '22—when F first began planning a third novel originally set in the Midwest around '1885—until it was published in its present form by Charles Scribner's Sons in April '25.

Most of the autograph manuscript of was completed in France. By September '24 he had completed a manuscript draft in just over 250 pages. As the author worked on the manuscript, he made many changes in the story line and inserted new text at countless points. Clearly visible on nearly every page of the autograph manuscript are his extensive corrections (from entire passages and paragraphs to crossouts with interlinear replacements of a word or phrase); erasures (some decipherable, others not, leaving gaps in the text); instructions (with arrows); handwritten additions on additional sheets of paper; and other changes…

princeton.edu/main/news/archive...

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Digitization of Autograph MS & Galleys

Posted on May 24, '13 by Don Skemer
blogs.princeton.edu/manuscripts/2013/05/24/538/

The Princeton University Library is very pleased to announce the digitization of the autograph manuscript and corrected galleys of FSF, The Great Gatsby (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, '25), which were donated to the Princeton University Library in '50 by Scottie Fitzgerald Lanahan, the daughter of Scott and Zelda Fitzgerald. These manuscripts are part of the FSF Papers (C0187), the best-known, comprehensive author archive in the Manuscripts Division, Department of Rare Books and Special Collections.

We can see him at work on his third novel over a four-year period: (1) *Ur-Gatsby* (2-page fragment), the author's abandoned effort, conceived in '22 and written in '23; (2) Autograph manuscript (302 pages), which he largely wrote in France and completed by September '24; and (3) corrected galleys of "Trimalchio," the novel's working title when it was typeset by Charles Scribner's Sons in '24, only to be much reworked by the author early in '25.

The digitized manuscript and galleys are online in time for Princeton University's Commencement '13, a century after FSF (Class of '17) [for a long time Princeton rejected the Papers derided him as a dropout bum who didn't even graduate, see 'Main Ref. §' » *FN:* 3'm's & sco prin] became a freshman at Princeton in 1913. Digitization is particularly timely because of intense popular interest in the author and his great novel as a result of Australian movie director Baz Luhrmann's new film version, released on May 10, '13.

Conceived and crafted his novel in layers over a three-year period. In June '22, living at White Bear Lake, MN, he began planning his new book, which specialists now refer to as the *Ur-Gatsby*. He started writing this novel in June '23 and produced some 18,000 words. It was set in the Midwest around 1885 and did not have Nick as its narrator. Two pages of this manuscript survive at Princeton quite by chance, since Fitzgerald attached them to a letter that he sent to Willa Cather. But much of the *Ur-Gatsby* text was discarded or published elsewhere, such as the short story "Absolution" (June '24).

By April '24, now living in Great Neck, New York, began working on the novel again, but now set in '22. Completed the autograph manuscript in France by September '24. The draft was just over 250 pages, almost always only on rectos. Customarily wrote in pencil, as we can see in a brief bit of grainy '20s film footage showing him writing in a garden. He did not type and therefore had a secretary prepare a typescript from the manuscript.

In November '24, sent the typescript to his legendary Scribner's editor Maxwell Perkins, who had galleys set from them. Unfortunately, this typescript and subsequent typescripts and carbon copies do not survive. The "Trimalchio" galleys were sent to Rome, where he corrected and revised them during the first two months of '25. The author corrected the galleys in pencil but also pasted on long typed additions of text. As James L West has noted in his edition of *Trimalchio*, the book in the original galleys was not the same novel as finally published. Despite similarities, there are crucial differences.

Conveyed or recommended additional corrections and changes to Maxwell Perkins by letter and telegram. Among other things, the author considered alternative titles, such as "Among the Ash Heaps and Millionaires" and "Gold-Hatted Gatsby." By spring '25, settled on "Under the Red, White and Blue." However, by the time he had communicated this to Perkins, the book had already been published (April 10, '25) with the title Perkins liked best. Fitzgerald had hesitated about the title because he said there was nothing great about Jay Gatsby and felt that the title, using a surname, might remind people of Sinclair Lewis's novel *Babbitt* ('22).

Matthew Bruccoli suggested that some portions in a smaller hand were copied from the earlier manuscript draft, while others in a larger hand were first draft. He made innumerable changes in the story line and inserted new text at many points. Clearly visible on nearly every page of the autograph manuscript are his corrections (from entire passages and paragraphs to cross outs with interlinear replacements of a word or phrase), erasures (some decipherable, others not, leaving gaps in the text), instructions (with arrows), handwritten additions on additional sheets of paper, and other changes.

The creative process is also much in evidence with the galleys, which the author corrected in pencil, as well as adding typed sheets of revised text tipped onto particular galleys.

Bruccoli argued that the author "regarded galleys as a special kind of typescript or trial edition in which to rewrite whole scenes as necessary." Sent innumerable letters and telegrams to his legendary editor Maxwell Perkins, preserved at Princeton in the Archives of Charles Scribners (C0101). Most of them relate to progress on the book, but some sent from Rome and Capri list corrections. Even after publication, continued to think of making more changes in later printings or additions, and for this reason corrected a personal copy of the first edition, which is preserved in his papers.

.2.14.t.2pp.marv-comp.

Marvel of Compression

In The Crack-Up there's a letter Fitzgerald sent to his friend John Peale Bishop soon after; in the letter, he writes modestly about his ability to edit his own work:

> I'm afraid I haven't quite reached the ruthless artistry which would let me cut out an exquisite bit that had no place in the context. I can cut out the almost exquisite, the adequate, even the brilliant–but a true accuracy is … still in the offing.

It seems that he cut from Trimalchio with thrilling precision. His pruning made a huge difference: Gatsby became a marvel of compression, its lavish prose exactly controlled.

Two contiguous examples. Gatsby shows up at Nick's weather-beaten bungalow in his gorgeous car (weeks later, with Daisy behind the wheel, this same automobile will kill Myrtle Wilson; newspapers will call it the "death car"). In the final version, the two-sentence description of G's vehicle is at once lush and tight: "It was a rich cream color, bright with nickel, swollen here and there in its monstrous length with triumphant hat-boxes and super-boxes and tool-boxes, and terraced with a labyrinth of wind-shields that mirrored a dozen suns. Sitting down behind many layers of glass in a sort of green leather conservatory, we started to town."

In Trimalchio, those two sentences are separated by a line of dialogue. G makes a vulgar boast: "'Handsomest car in New York,' he informed me. 'I know it's pretty gay, but what's the use of riding around in a big hearse?'" This doesn't jibe with G's habit of forming "elegant sentences" or his strained attempt at "correctness"; the bragging is redundant and batters too brutally our sympathy for Nick's prodigal neighbor; and the hearse (heavy foreshadowing of the "holocaust" to come) is redundant, too: N and G pass another hearse, this one "heaped with blooms," on their way into Manhattan.

In the early version, once they're on their way, G asks N a bald question: "Have you ever had what's known as an *affaire de coeur*?" This sounds the wrong note: G should have no interest, even faked, in the love life of others, and he shouldn't be trotting out French phrases. N's answer disappoints, so G tries again: "I'll have to begin in a different way. Let me ask you this: What's your opinion of me anyhow?" In the revised version, the same scene begins with just the right jolt: "'Look here, old sport,' he broke out surprisingly, 'what's your opinion of me, anyhow?"

On the whole, the Gatsby of the book talks less–and is more often "surprising." In Trimalchio he tells Nick, "'I might be a great man if I could forget that once I lost Daisy. But my career has got to be like this–' He drew a slanting line from the lawn to the stars." It was only later that Fitzgerald invented for him the mind-boggling pronouncement about Daisy perhaps loving her husband when they were first married: "'In any case,' he said, 'it was just personal.'" Most of what Fitzgerald cut from the novel isn't bad at all–some of it's even "exquisite." But what he added (without any prompting from Perkins) is priceless.

Adam Begley Trim. Review NY Observer '00

Satyricon – Zachary Leader

Review of Trimalchio

From their villa in Raphaël, Fitzgerald wrote to Perkins: ‘I feel an enormus power in me now, more than I’ve ever had.’

The novel was finished in August but F hung onto it for several weeks, because, as he explained in a letter to Perkins, ‘Zelda and I are contemplating a careful revision.’ In other words, for F, ‘purely creative work’, as opposed to writing for money, was conceived of as worked at, as ‘consciously artistic’. After a succession of drafts, a final typescript (with handwritten revisions) was sent to Perkins on 27 October. This typescript, bearing the book title has disappeared, although an earlier holograph, not a fair copy, survives in the Princeton University Library (and in a '73 facsimile, edited by Matthew Bruccoli). According to James West, editor of Trimalchio, the typescript of 27 October constitutes a completed version: ‘Naturally he expected to see proofs, and surely he planned to do some revising on them, but there is no evidence that, on 27 October, he contemplated major rewriting or structural revisions. He had completed this version of his novel.’

When Perkins received the typescript he wrote praising the novel but also offering suggestions, nearly all of them concerning the character of G. He also sent the typescript for setting, which suggests that he didn’t expect subsequent revisions to be major (two previous novels had been minimally revised). If the novel was to be ready for the Scribners spring list, production had to begin immediately, especially since F was in France and communication would be difficult. As West also points out, letterpress composition was cheaper in the '20s than it is today; Scribners owned and operated its own printing plant, and typesetting was ‘not much different from having a stenographer make a clean typescript’.

The galleys sent to F, which West uses as the copytext of Trimalchio, differed from the typescript in two respects: they

had been altered to conform to Scribners' house style and bore a new title, one F had communicated to Perkins in a letter of early November: instead of 'The Great Gatsby' the novel was to be called 'Trimalchio in West Egg'.

The major structural change in the revisions involves the transference of parts of Chapters 7 and 8 to the beginning of Chapter 6; that is, immediately following the moment of communion between Gatsby and Daisy at the end of Chapter 5. This moment occurs exactly in the middle of the novel and is like the transcendent communions ('Already with thee, tender is the night') at the centres of Keats's Odes: for an instant, past and present fuse in the darkened music-room, time stops, the external world of rain and loud wind vanishes. It has been suggested by Kenneth Eble that the effect of following this moment with the newly interpolated material (introduced by way of an abrupt scene change to G's interview with 'an ambitious young reporter') is to prolong the preceding scene and make it reverberate in the reader.

'Trimalchio' is the name of the wealthy and vulgar ex-slave in the best-known chapter of the Satyricon by Petronius, 'Cena Trimalchionis', variously translated as 'The Party at Trimalchio's' or 'Trimalchio's Feast'. Trimalchio's feast provides what West calls 'one of the best accounts of domestic revelry to survive from the reign of the Emperor Nero', a reign with obvious connections to the America of the Jazz Age. Trimalchio is as obsessed with time as Gatsby, and 'has a clock and a uniformed trumpeter in his dining room, to keep telling him how much of his life is lost and gone'. Many of his guests do not know him and insult him behind his back. Though his extravagant vulgarity is thoroughly mocked, there's an appealing vigour, vitality, vastness about him, like Falstaff, Quixote, G. The story's narrator, Encolpius, resembles Nick in being an observer and recorder rather than a participant in the events he describes.

Encolpius has other qualities worth noting. He has offended the fertility god Priapus, which partly explains both his

impotence and his TransG, conditions some have seen as offering a clue to Nick's character. As the critic Kenneth Fraser [*FN* » g fra] has argued, 'the corruption of the novel originates not merely in G's shady business connections, but also in Nick's disingenuous sexuality.'

The Satyricon was much in the news when he began work on G, in part because of an attempt in '22 to suppress a new translation by J.M. Mitchell. Among the Modernists who were inspired by it were James Joyce, whose Ulysses was also published in '22 and immediately recommended to F by his friend Edmund Wilson. Calling his novel 'Trimalchio' or 'Trimalchio in West Egg' would have signalled to his readers F's ambitions for his book, his hope that it would take its place alongside the poems of Eliot and the novels of Joyce and Conrad (F reread the preface to The Nigger of the 'Narcissus', with its talk of 'a work which aspires to the condition of art', before beginning G). When warned that no one would be able to pronounce 'Trimalchio' let alone identify the allusion to the Satyricon, F suggested a short note of explanation at the front of the book, like Eliot's Notes to The Waste Land ('23), a work he had all but memorised.

The most startling of F's revisions to the galleys concern Daisy. These, too, soften statement into suggestion. The Daisy of Trimalchio and the earlier holograph is a cruder, more culpable figure than her published counterpart. She's snobbier and more flirtatious; we get more of her on blacks ('My theory is we've got to beat them down'); Nick's comments about her are more frequently uncomplimentary. In one respect, though, revisions constitute a change of conception rather than emphasis. In Trimalchio Daisy actually packs her bags and is ready to run off with G; yet he sends her back to her husband, ostensibly to 'tell him that she never loved him'. In a brilliant biographical reading of this episode's excision, Claudia Roth Pierpont, in the New Yorker, argues that he cut it 'because it makes the wreckage of G's fantasy too clearly inevitable, why read on?'

Pierpont is right to emphasise the significance of the episode, its difference in kind from other variants: ‘At this point, Trimalchio is, briefly, a truly different book: less awash in the golden light of quixotry, more literal and harsh.’ When N remonstrates with G about sending D back, reminding him that she’s ‘a person … not just a figure in your dream’, and that she probably doesn’t feel she owes him anything, G replies: ‘She does, though.’ Pierpont sees G’s reply as petulant and vengeful, also out of character: ‘it is not G’s voice we are hearing but F’s, helplessly intruding – G “started out as one man I knew and then changed into myself”, he wrote – at the very moment when he stood at the brink both of his full creative powers and of the catastrophe that would permanently deprive him of their use.’

The decision to cut this episode, with its startling and inexplicate vindictiveness, is yet another manifestation both of the finished work’s ‘consciously artistic achievement’ and its consequent superiority to Trimalchio.

This ‘Whiggish’ judgment has many adherents, among them the late Tony Tanner: who notes the revisions are ‘almost uncannily sure-handed, almost inspired’, the finished work is ‘the most perfectly crafted work of fiction to have come out of America’.

lrb.co.uk... ('00) – Zachary Leader, biographer
Emeritus Professor URoehampton London » Amazon

Daisy Packs Her Bags – Claudia Roth Pierpont

Review of Trimalchio

The single stunning difference between “Trimalchio” and Fitzgerald’s familiar fairy tale is that Daisy comes to Gatsby’s house with her suitcases packed, ready to run away with him, and he sends her home. “In other words you’ve got her—and now you don’t want her,” Nick reasonably observes. Despite Gatsby’s protests—“Of course I want her.” [*FN* » bags[-]packed]

This turn of events does give a seasoned “Gatsby” reader pause. It seems to violate all we know about these characters: G the obsessed lover, erecting an empire and stringing it with lights to impress a girl; careless, thoughtless Daisy, too languid and desireless to lift a lovely arm during the novel’s long summer heat. If F’s original impulse was to fashion Daisy with the will and courage to follow G into his dream, even momentarily, what does it say about the dream at the heart of the book that G turns her down?

Once the shock of reading this anomalous episode subsides, there follows an equally shocking realization: it only emphasizes what we’ve always known about these characters but do not easily acknowledge. Indeed, F probably cut the incident because it makes the wreckage of G’s fantasy too clearly inevitable: why read on? At this point, “Trimalchio” is, briefly, a truly different book: less awash in the golden light of quixotry, more literal and harsh.

For the most startling revelation in F’s manuscript is that Gatsby wants revenge upon Daisy, and not for leaving him but for having ruined his life by loving him in the first place.

Claudia Roth Pierpont ['00]: Amazon

EARLY-PRO

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Secure Reputation – Stephen Benét

When Fitzgerald died, a good many of the obituaries showed a curious note of self-righteousness. They didn't review his work, they merely reviewed the Jazz Age and said that it was closed. Because he had made a spectacular youthful success at one kind of thing, they assumed that that one kind of thing was all he could ever do. In other words, they assumed that because he exited in his forties, he had shot his bolt. And they were just one hundred percent wrong, as *The Last Tycoon* shows.

F was a writer, and a born writer, and a writer who strove against considerable odds to widen his range, to improve and sharpen his great technical gifts, and to write a kind of novel that no one else of his generation was able to write. How far he had come along the road to mastery may be seen in this unfinished draft of his last novel. We have had a good many books about Hollywood, including the interesting and staccato *What Makes Sammy Run*? But the difference between even the best of them and *The Last Tycoon* is not merely a difference of degree but a difference in kind. *The Last Tycoon* shows what a really first-class writer can do with material—how he gets under the skin. It doesn't depend for success on sets or atmosphere, local color or inside stuff; it doesn't even depend for effect on the necessary exaggerations of the life that it describes. All that is there—the Martian life of the studios, brilliantly shown. But it is character that dominates the book, the complex yet consistent character of Monroe Stahr, the producer, hitched to the wheels of his own preposterous chariot, at once dominating and dominated, as much a part of his business as the film that runs through the cameras, and yet a living man. Had F been permitted to finish the book, I think there is no doubt that it would have added a

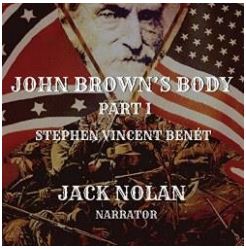
major character and a major novel to American fiction. As it is, *The Last Tycoon* is a great deal more than a fragment. It shows the full powers of its author, at their height and at their best.

Chiefly, we get to know Stahr, the "last tycoon," the individualist, the man who has to make the decisions, who has to be right, or the whole machine will break down, yet the man who feels personally responsible to all the men who work for him. It is an extraordinary portrait, for you no more question Stahr's curious creative drive than you do his limitations. And the tragedy of the book is implicit in Stahr himself, in his strength as well as in his weaknesses. The machine and the life he had helped to create are bound to destroy him in the end. But—at least as F had planned it—he goes down whole.

Wit, observation, sure craftsmanship, the verbal felicity that F could always summon—all these are in *The Last Tycoon.* But with them, there is a richness of texture, a maturity of point of view that shows us what we all lost in his early death. And, included in this volume, besides a synopsis of the incompleted portion of the novel and a number of F's notes for it, are *The Great Gatsby* and some of the short stories, among them "The Rich Boy," "Absolution," and "May Day." I could have wished for more—for a couple of the earlier ones with their easy, floating grace instead of the rather labored "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz." But the ones here are enough for evidence— and the evidence is in.

You can take off your hats now, gentlemen, and I think perhaps you had better. This is not a legend, this is a reputation—and, seen in perspective, it may well be one of the most secure reputations of our time.

Stephen Vincent Benét (July 22 ’1898 - March 13 ’1943) was an American poet, short story writer, and novelist. He wrote a book-length narrative poem of the American Civil War, *John Brown’s Body* ('28) Amazon Audible for which he received the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry » LibriVox



The Moral of FSF – Glenway Wescott

FSF has transitioned at 44 (Dec 21 '40). *Requiescat in pace; ora pro nobis* [*let us allow him to rest in peace*]. In the ’20s, his heyday, he was a kind of king of our American youth; and as the news of his end appeared in the papers there were strange coincidences along with it. A number of others—a younger writer* who was somewhat of his school and, like him, had committed his talent unfortunately to Hollywood, and that writer’s pretty, whimsical wife, and another young woman who was a famous horse-trainer, and the young leader of a popular jazz-band—also met sudden deaths that week. I was reminded of the holocausts by which primitive rulers were provided with an escort, servants and pretty women and boon companions, for eternity. The twenties were heaven, so to speak, often enough; might not heaven be like the ’20s? If it were, in one or two particulars, Fitzgerald would be sorry; sorry once more.

*Nathanael West Oct 17 ’1903 - Dec 22 (day after Fitz!) ’1940 age 37 {fatal car accident – drove thru stop sign, some speculate he abruptly cut short a honeymoon trip on hearing the news of Fitz passing and hurriedly returned to LA, others, that he was just a lousy driver} Spouse: Eileen McKenney – The Day of the Locust (‘39) follows Yale grad hired by Hollywood studio | Miss Lonelyhearts (’33) » Amazon.

And James Joyce (Ulysses '22) died 13 Jan ’41 @ 58. Followed by Virginia Woolf (Mrs Dalloway '25 cf. Mr Carraway '25) suicide 28 Mar ’41 @ 59

His health failed, and with a peculiar darkness and deadweight in neuro and heart. Then in a wonderful essay entitled The Crack-Up he took stock of himself, looking twenty years back for what flaws were in him or in the day and age, what early damage had been done, and how. Thanks to that, one can speak of his weaknesses without benefit of gossip, without impertinence. And so I do, asking for charity toward him and clarity about him; and a little on my own mortal account; and for certain innocent immature American writers’ benefit.

My theme is as usual personality rather than esthetics; but my sentiment on this occasion is not personal. Aside from our Midwestern birth and years of foreign residence, you could scarcely find two men of the same generation less alike than we two. Neither our virtues nor our vices appeared to overlap at all. I did not have the honor of his particular friendship. I have only one vivid memory of conversation with him, which was on a Mediterranean beach. Across the Bay of Angels and over the big good-for-nothing city of Nice, some of the Alps hung in the air as pearly as onions; and that air and that sea, which has only delicate tides, quivered with warm weather. It was before the publication of The Sun Also Rises, the summer of ’25 or 26, and Hemingway was what he wanted to talk to me about. He came abruptly and drew me a little apart from our friends and relations, into the shade of a rock,

Hemingway had published some short stories in the dinky de-luxe way in Paris; and I along with all the literary set had discovered him, which was fun; and when we returned to New York we preached the new style and peculiar feeling of his fiction as if it were evangel. Still, that was too slow a start of a great career to suit F. Obviously, Ernest was the one true genius of our decade, he said; and yet he was neglected and misunderstood and, above all, insufficiently remunerated. He thought I would agree that The Apple of the Eye and The

Great Gatsby were rather inflated market values just then. What could I do to help launch Hemingway? Why didn't I write a laudatory essay on him? With this questioning, F now and then impatiently grasped and shook my elbow.

There was something more than ordinary art-admiration about it, but on the other hand it was no mere matter of affection for Hemingway; it was so bold, unabashed, lacking in sense of humor. I have a sharp tongue and my acquaintances often underestimate my good nature; so, I was touched and flattered by F's taking so much for granted. It simply had not occurred to him that unfriendliness or pettiness on my part might inhibit my enthusiasm about the art of a new colleague and rival. As a matter of fact, my enthusiasm was not on a par with his; and looking back now, I am glad for my sake that it was not. He not only said but, I believe, honestly felt that Hemingway was inimitably, essentially superior. From the moment Hemingway began to appear in print, perhaps it did not matter what he himself produced or failed to produce. He felt free to write just for profit, and to live for fun, if possible. Hemingway could be entrusted with the graver responsibilities and higher rewards such as glory, immortality. This extreme of admiration—this excuse for a morbid belittlement and abandonment of himself—was bad for F, I imagine. At all events he soon began to waste his energy in various hack-writing.

I was told last year that another talented contemporary of ours had grown so modest in the wage-earning way, fallen so far from his youthful triumph, that he would sign a friend's stories and split the payment. Under the friend's name it would have been hundreds of dollars, and under his, a thousand or thousands. Perhaps this was not true gossip, but it is a good little exemplary tale, and of general application. It gives me goose-flesh. A signature which has been so humiliated is apt never to be the same again, in the signer's own estimation. As a rule, the delicate literary brain, the aching creative heart, cannot stand that sort of thing.

It is better for a writer even to fancy himself a Messiah, against the day when writing or life goes badly. And there is more to this than the matter of esthetic integrity. For if his opinion of himself is divided by disrespect—sheepish, shameful, cynical—he usually finds his earning capacity as well as his satisfaction falling off. The vast public, which appears to have no taste, somehow senses when it is being scornfully talked down to. The great hacks are innocent, and serenely class themselves with Tolstoy and Dickens. Their getting good enough to compare with P. G. Wodehouse or Zane Grey may depend upon that benign misapprehension.

Probably F never fell into any abuse of his reputation as unwise and unwholesome as the above-mentioned confreres. His standard of living did seem to the rest of us high. Publishers in the ’20s made immense advances to novelists who had and could lend prestige; and when in the ’30s his popularity lapsed, movies had begun to be talkies, which opened up a new lucrative field of literary operation. Certainly, he did write too much in recent years with his tongue in his cheek; his heart in his boots if not in his pocket. And it was his opinion in ’36 that the competition and popular appeal of the films—“a more glittering, a grosser power,” as he put it—had made the gods-given form of the novel archaic; a wrong thought indeed for a novelist.

This is not the ideal moment to reread and appraise his collectable works. With the brain at a loss, muffled like a drum—the ego a little inflamed as it always is by present-ness of death—we may exaggerate their merit or their shortcomings. I remember thinking, when the early best sellers were published, that his style was a little too free and easy; but I was a fussy stylist in those days. His phrasing was almost always animated and charming; his diction excellent. He wrote very little in slang or what I call baby-talk: the pitfall of many who specialized in American contemporaneity after him. But for other reasons—obscurity of sentiment, facetiousness—a large part of his work may not endure, as readable reading matter for art’s sake. It will be precious as documentary

evidence, instructive example. That is not, in the way of immortality, what the writer hopes; but it is much more than most writers of fiction achieve.

This Side of Paradise haunted the decade like a song, popular but perfect. It hung over an entire youth-movement like a banner, somewhat discolored and wind-worn now; the wind has lapsed out of it. But a book which college boys really read is a rare thing, not to be dismissed idly or in a moment of severe sophistication.

I love The Great Gatsby. Its very timeliness, as of ’25, gave it a touch of the old-fashioned a few years later; but I have reread it this week [Feb. ’41] and found it all right; pleasure and compassion on every page. A masterpiece often seems a period-piece for a while; then comes down out of the attic, to function anew and to last.

There is a great deal to be said for and against his final novel, Tender Is the Night. On the whole I am warmly for it. To be sane or insane is a noble issue, and very few novels take what might be called an intelligent interest in it; this does, and gives a fair picture of the entertaining expatriate habit of life besides.

In ’36, in three issues of Esquire, he published the autobiographical essay, The Crack-Up, as it were swan-song. I first read it at my barber’s, which, I suppose, is according to the editorial devices of that magazine, a medium of advertising for men’s ready-made clothing. There is very little in world literature like this piece: Max Jacob’s Defense de Tartuffe; the confidential chapter of The Seven Pillars of Wisdom, perhaps; Sir Walter Raleigh’s verse-epistle before his beheading, in a way. F’s theme seems more dreadful, plain petty stroke by stroke; and of course his treatment lacks the good grace and firmness of the old and old-style authors. Indeed, it is cheap here and there, but in embarrassment rather than in crudity or lack of courage. Or perhaps F as he wrote was too sensitive to what was to appear along with it in the magazine: the jokes, the Petty girls, the haberdashery. He always suffered from an

extreme environmental sense. Still it is fine prose and naturally his timeliest piece today: self-autopsy and funeral sermon. It also, with an innocent air, gravely indicts our native idealism in some respects, our common code, our college education. And in general—for ailing civilization as well as one gone F—this is a day of wrath.

He had made a great recovery from a seemingly mortal physical illness; then found everything dead or deadish in his psyche, his thought all broken, and no appetite for anything on earth. It was not from alcohol, he said, evidently proud of the fact that he had not had any for six months, not even beer. We may be a little doubtful of this protestation; for protestation indeed is a kind of sub-habit of the alcoholic. Six months is no time at all, in terms of the things that kill us. Alcohol in fact never exclusively causes anything. Only, just as it will heighten a happy experience, it will deepen a rut or a pit, in the way of fatigue chiefly. Who cares, when a dear one is dying of a chest-cold or an embolism, whether he is a drunkard or a reformed ex-drunkard?—Yes, I know, the dying one himself cares!

But when F wrote his essay he still had five years to live, quite a long time. It was not about ill health, and of course he was as sane as an angel. His trouble just then and his subject was only his lassitude of imagination; his nauseated spirit; that self-hypnotic state of not having any will-power; and nothing left of the intellect but inward observation and dislike. Why, he cried, why was I "identified with the objects of my horror and compassion"? He said it was the result of "too much anger and too many tears." That was his snap-judgment; blunt sentimentality of a boy or ex-boy. But since he was a story-teller above all, he did not stop at that; he proceeded to tell things about the past in which the mystery showed extraordinarily.

The Crack-Up has been slow to be issued in book form, perhaps because the pretty pictures in Esquire are so exciting to thumb-tack up on the wall, back numbers of it are not easy

to come by. So I am tempted to try to summarize it all. Especially the first half is written without a fault: brief easy fiery phrases— the thinking that he compared to a "moving about of great secret trunks," and "the heady villainous feeling"—one quick and thorough paragraph after another, with so little shame and so little emphasis that I have wondered if he himself knew how much he was confessing.

He still regretted his bad luck in not getting abroad into the trenches as an army officer in '18, and even his failure at football in '13 or '14. On certain of those unlucky days of his youth he felt as badly as in '36, and badly in the same way; he makes a point of the similarity. Perhaps the worst of the early crises came in his junior year, when he lost the presidency of one of the Princeton clubs. Immediately afterward, as an act of desperation and consolation, he made love for the first time; and also that year, not until then, he turned to literary art, as the best of a bad bargain. Ominous! Fantastic, too, that a man who is dying or at least done with living—one who has had practically all that the world affords, fame and prosperity, work and play, love and friendship, and lost practically all—should still think seriously of so much fiddledeedee of boyhood!

Very noble convictions underlay F's entire life, and he explains them nobly. But when he comes to the disillusionment, that too is couched in alumnal imagery; it is along with "the shoulder-pads worn for one day on the Princeton freshman football field and the overseas cap never worn overseas" that his ideals are relegated to the junk-heap, he says. It is strange and baroque; like those large bunches of battle-trappings which appear decoratively in such architecture, empty helmets and empty cuirasses and firearms laid crossways, sculptured up on the lintels of barracks and on the lids of tombs. Those condemned old European societies which have been too much militarized, too concerned with glory and glorious death, scarcely seem more bizarre than this: a kind of national consciousness revolving to the bitter end around college; and the latter also seems a precarious basis for

a nation.

Aside from his literary talent—literary genius, self-taught—I think F must have been the worst educated man in the world. He never knew his own strength; therefore, nothing inspired him very definitely to conserve or budget it. When he was a freshman, did the seniors teach him a manly technique of drinking, with the price and penalty of the several degrees of excess of it? If they had, it might never have excited him as a vague, fatal moral issue.

The rest of us, his writing friends and rivals, thought that he had the best narrative gift of the century. Did the English department at Princeton try to develop his admiration of that fact about himself, and make him feel the burden and the pleasure of it? Apparently, they taught him rather to appreciate this or that other writer, to his own disfavor. Did any worldly-wise critic ever remind him that beyond a certain point, writing for profit becomes unprofitable; bad business as well as bad art? Another thing: my impression is that only as he wrote, or just before writing, Tender Is the Night, did he discover certain causes and gradations of mental illness which, nowadays, every boy ought to be taught as soon as he has mastered the other facts of life.

Even the army failed to inculcate upon Lieutenant F one principle that a good army man must accept: heroism is a secondary virtue in an army. He had no business pining for the front-line trenches in advance of his superior officers' decision that it was the place for him. The point of soldiering is to kill; not a mere willingness to be killed. This seems important today, as we prepare again for perhaps necessary war, and again too much is made of the spirit of self-sacrifice and embattlement of ideals; and not enough of the mere means of victory. And with reference to literature, too, as F drops out of our insufficient little regiment, we writers particularly blame him for that all-out idealism of his. No matter what he died for—if he died for anything—it was in too great a hurry; it was not worth it at his age.

In several of the obituary notices I detect one little line of mistaken moralizing, which I think is not uncommon; and his example and his fiction may have done something to propagate it. They seem to associate all rebellious morality somehow with a state of poor health. This is an unfair attack, and on the other hand a too easy alibi. Bad behavior is not always a feeble, pitiful, fateful thing. Malice of brain, strange style, offensive subject matter, do not always derive from morbid psyche or delicate physique. Wickedness is not necessarily weakness; and vice versa. For there is will-power in humanity. Its genuine manifestation is only in the long run; but, with knowledge, it can have the last word. Modern psychology does not deny it. Whether one is a moralist or an immoralist—a vengeful dogma crower, or an occasional devil's advocate like myself, or the quietest citizen—these little distinctions ought to be kept clear.

F was the outstanding aggressor in the little warfare which divided our middle classes in the '20s— warfare of moral emancipation against moral conceit, flaming youth against old guard. The champion has made his exit. Self-congratulatory moral persons may crow over him if they wish.

There is bound to be a slight anger at his graveside; curse-words amid our written or spoken obsequies. The whole school of writers who went to France has been a bit maligned while the proletarian novelists and the politico-critics have enjoyed the general applause. Some of us are reckless talkers, and no doubt we have maligned each other and each himself as well. It was the beautiful, talented Miss Stein in her Paris salon who first called us "the lost generation." It was Hemingway who took up the theme and made it a popular refrain.

The '20s were in fact a time of great prosperity and liberty, a spendthrift and footloose time; and especially in France you got your American money's worth of everything if you were clever. Still I doubt whether, in dissipation and unruly emotion, we strayed much farther out of the way than young Americans ordinarily do, at home as abroad. I think we were

somewhat extraordinarily inclined to make youthful rebelliousness, imprudent pursuit of pleasure or ambition, a little easier for our young brothers. Heaven knows how it will be for our sons.

In any case, time is the real moralist; and a great many of the so-called lost are still at hand, active and indeed conspicuous: Bishop and Hemingway and Cummings and Tate and Porter and Murphy and others, the USA's odd foreign legion. We were a band of toughs in fact, indestructible, which perhaps is the best thing to be said for us at this point. For the next step is to age well. Relatively speaking, I think we are aging well; giving evidence of toughness in the favorable sense as well: tenacity and hardiness, and a kind of worldly wisdom that does not have to change its platform very often, and skepticism mixed in with our courage to temper it and make it last.

Sometimes we are still spoken of as the young or youngish or "younger" writers, but there can be no sense in that, except by lack of competition; every last one of us is 40. That is the right age to give advice to the immature and potential literary generation. For their sake, lest they feel unable to take our word for things, it seems worth while to protest against the strange bad name we have had.

In any case we are the ones who know about F. He was our darling, our genius, our fool. Let the young people consider his untypical case with admiration but great caution; with qualms and a respect for fate, without fatalism. He was young to the bitter end. He lived and he wrote at last like a scapegoat, and now has departed like one. As you might say, he was Gatsby, a greater Gatsby. Why not? Flaubert said, "Madame Bovary, *c'est moi*!"

In a bitter obituary, The New York Times quoted a paragraph from The Crack-Up: "Sometimes, though, the cracked plate has to be kept in service as a household necessity. It can never be warmed up on the stove nor shuffled with the other plates in the dishpan; it will not be brought out

for company but it will do to hold crackers late at night or to go into the ice-box with the left-overs." A deadly little prose-poem! No doubt the ideals F acquired in college and in the army—and put to the test on Long Island and in the Alpes-Maritimes and in Hollywood —always were a bit second-hand, fissured, cracked, if you like. But how faithfully he reported both idealization and ordeal; and how his light smooth earthenware style dignifies it!

The style in which others have written of him is different. On the day after solstice, one Pegler remarked that his death "recalls memories of a queer bunch of undisciplined and self-indulgent brats who were determined not to pull their weight in the boat and wanted the world to drop everything and sit down and bawl with them. A kick in the pants and a clout over the scalp were more like their needing…" With a kind of expert politeness throughout this in memoriam, he avoids commenting upon the dead man himself exactly. His complaint is of anonymous persons: the company F kept, readers who let themselves be influenced by him, and his heroes and heroines: "Sensitive young things about whom he wrote and with whom he ran to fires not only because he could exploit them for profit in print but because he found them congenial…" I suppose Pegler's column is profitable too; and if I were doing it I should feel easier, surer of my aim, if I knew and liked my exploitees. Joking aside, certainly this opinion of his does not correspond in the least to my memory of the gay '20s. Certainly if sensitive young men and women of the '30s believe him, they will not admire F or like the rest of us much.

Too bad; there should be peace between the generations now, at least among the literary. Popularity or no popularity, we have none too many helpful friends; and in a time of world war there may be panic and conservatism and absent-mindedness and neglect of literature in general, and those slight acts of obscure vengeance so easy to commit when fellow citizens have begun to fear and imagine and act as a mass. There should not be any quarrel between literature and journalism either. Modernly conceived and well done—literary

men sticking to the truth and newspapermen using imagination—they relate to each other very closely, and may sustain and inspire each other back and forth. In a time of solemn subject matter it is more and more needful that they should.

In any case Pegler's decade is out as well as ours; the rude hard-working '30s as well as the wild '20s. The '40s have come. Those of us who have been youthful too long—which, I suppose, is the real point of his criticism —now certainly realize our middle age; no more time to make ready or dawdle, nor energy to waste. That is one universal effect of war on the imagination: time, as a moral factor, instantly changes expression and changes pace. Everyman suddenly has a vision of sudden death.

What is the difference, from the universal angle? Everyone has to die once; no one has to die twice. But now that mortality has become the world's worst worry once more, there is less sophistication of it. Plain as day we see that the bull in the arena is no more fated than the steer in the slaughterhouse. The glamorous gangster's cadaver with bellyful of bullets is no deader than the commonplace little chap overcome by pernicious anaemia.

Napoleon III at the battle of Sedan, the other battle of Sedan, rouged his cheeks in order not to communicate his illness and fright to his desperate army. An unemployed young actor, a friend of a friend of mine, lately earned a living for a while by rouging cheeks of well-off corpses at a smart morticians. All this equally—and infinitude of other things under the sun—is jurisdiction of death. The difference between a beautiful death and an ugly death is in the eye of the beholder, the heart of the mourner, the brain of the survivor.

The fact of F's end is as bad and deplorable as could be; but the moral of it is good enough, and warlike. It is to enliven the rest of the regiment. Mere tightening the belt, *stiffening the upper lip* [cf. The Hours *FN* » s.5-6], is not all I mean; nor the simple delight of being alive still, the dance on the grave, the

dance between holocausts [*Totentanz FN* » var[-]dd]. As we have it—documented and prophesied by his best work, commented upon in the newspaper with other news of the day—it is a deep breath of knowledge, fresh air, and an incitement to particular literary virtues.

For the private life and the public life, literary life and real life, if you view them in this light of death—and now we have it also boding on all the horizon, like fire—are one and the same. Which brings up another point of literary criticism; then I have done.

The great thing about F was his candor; verbal courage; simplicity. One little man with eyes really witnessing; objective in all he uttered, even about himself in a subjective slump; arrogant in just one connection, for one purpose only, to make his meaning clear. The thing, I think, that a number of recent critics have most disliked about him is his confessional way, the personal tone, the tete-a-tete or man-to-man style, first person singular. He remarked it himself in The Crack-Up: "There are always those to whom all self-revelation is contemptible."

I on the other hand feel a real approval and emulation of just that; and I recommend that all our writers give it serious consideration. It might be the next esthetic issue and new mode of American letters. It is American enough; our greatest fellows, such as Franklin and Thoreau and Whitman, were self-expressers in so far as they knew themselves. This is a time of greater knowledge, otherwise worse; an era which has as many evil earmarks as, for example, the Renaissance: awful political genius running amok and clashing, migrations, races whipped together as it were by a titanic egg-beater, impatient sexuality and love of stimulants and cruelty, sacks, burnings and plagues. Fine things eventually may be achieved amid all this, as in that other century. I suggest revelation of man as he appears to himself in his mirror—not as he poses or wishes or idealizes—as one thing to try a revival of, this time. Naked truth about man's nature in unmistakable English.

In the Renaissance they had anatomy: Vesalius in Paris at midnight under the gallows-tree, bitten by the dogs as he disputed with them the hanged cadavers which they wanted to eat and he wanted to cut up. They had anatomy and we have psychology. The throws of dice in our world— at least the several dead-weights with which the dice appear to be loaded against us—are moral matters; and no one ever learns much about all that except in his own person, at any rate in private. In public, in the nation and the inter-nation and the anti-nation, one just suffers the weight of the morality of others like a dumb brute. This has been a dishonest century above all: literature lagging as far behind modern habits as behind modern history; democratic statesmanship all vitiated by good form, understatement, optimism; and the nations which could not afford democracy, finally developing their supremacy all on a basis of the deliberate lie. And now is the end, or another beginning.

Writers in this country still can give their little examples of truth-telling; little exercises for their fellow citizens, to develop their ability to distinguish truth from untruth in other connections when it really is important. The importance arises as desperately in the public interest as in private life. Even light fiction can help a society get together and agree upon its vocabulary; little strokes of the tuning-fork, for harmony's sake. And for clarity's sake, let us often use, and sanction the use of, words of one syllable. The shortest and most potent is the personal pronoun: I. The pompous prig knows that, he says credo; and the trustworthy physician only gives his opinion, not a panacea. The witness in the courtroom does not indulge in the editorial we; the judge and the lawyers will not allow it; and indeed, if the case is important, if there is life or liberty or even a large amount of money at stake, not even supposition or hearsay is admitted as evidence. Our worldwide case is important.

Not only is Anglo-Saxondom all at war with the rest of the world in defense of its accustomed power and prosperity, and of the luxuries of the spirit such as free speech, free

publication, free faith—for the time being, the United States is the likeliest place for the preservation of the Mediterranean and French ideal of fine art and writing: which puts a new, peculiar obligation upon us ex-expatriates. The land of the free should become and is becoming a city of refuge; but there is cultural peril even in that. France has merely committed her tradition to our keeping, by default; whereas Germany has exiled to us her most important professors and brilliant writers. Perhaps the latter are bound to introduce into our current literature a little of that mystically philosophic, obscurely scientific mode which somewhat misled or betrayed them as a nation. Therefore, we must keep up more strictly and energetically than ever, our native specific skeptical habit; our plainer and therefore safer style.

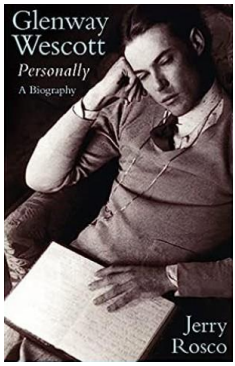
In any consideration of the gravity of the work of art and letters—and upon any solemn occasion such as the death of a good writer Like F—I think of Faust, and that labor he dreamed of when he was blind and dying, keeping the grim reaper waiting. It was the drainage of a stinking sea-marsh and the construction of a strong dyke. Fresh fields amid the eternally besieging sea: room for a million men to live, not in security—Goethe expressly ruled out that hope of which we moderns have been too fond—but free to do the best they could for themselves. Does it seem absurd to compare a deceased best seller with that mythic man: Germany's demigod? There must always be some pretentiousness about literature, or else no one would take its pains or endure its disappointments.

Throughout this eulogy I have mixed bathos with pathos, joking with tenderness, in order to venture here and there a higher claim for literary art than is customary now. I am in dead earnest. Bad writing is in fact a rank feverish unnecessary slough. Good writing is a dyke, in which there is a leak for every one of our weary hands. And honestly I do see the very grim reaper bound to get some of us.

I realize that I have given an exaggerated impression of

Fitzgeralds’s tragedy, but he was not so nearly finished as he thought. His strength is immortalized in Gatsby.

The New Republic Feb 17 ’41



Glenway Wescott (’1901-’1987) American poet, novelist & essayist. Lived in Paris ’20s, openly *TransG*. Longtime companion Monroe Wheeler lasted from ’19 until death, some 68 years!
Amazon: Pilgrim Hawk: A Love Story (’40) Apartment in Athens (’45)

Credit GI Plebes for Resurrecting Gatsby

Fitzgerald made his exit in '40 believing his work forgotten. His obituary in The New York Times mentioned Gatsby as evidence of great potential that was never reached. However, a strong appreciation for the book had developed in underground circles.

The republication of Gatsby in Edmund Wilson's edition of The Last Tycoon in '41 produced an outburst of comment, with the general consensus expressing the sentiment that the book was an enduring work of fiction.

In '42, a group of publishing executives created the Council on Books in Wartime. The Council's purpose was to distribute paperback books to soldiers fighting in WWII. The Great Gatsby was one of these books. The books proved to be "as popular as pin-up girls" among the soldiers, according to the Saturday Evening Post's contemporary report. 155,000 copies of Gatsby were distributed to soldiers overseas, and it is believed that this publicity ultimately boosted the novel's popularity and sales.

By '44, full-length articles on F's works were being published, and by the following year, "the opinion that Gatsby was merely a period piece had almost entirely disappeared."

By ’60, the book was steadily selling 50,000 copies per year, and renewed interest led The New York Times editorialist Arthur Mizener to proclaim the novel "a classic of twentieth-century American fiction". The Great Gatsby has sold over 25 million copies worldwide, annually sells an additional 500,000 copies, and is Scribner's most popular title.

Scribner's copyright expired in 2020.

Maureen Corrigan – *So We Read On* » Amazon.

G.O.A.T. – Kenneth Eble

In length, the book barely qualifies as a full-sized novel. In subject, it is about an American bootlegger who nourishes an adolescent dream about a golden girl he can't have. Its plot does little more than tell us who the protagonist is and get him killed off in the end by the down-and-out husband of the blowsy mistress of the rich brute who has married the girl whom the hero wants but can't have. Its manner of telling is disjointed, albeit by the literary design of the author, and accompanied by some seemingly casual moralizing by an omnipresent narrator sounding suspiciously like the author and sort of occupying himself at other times by taking an interest in a woman golfer who cheats, the only other substantial character in the novel if we except a denizen of the underworld, the mistress's dog and friends, Gatsby's father, a bunch of assorted party goers, and one mourner.

From this perspective, the adulation G has received may seem totally out of proportion. For century, it has held a high place among all novels. Just how high?

Its numerous reprintings around the world and its successive presentations on film have made G as identifiable an American figure as Huck Finn. It has revived the '20s, set current fashions, and provided dialogue for three generations of devoted readers. In these respects alone, the question of its literary merits set aside, it qualifies as a great American novel. For clearly, it has added a name to that relatively small number of factual and fictional Americans by which Americans know themselves and are knownby the world.

And it has done so by means of a writer's craft working within the traditional form of a long fictional narrative. If a substantial claim is to be made for The Great Gatsby as the great American novel, it will have to be made by a more considered examination. What I propose here is to examine the novel's relationship to the concept of the "great American

novel"; the substance of the novel, its "great argument," as Edith Wharton phrased it; and the novel's structure and style, its excellence as a literary work, a novel.

John William De Forest, less than a great novelist himself, raised the question of "the great American novel" in an essay with that specific title in '1868. The literary nationalism that spawned the concept had already been expressing itself for at least half a century and had resulted in such documents as Joel Barlow's Columbiad, Royall Tyler's The Contrast, and Emerson's "The American Scholar."

The novels that De Forest could measure the concept against were not a promising lot. Their authors are largely forgotten by now—Paulding, Brown, Kennedy, and Simms: "ghosts," who "wrote about ghosts, and the ghosts have vanished utterly." Melville escaped De Forest's attention, much as Moby-Dick, for all its bulk, escaped most critics' notice until the twentieth century. Hawthorne's The Scarlet Letter was there to be considered, but De Forest found the novel, as others did also, too insubstantial, too provincial, to be either novel enough or American enough to qualify. The novel he did single out was Uncle Tom's Cabin, which had a sufficiently broad, true, and sympathetic representation of American life to make it worth considering. De Forest was biased here by his own understandable preoccupation with the Civil War and its aftermath, although Uncle Tom's Cabin deserves more attention than it gets. Edmund Wilson has pointed out: "It is a much more impressive work than one has ever been allowed to suspect. The first thing that strikes one about it is a certain eruptive force."

By the time F began to write, seekers after the great American novel had a much wider choice, and since then a still wider choice. Edith Wharton's essay, "The Great American Novel," in the Yale Review in '27, expressed skepticism toward the very idea. As far as she could determine, "The great American novel must always be about Main Street, geographically, socially, and intellectually." This was a

restriction she did not accept, and most of her essay is about the limitations such insistence places on the novelist. Moreover, what might be expected of American novelists when Main Street, she argued, offered "so meagre a material to the imagination?" Still, she pointed out Robert Grant's Unleavened Bread, Frank Norris's McTeague, and David Graham Phillips' Susan Lenox as not only "great American novels," but great novels.

Fifty years later, Philip Roth, writing The Great American Novel in name if not in fact, offered The Scarlet Letter, Moby-Dick, Huckleberry Finn, The Ambassadors, and The Golden Bowl as possibilities. To be precise, these are the choices of a "Vassar lit.," presumably schooled by a modern American English department and badgered into responding to Roth's fictional Hemingway roaring: "'What about Red Badge of Courage! What about Winesburg, Ohio! The Last of the Mohicans! Sister Carrie! McTeague! My Antonia! The Rise of Silas Lapham! Two Years Before the Mast! Ethan Frome! Barren Ground! What about Booth Tarkington and Sara Orne Jewett, while you're at it? What about our minor poet Francis Scott Fitz what's his name? What about Wolfe and Dos and Faulkner?'"

Roth has Hemingway decide, "'It hasn't been written yet,'" and to his boast that he will write it, a seagull croaks, "Nevermore." Perhaps gulls, if not Poe, have the last word on this matter. Frank Norris said something similar about the time F was born: "The Great American Novel is not extinct like the Dodo, but mythical like the Hipogriff." He also said that the great American novelist was either "as extinct as the Dodo or as far in the future as the practical aeroplane," which suggests that there should be dozens of them around today. Norris had many things to say about the novel, favoring novels that were "true" and with "a purpose," and embracing both "realism" and "romance." He surmised that in his time, the great American novel must be "sectional," and yet he foresaw a unified America and American novelists reaching a "universal substratum" common to all men. By such a route, he had to

admit, the idea of a distinctively “American” novel disappears when a great novelist sounds “the world-note.”

In his fiction—and it is well to note that he was dubbed Benjamin Franklin Norris,—Norris moved to the novel of epicscope that many others have in mind as requisite to the great American novel. He saw the settling of the American West as “the last great epic event in the history of civilization,” as F also implied in G. In this respect, Whitman had already written the great American novel, although technically it happened to be a poem, Leaves of Grass, rather than a novel. Whitman, as well as anyone in prose or in poetry, defined this underlying ambition for the great American novel.

The preface to the ’1855 edition of Leaves of Grass begins with two whopping assertions, the second scarcely more defensible than the first: “The Americans of all nations at any time upon the earth have probably the fullest poetical nature. The United States themselves are essentially the greatest poem.” The elaboration of these assertions, the emphasis on “the largeness of nature or the nation” needing “gigantic and generous treatment,” are too familiar to need repeating.

F expressed his awareness of Whitman’s impact in an essay published in '26 and noted for its bringing Ernest Hemingway to public attention, “How to Waste Material: A Note on My Generation”: “Ever since Irving’s preoccupation with the necessity for an American background, for some square miles of cleared territory on which colorful variants might presently arise, the question of material has hampered the American writer. For one Dreiser who made a single-minded and irreproachable choice there have been a dozen like Henry James who have stupid-got with worry over the matter, and yet another dozen who, blinded by the fading tale of Walt Whitman’s comet, have botched their books by the insincere compulsion to write ’significantly’ about America.”

F’s judgment of Dreiser and James aside, his awareness of the force of Whitman’s message is directly related to the idea of the great American novel and what that novel should be

about. His essay describes various attempts and failures to deal with "American" materials. He cites the treatment of the American farmer, of American youth, of "American politics, business, society, science, racial problems." His point is that this search for and exploitation of American material is largely in vain: "One author goes to a midland farm for three months to obtain material for an epic of the American husbandman! Another sets off on a like errand to the Blue Ridge Mountains, a third departs with a Corona for the West Indies—one is justified in the belief that what they get hold of will weigh no more than the journalistic loot brought back by Richard Harding Davis and John Fox, Jr., twenty years ago."

F had already made these points in various parodies of popular novels and, more directly, in a letter to Maxwell Perkins just after G was published. The letter was about Thomas Boyd's new novel, Samuel Drummond, which Perkins had described to F in terms of high praise. To F the novel sounded "utterly lowsy," and he sketched out a "History of the Simple Inarticulate Farmer and his Hired Man" to make his point. The basic issue he raises is the same as the one in his essay: the essential weakness of novels dealing quaintly and falsely with American materials—in this instance, the earthy struggle between the American farmer and the soil—to satisfy some kind of craving for the great American novel. In both of these statements, F did not cite his own example from the recent past, the fact that This Side of Paradise, if it did not speak for all of America, was still received by the public (and promoted by F) as speaking for American youth. The Beautiful and Damned, which followed in '22, might justifiably have been regarded as trying to take in all parts of F's longer list, beginning with "business" and ending with "literature."

G, as F perceived in writing it, was something different, something more consistent with and closer to F's wish reported by Edmund Wilson: "I want to be one of the greatest writers who have ever lived, don't you?" One cannot understand F's work, can't come to terms with the possibility of The Great Gatsby being the great American novel, without responding to

the naivetés, the presumptuousness, the grandiosity of that remark—as naive and presumptuous and grandiose as Whitman talking about the poetic natures of an American nation and its poets.

That sense of measuring himself against great writers persisted throughout F's life. The curriculum he set up for Sheilah Graham in '39 was both a recapitulation of his own reading and a considered judgment of what books would best serve her beginning and his own continuing education. The novels form a diverse and respectable list, weighted toward the modern, as one might expect, and as much European as British and American.

Among the various novels or parts of novels are many of those necessary to serious study of the novel: The Red and the Black, Vanity Fair, Bleak House, The Brothers Karamazov, Anna Karenina and War and Peace, Eugenie Grandet, Madame Bovary, Sister Carrie, Man's Fate, a half-dozen or so novels by Henry James, a similar number by Hardy, Joyce's Portrait of the Artist, Faulkner's Sanctuary, and others. He prized his meeting with Joyce in '28 and pasted the letter he received from him in his copy of Ulysses. The drunken serenading with which he and Ring Lardner paid their respects to Joseph Conrad is also a part of the lore.

But there is a seriousness in this reading and literary hero worshiping that underscores F's conception of himself as a serious novelist. The long struggle to bring another novel into being after completing G is not entirely to be blamed on the conditions of F's personal life. In part, the struggle was forced on F because of his ambitions to go beyond G, to achieve that writer's goal he set forth in a letter to Scottie, "so that the thing you have to say and the way of saying it blend as one matter—as indissolubly as if they were conceived together." F's letters to Scottie are further testimony to his seriousness as a writer. The reading he sets forth for her reaches back to Moll Flanders and forward to Thomas Mann's Death in Venice. "I wish now," he wrote to her June 12, '40, "I'd never relaxed or

looked back—but said at the end of G: 'I've found my line—from now on this comes first. This is my immediate duty—without this I am nothing.'"

But what F did not emphasize, either in an offhand remark or in his written comments, was his being an American writer, a fashioner of American materials, a writer of the great American novel. To put it in a simple form, he solved the problem of what he should use for material by setting the problem aside. More precisely, he recognized that a preoccupation with what a novel should be about was probably a strike against the novel at the outset. Thus, he became free to deal as best he could with that limited substance he had, free and inadvertently American to "spin my thread from my own bowels," as Emerson said, or in Whitman's words, "launch forth, filament, filament, filament, out of itself, ever unreeling them." Or, in F's matter-of-fact words, "It was my material, and it was all I had to deal with."

What I am suggesting here is that if there is such a thing as the great American novel, it will not be because of the American-ness of what it is about. Such a novel may be, as Moby-Dick is, about whaling and whales and those who pursue them, much of which is American because the author is American, or as Huckleberry Finn is American by the same line of reasoning, or as The Great Gatsby is.

Thus, F's novel is animated by and makes its impact through a writer's intensely devoted attempt to understand a portion of human experience, the personal dimensions of that experience that reach into the hearts of human beings and the contexts that always complicate and alter such personal responses. From one perspective, these contexts are indubitably American, as much so as they seem to convey the pulse beat of the urban American '20s. But from another, they are no more American than Ithaca is Greek or Bleak House British. What is kept before the reader—and not setting aside the particulars by which that is made manifest—are the longings for love, wealth, power, status, for dreaming and

realizing dreams and facing the realities of which dreams are compounded and by which they are compromised.

There is another side to this observation. The story of The Great Gatsby, both to its advantage and its disadvantage in weighing the novel's merit, is intertwined for many readers with the story of Scott and Zelda. If one result is to question the likelihood of such a person as F being able to write a great novel, another is to endow the novel with something of the authenticity of the real story of the Fs' gaudy but tragic lives.

I further suggest that this preoccupation with "self," the fictional one focused on G, the real one lying behind the fascination that the F story continues to have for the American public, may be what is more American about the novel than any other aspect. Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography may be the original American novel, even though, like Leaves of Grass, it is not a novel. That aside, what followed the Autobiography was a succession of great American books—poems, essays, romances, novels—that were chiefly explorations of the self. Emerson's Essays and Thoreau's Walden can be added to the novels already mentioned, and to those, Hopalong Cassidy, on whose fly leaf G had set down his own Franklinesque resolves.

G, then, is in the right American line, in regard to conceptions, implied and stated, about what should constitute the great American novel. More directly, of course, despite its brevity, illuminates the American past and present, answers the challenge of getting within its pages something of the scope and variety and dynamics of American life, the light and dark of American experience, the underside and upperside of American society. Moreover, it does so within the larger framework of human experience, invariably moving readers to the dimensions of myth that convey meaning independent of time, place, and the particulars of experience.

Robert Ornstein's "FSF's Fable of East and West" [*FN: var ew*] is one of dozens of essays that explore the novel's symbolism, allusions, ironies, ambiguities, and mythical

dimensions. Ornstein argues that F has created "a myth with the imaginative sweep of America's historical adventure across an untamed continent… One can even say that F adumbrated the coming tragedy of a nation grown decadent without achieving maturity." His essay, however, refuses to narrow the theme of the novel to that of the betrayal of the American dream; rather, its theme "is the unending quest after the romantic dream, which is forever betrayed in fact and yet redeemed in men's minds." Ornstein sees this theme brought out not only in terms of American experience but also in an embodiment of the romantic response to life. "Gatsby is great," he writes, "because his dream, however naive, gaudy, and unattainable, is one of the grand illusions of the race, which keep men from becoming too old or too wise or too cynical of their human limitations."

F dramatized that perception in a brilliant way in "Absolution," originally intended as an introduction to the G story. There the crazed mentor tells the young boy: "'Go and see an amusement park… It's a thing like a fair, only much more glittering… But don't get up close, because if you do you'll only feel the heat and the sweat and the life.'" One of the prominent themes in G is that familiar one, "All that glitters is not gold," and its corollary, "but it glitters, all the same." For much of the world and for America itself, America has been the great amusement park, holding its World's Fairs and World Series and awarding "World Championships" as events in which most of the world never participates. What better setting for a meditation on the romantic vision and romantic disillusionment?

This dimension of G has held a central place in the criticism of the novel since the first revival of interest in F shortly after his passing. Prior to that time, F seems justified in replying to John Peale Bishop's letter about the novel: "It is about the only criticism that the book has had which has been intelligible, save a letter from Mrs. Wharton," or to Edmund Wilson: Not one of the reviews "had the slightest idea what the book was about." When it was praised by such writers as TS Eliot, Edith

Wharton, and Gertrude Stein, it was in such general terms as Eliot's "the first step that American fiction has taken since Henry James." Even to such a sympathetic critic as F's contemporary Paul Rosenfeld, the novel was "beautifully done, breezy throughout… extraordinarily American, like ice cream soda with arsenic flavoring, or jazz music in a fever-dream." Only Thomas Caldecott Chubb, writing in the Forum in '25, perceived the book to be "a fable in the form of a realistic novel." "At once a tragedy and an extraordinarily convincing love tale and an extravaganza."

Notwithstanding the restrained and ambivalent responses to the novel when it first appeared, most of the later criticism has been searching and favorable. John W. Bicknell begins with a hint dropped by Lionel Trilling that F's novel is a prose version of Eliot's The Waste Land, a poem F knew almost by heart. Like Conrad, F sees "the modern corruption in contrast to a lost rather than to an emergent ideal." Bicknell's overall critical intent is to determine whether Gatsby is tragic or merely pessimistic. He ends by accepting Alfred Kazin's view that "in a land of promise 'failure' will always be a classic theme."

Marius Bewley's essay, "FSF's Criticism of America," finds more to praise in G, perhaps because he does not assume that tragedy is the definitive measure of a novel's greatness. He writes: "Fitzgerald—at least in this one book—is in line with the greatest masters of American prose. Gatsby embodies a criticism of American experience—not of manners, but of a basic historic attitude to life—more radical than anything in James's own assessment of the deficiencies of his country. The theme of Gatsby is the withering of the American dream."

Bewley's essay acknowledges that "Gatsby, the 'mythic' embodiment of the American dream, is shown to us in all his immature romanticism. His insecure grasp of social and human values, his lack of critical intelligence and self-knowledge, his blindness to the pitfalls that surround him in American society, his compulsive optimism, are realized in the text with rare

assurance and understanding.

And yet the very grounding of these deficiencies is G's goodness and faith in life, his compelling desire to realize all the possibilities of existence." Edwin Fussell's "F's Brave New World" also mentions the universality as well as the uniqueness of the American experience. "After exploring his materials to their limits, F knew, at his greatest moments, that he had discovered a universal pattern of desire and belief and behavior and that in it was compounded the imaginative history of modern, especially American, civilization."

With respect to its serious import, its examination of both American life and lives in much of the modern Western world, Gatsby bears comparison with those other books that might stand as the great American novel. It does not sprawl like Moby-Dick, nor hover and ruminate like The Scarlet Letter, nor heap up its substance like any work of Dreiser. It does not hint and suggest and qualify like Henry James, nor does it have the robust, yet lyric, quality of Huckleberry Finn.

Yet, consider some vital qualities all these novels share. Chiefly these are G's moral preoccupations, as inseparable from the novel as from Moby-Dick or The Scarlet Letter, and its dramatization of innocence coming into experience, as memorably fixed in Nick and Gatsby as in Huck and Jim or Ishmael on the Pequod. Moreover, with the final page of the novel establishing "the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes" (217), F gives the novel an amplitude that bears comparison with James's powers in The Ambassadors or The American. The persuasiveness of F's prose (or Keats's poetry) aside, that moment of gazing on the "fresh, green breast of the new world" must have been and may be, even "for the last time in history," "something commensurate to his capacity for wonder" (217-18).

The events following the twenties, notably a worldwide economic depression and the outbreak of another world war, may unknowingly have attuned modern readers to the serious dimensions of G. For it has been since World War II, and

particularly in America, that the realities of living in a world of limited resources have begun to register. Throughout much of its history, America was a place of endless expanding and advancing. Without exaggerating greatly, one can place G with those classic statements that recall us to the fact that, as F came to recognize, one cannot both spend and have. Projected beyond the personal, one cannot espouse infinite progress but must accept some kind of eternal return, “boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past” (218).

All readers have been affected by F’s style, for he was marvelously sensitive to the sounds and cadences of language. “For awhile after you quit Keats,” he wrote, “all other poetry seems to be only whistling or humming.” His attraction to Conrad was due to Conrad’s attention to the power of the written word, to “an unremitting never-discouraged care for the shape and ring of sentences” that aspired to “the magic suggestiveness of music—which is the art of arts.” F’s sentences have movement, grace, clarity, directness when necessary, force when desired, and cadences appropriate to the mood or emotion or scene.

Matched with the visual images, simile and metaphor, sentences like this emerge in profusion: “We drove over to Fifth Avenue, so warm and soft, almost pastoral, on the summer Sunday afternoon that I wouldn’t have been surprised to see a great flock of white sheep turn the corner” (33). “Yet high over the city our line of yellow windows must have contributed their share of human secrecy to the casual watcher in the darkening streets, and I was him too, looking up and wondering. I was within and without, simultaneously enchanted and repelled by the inexhaustible variety of life” (43). “For a while these reveries provided an outlet for his imagination; they were a satisfactory hint of the unreality of reality, a promise that the rock of the world was founded securely on a fairy’s wing” (119). F’s style is remarkably apt and precise, even when he is dealing with nearly ineffable matters: “He was a son of god—a phrase which, if it means anything, means just that—and he must be about his father’s

business, the service of a vast, vulgar, and meretricious beauty" (118). Part of that aptness is the quality of F's wit, apparent in that Homeric catalog of guests that begins: "From East Egg, then, came the Chester Beckers and the Leeches, and a man named Bunsen, whom I knew at Yale, and Doctor Webster Civet…" and ends "All these people came to Gatsby's house in the summer" (73-6). Or the bite of such a description as: "the dim enlargement of Mrs. Wilson's mother which hovered like an ectoplasm on the wall" (36).

These quotations, chosen to exemplify F's style, serve also to illustrate the inseparability of style and content. Major and minor characters in G are brilliantly created by both what F chooses to reveal about them and how he reveals it. Most of the preceding passages are important in creating a character and shaping a reader's perception of that character. In the first instance, that pastoral touch, seemingly a stylistic flourish, is exactly right for perceiving Tom Buchanan and Myrtle in contrast to the ash heaps surrounding Wilson's garage and the tacky apartment where Tom has been keeping her.

Similarly, Nick's reflection calls a reader's attention to his being both inside and outside the main action, a vital aspect of his characterization. And speaking of G as a son of god who goes about his Father's business reverberates powerfully in one's accumulating impressions of that central character. The minor characters in the novel are created with that terse exactness that is apparent in F's handling of words in the novel: Meyer Wolfsheim and his human molar cufflinks; Mr. McKee, who has "'done some nice things out on Long Island'" (38); George Wilson, veiled in ashen dust; and Owl-Eyes, finding real books in G's library, but with the pages uncut.

"I think it is an honest book," F wrote in the introduction to the Modern Library Edition in '34, "that is to say, that one used none of one's virtuosity to get an effect, and, to boast again, one soft-pedalled the emotional side to avoid the tears leaking from the socket of the left eye, or the large false face peering around the corner of a character's head." It is this restraint,

even more than the virtuosity of effects, that distinguishes F's. In almost all of his other fiction, the quality of the prose gives otherwise ordinary materials a polish that not only exacted high prices from popular magazines but may have hinted at more profundity than the content delivered. In G, straining for effect is seldom apparent. The whole novel is compactly put together, as much by repetition of images and symbols as by exposition and narrative.

The opulence associated with both G and the Buchanans is established in Chapter 1 by a physical description of the Buchanans' house and lawn: "The lawn started at the beach and ran toward the front door for a quarter of a mile, jumping over sun-dials and brick walks and burning gardens—finally when it reached the house drifting up the side in bright vines as though from the momentum of its run" (8). At the end of the first chapter, the cadences change as we see G on his lawn at night: "The wind had blown off, leaving a loud, bright night, with wings beating in the trees and a persistent organ sound as the full bellows of the earth blew the frogs full of life. The silhouette of a moving cat wavered across the moonlight, and turning my head to watch it, I saw that I was not alone—50 feet away a figure had emerged from the shadow of my neighbor's mansion and was standing with his hands in his pockets regarding the silver pepper of the stars" (25). A paragraph later, Chapter 1 ends with the "single green light" (26) at the end of the dock that became one of the final images in the novel.

Between those two images are other descriptions of landscape and house, from the "blue gardens" after "the earth lurches away from the sun" (47-9) to the "sharp line where my ragged lawn ended and the darker, well-kept expanse of his began" (99) in Chapter 5. At the end, these images accumulate: the opening of the windows at dawn, the photograph of the house that G's father shows to Nick, "cracked in the corners and dirty with many hands" (207), and Carraway's last look at "that huge incoherent failure of a house. On the white steps an obscene word, scrawled by some boy with a piece of brick,

stood out clearly in the moonlight, and I erased it, drawing my shoe raspingly along the stone" (217).

James Joyce said of Ulysses that he had put in enough enigmas and puzzles to keep professors busy for centuries. G lacks that density, but it has engaged the attention of many professors to date. Color symbolism, patterns of images, sources and analogues, ambiguities, mythical dimensions continue to be worked over. Passages of dialogue are as carefully wrought as descriptive passages. Some have become passwords of G cultists: "'Can't repeat the past?… Why of course you can!'" (133) and "'Her voice is full of money'" (144) and "'In any case … it was just personal'" (182). Others are equally part of the texture of the novel, shaping character, amplifying meanings, knitting parts together: "'Is it a boy or a girl?'" Myrtle asks of the "gray old man who bore an absurd resemblance to John D. Rockefeller." 'That dog? That dog's a boy.' 'It's a bitch,' said Tom decisively. 'Here's your money. Go and buy ten more dogs with it'" (32-3).

F also knew when to have his characters stop talking. In the draft of the novel, much of G's story is told in dialogue as he talks to Nick. It permits him to talk too much, to say, for example, before F excised it: "'Jay Gatsby!' he cried suddenly in a ringing voice. 'There goes the great Jay Gatsby. That's what people are going to say—wait and see.'"

As with details of his style, the structure of G has been subject to minute examination, F's debt to Conrad was early pointed out: "for the use of style or language to reflect theme; for the use of the modified first-person narration; for the use of deliberate 'confusion' by the re-ordering of the chronology of events." F's use of "a series of scenes dramatizing the important events of the story and connected by brief passages of interpretation and summary" is like Henry James's "scenic method." In these respects and others, G responds, as a great American novel surely should, to the call for "newness" sounded repeatedly throughout America's literary history.

I have written at length elsewhere, as have others, about the

structure of G and will not go into detail here. The facsimile of the manuscript enables any reader to study F's revisions, small and large. He was a careful reviser, nowhere in his work more than in G.

In general, his revisions were devoted to solving the technical problems of presenting the story—the narrative structure—and in sharpening, trimming, amplifying descriptions, narrative, dialogue. The choice of Nick as narrator was probably not made until some jelling of the essential story took place for F. The short stories "Absolution" and "Winter Dreams" are written in the conventional third person. The longer form in itself may have raised questions about the mode of telling; the examples of James and Conrad were at hand to suggest the use of a first-person narrator. Although that choice was in one sense a technical one, it was also a means of presenting his material "through the personal history of a young American provincial whose moral intelligence is the proper source of our understanding and whose career, in the passage from innocence to revaluation, dramatizes the possibility and mode of a moral sanction in contemporary America."

Such a view still seems fairly to describe F's intent, although a spate of criticism has pointed out the unreliability of Carraway as a narrator. The choice of narrator was related to other technical problems, chiefly that of how and when (and in what order and way in the novel) the narrator uncovers for the reader the complete story of G's past. Like other modern novels, G does not follow a straightforward chronology; F worked hard to preserve the advantages of a disjointed structure against the confusion such a method may create. One of the effects was to keep G from fully materializing, helping F solve the difficult problem of making a deliberately shadowy figure the central character of the novel.

It is not easy to summarize even the most important changes F made to achieve the structure he wanted. Suffice to say that changes and shifts of materials kept G offstage for a longer

period of time than in the first version. Between his first appearance as a figure on his lawn and Nick's conversation with him in Chapter 4, the reader is exposed to Daisy, Tom, Jordan Baker, and the Wilsons, is transported through the valley of ashes and into Myrtle's Manhattan apartment, and gets a fuller glimpse of G during the first party at his house. The chief results, aside from heightening one's interest in the mysterious G, are the various juxtapositions of beauty and squalor, peace and violence, vitality and decay—in short, the intensifying of the central contrasts between the ideal and the real.

All this is accomplished in three chapters, with the material that originally comprised these chapters being rearranged in various ways. Chapter 4 extends our acquaintance with G, and Chapter 5 becomes the center of the novel. This chapter was very closely reworked, chiefly in order to give it a static quality, to approximate in the telling G's attempt to make time stand still. From that chapter on, the novel picks up speed. The real world intrudes in the guise of a reporter through whom details of G's actual past are exposed. A second party, sharper delineation of Tom Buchanan, and the second trip into Manhattan prepare the reader for the final sweep of the plot to the running down of Myrtle Wilson, "her left breast… swinging loose like a flap" (165). "I want Myrtle Wilson's breast ripped off," he wrote Maxwell Perkins. "It's exactly the thing, I think, and I don't want to chop up good scenes by too much tinkering."

The remaining chapters were chiefly reworked to wind down events with economy but also with measured impact. Some of G's explanations were shifted to the present tense to give them greater immediacy. The last chapter shifted attention to Nick, but still kept him linked tightly to G by means of the funeral, his talk with G's father, and those benedictory words pronounced by Owl-Eyes, "'The poor son of a bitch'" (211). Nick's last encounter with Tom underscores F's achievement of making Carraway a vital character in his own right, a technical device that helps hold the structure together, a means

of amplifying the moral and social dimensions of the novel and the way in which the story gets told.

This discussion of style and structure argues for the novel's high degree of finish, surely a merit in a novel. And it has a size beyond its actual page length. Thus, one can propose that Gatsby is a marvel of compression, and thereby identifiably and pleasingly American. For the time one puts into it, a great deal comes out. Even its nuances of style are not likely to be lost on American readers, for they have the laconic power of sarcasm, the brevity of the one-liner, and the directness of American speech. Its moral dimensions still touch the sense of decency and fair play, without engaging the reader in time-consuming ethical and metaphysical speculations.

The novel's topicality is that of the '20s, but it exudes timeless themes. It raises basic questions citizens of a democracy have to wrestle with: How does one recognize greatness without an established social order? How does the acquisition of power, wealth, and status accord with the professions of democratic equality? How does an idealist and an individual—both prized qualities of the American—keep himself from succumbing to the materialism of the masses or from kicking himself loose from the universe? If all this can be neatly compressed into a book under 220 pages what could be greater and more American than that?

.HOT2.Eble-Dutch.

The last image of The Great Gatsby: "And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a fresh, green breast of the new world…" was originally written as the conclusion of chapter one. Then Fitzgerald hit upon a realization of pure genius—he picked it up and repositioned it strategically on the last page, so that it could ever so subtly, and yet explosively, trigger the novel's lift-off into the literary stratosphere of the American dream.

Kenneth E Eble (’1923 – ’1988)
Amazon: Fitzgerald (’63-’77) | The Craft of Teaching

No Second Acts – Malcolm Cowley

Act I – Success '20-24
Act II – Disillusionment '25-34
Act III – '35-36 Crack up
Epilogue – '37-40 Rehab
Transition – ’41-50
Apotheosis – ’51...

FSF used to say that there were no second acts in American lives, but there was a second and even a third act in his own. After the glitter of his early success (he was a best-selling novelist at twenty-three), after the long disillusionment that was the theme of almost all his stories from The Great Gatsby in '25 to Tender Is the Night in '34, there was a crisis, a feeling of complete mental and physical exhaustion. That was the third act and it came near being the end of the play, but before his death in '40, at the age of 44 there was a little-known epilogue in Hollywood that was a drama in itself.

The whole story, and especially the end of it, can be pieced together from The Crack-Up, a volume of F’s literary remains that Edmund Wilson, his friend from Princeton days, has edited with the critical sense one might expect of him and not a little friendly discretion. The volume contains a number of autobiographical pieces, including some very good ones, that F wrote for various magazines; a series of extracts from his literary notebook; sixty-odd letters to his daughter and his close friends, a sampling short enough to make one wish for more; and a brief selection of letters to F and essays and poems about him.

The book is obviously not intended for consecutive reading,

but it makes excellent reading in snatches; you can open it almost anywhere and find lively writing and painfully honest self-judgment. Moreover, it deals with a novelist whose work and character, for all their shortcomings, have a way of holding our affection, like the life and work of Stephen Crane.

More than any other writer of these times, F had the sense of living in history. He tried hard to catch the color of every passing year: its distinctive slang, its dance steps, its songs (he kept making lists of them in his notebooks), its favorite quarterbacks, and the sort of clothes and emotions its people wore. He felt in the beginning that his own life was not merely typical but representative of a new generation; he could look inside himself and tell quite accurately how others would soon be thinking.

Even in his later years he continued to be grateful to the Jazz Age because, he said, writing about himself in the third person, “It bore him up, flattered him, and gave him more money than he had dreamed of, simply for telling people that he felt as they did.” He came to believe that he had helped to fix the patterns followed by people a little younger than himself. Thus, in one of his notebooks, he said of an unnamed relative that she was still a flapper in the '30s. “There is no doubt,” he added, “that she originally patterned herself upon certain immature and unfortunate writings of mine, so that I have a special indulgence for-as for one who has lost an arm or leg in one’s service.”

He was a little wry about the F characters he kept encountering in life. One anecdote has been printed before, but it is worth repeating as he set it down in a notebook when he was living in Baltimore. It concerns a young man, a stranger, who telephoned F from a distant city, then from a city nearby, then from downtown, to announce his coming. At last the man drove up to the house, F noted, “with a great ripping up of garden borders, a four-ply rip in a new lawn, a watch pointing accurately and unforgivably at 3 A.M. But he was prepared to disarm me with the force of his compliment, the intensity of

the impulse that had brought him to my door. ‘Here I am at last,’ he said, teetering triumphantly. ‘I had to see you. I feel I owe you more than I can say. I feel that you formed my life.’”

In '20, when his novel was published, he made $18,000, spent all of it, and ended the year in debt. He was “riding in a taxi one afternoon between very tall buildings under a mauve and rosy sky; I began to bawl because I had everything I wanted and knew I would never be so happy again.” And, remembering that he had been penniless and jilted not long before, he also felt that he “would always cherish an abiding distrust, an animosity, toward the leisure class-not the conviction of a revolutionist but the smoldering hatred of a peasant. In the years since then I have never been able to stop wondering where my friends’ money came from, nor to stop thinking that at one time a sort of *droit du seigneur* [right of (feudal) lord (to have your woman)] might have been exercised to give one of them my girl.”

He cultivated a sort of double vision. He was continually trying to present the glitter of life in the Princeton eating clubs, on the Riviera, on the North Shore of Long Island, and in the Hollywood studios; he surrounded his characters with a mist of admiration and simultaneously he drove the mist away. He always liked to write about “where the milk is watered and the sugar is sanded, the rhinestone passed for diamond and the stucco for stone.” It was as if all his novels described a big dance to which he had taken, as he once wrote, the prettiest girl:

> There was an orchestra-Bingo-Bango
> Playing for us to dance the tango
> And the people all clapped as we arose,
> For her sweet face and my new clothes.

and as if at the same time he stood outside the ballroom, a little Midwestern boy with his nose to the glass, wondering how much the tickets cost and who paid for the music. He regarded himself as a pauper living among millionaires, a Celt among Sassenachs, a sullen peasant among the nobility, and he said

that his point of vantage “was the dividing line between two generations,” prewar and postwar. It was this habit of keeping a double point of view that distinguished his work. There were popular and serious novelists in his time, but there was something of a gulf between them; F was one of the very few popular writers who were also serious artists. There were realists and romantics; F was among the wildest of the romantics, but he was also among the few Americans who tried, like Stendhal in France, to make the romance real by showing its causes and its consequences.

It did not matter too much that the causes were trivial and the consequences often tragic or sordid. “After all,” he wrote in one of his notebooks-or rather he copied into the notebook from a published story that he had decided not to preserve- “any given moment had its value; it can be questioned in the light of after-events, but the moment remains. The young prince in velvet gathered in lovely domesticity around the queen among the hush of rich draperies may presently grow up to be Pedro the Cruel or Charles the Mad, but the moment of beauty was there.”

“I am probably one of the most expert liars in the world,” he said in his notes, “and expect everyone to discount nine-tenths of what I say, but I have made two rules in attempting to be both an intellectual and a man of honor simultaneously-that I do not tell lies that will be of value to myself, and secondly, that I do not lie to myself.” It is a difficult technical problem to tell the truth in fiction; often a writer falls into conventional lies simply because he can’t find the right words or turns of phrase to express what he is trying to say. F, who regarded himself primarily as a craftsman, had both the technique and the need for being honest. He said in a notebook at the time of his own crisis, “I have asked a lot of my emotions-one hundred and twenty stories. The price was high, right up with Kipling, because there was one little drop of something-not blood, not a tear, not my seed, but me more intimately than these, in every story, it was the extra I had. Now it is gone and I am just like you now.”

His crisis, in '35 and 36, was caused by a series of big and little misfortunes: “an over-extension of the flank, a burning of the candle at both ends; a call upon physical resources that I did not possess, like a man overdrawing at his bank.... Every act of life from the morning toothbrush to the friend at dinner had become an effort.” Now that he couldn’t sleep, his days and nights were jumbled together: “In the real dark night of the self,” he wrote, “it is always three o’clock in the morning, day after day.” There was a moment when he felt suddenly that he had cracked, as an old plate cracks. There was something in his character, a Midwestern toughness or an Irish Puritanism, that would not let him give in; he made the best of whatever was left to him. “Sometimes,” he wrote, “the cracked plate has to be retained in the pantry, has to be kept in service as a household necessity. It can never again be warmed on the stove nor shuffled with the other plates in the dishpan; it will not be brought out for company, but it will do to hold crackers late at night or go into the icebox under leftovers.”

“A man does not recover from such jolts,” F said in an article written at the time- “he becomes a different person and, eventually, the new person finds new things to care about.” In the summer of '37 the new person was strong enough to make a trip to Hollywood; that was the epilogue to the play and on the whole it makes a more heartening story than I had expected to find. F had been given a six months’ contract by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, and when the contract expired in January, '38, it was renewed for a year at an increased salary. He was drinking very little and proved to be a capable screen craftsman, although his best scenarios were not produced in the form in which he wrote them. During his first eighteen months in Hollywood he earned $88,391-the figure comes from his literary agent, Harold Ober-while he lived frugally, paid off his big debts and put his insurance policies in order.

The story is not a simple one of moral redemption and success in a new field. The will to survive wasn’t dead in him and he still had personal and artistic obligations that he was determined to meet, even though he had fewer resources with

which to meet them. In the past he had often exaggerated his physical troubles for dramatic effect, but it seems that he wasn't exaggerating. By the winter of '39-40 he suffered from "the awful lapses and sudden reverses and apparent cures and thorough poisoning effect of lung trouble.

His Hollywood friends report that he was gray-faced and emaciated and seldom left his room, but he was writing again-if only for a few hours each day-and that was the important news. Although seven of his works were still in print, nobody was reading them and his name was almost forgotten; now he was setting out to regain his place in literature.

His record of production for the last year of his life would have been remarkable for a man in perfect health. He began the year by making plans for a novel and, simultaneously, by writing twenty stories for Esquire, including seventeen in the Pat Hobby series. Most of the Hobby stories weren't very good by his own standards, but they caught the Hollywood atmosphere and they also made fun of the author's weaknesses, thereby proving that F hadn't lost his ironic attitude toward himself or his gift of double vision. Suddenly he resumed his interrupted correspondence with his friends and he sent his daughter an extraordinary series of letters that continued all through the year: perhaps they were too urgent and too full of tired wisdom for a girl in college, but then F was writing them as a sort of personal and literary testament.

In the spring he wrote-and twice rewrote from the beginning-a scenario based on his story, "Babylon Revisited"; it was the best of his scenarios and, according to *the producer*

> [Lester Cowan (emphasis added) – our critical forgotten/snubbed man to literary history — authors research their piece, see his name, but invariably decide that he's not worth the common decency of being named, potentially immortalized — well, now he has been added to the *Mugsar Immortality Wagon-Train MIWT FN »* Pt.1 lest c1]

who ordered it, the best he ever read. Shirley Temple wasn't available for the part of Honoria and the story has never been filmed.

> [In fact, more than the gist of the story *was* filmed in '54 and retitled, *The Last Time I Saw* Paris imdb starring Elizabeth Taylor & Van Johnson, scripted deliberately as a homage by *Casablanca* ('42) writers Jules & Philip Epstein to conjure an F biopic – ref. Candace Grissom (Interview: Film Matters) film adaptation PhD dissertation and turned into a book *F and Hemingway on Film: A Critical Study of the Adaptations.* Amazon].

He thought that he had earned enough to carry him through the writing of The Last Tycoon. Work on it was delayed by a serious heart attack in November, but for most of the month he was writing steadily. He had said in a letter to his daughter, "I wish now I'd never relaxed or looked back-but said at the end of The Great Gatsby: 'I've found my line-from now on this comes first. This is my immediate duty-without this I am nothing.'"

In '40 he had found his line again-and had found something more than that, since he now possessed a deeper sense of the complexities of life than he had when writing Gatsby. He was doing his best work of the year in December and it was some of the best he ever did. He had been sober for a long time and seemed to be less worried about illness, when suddenly, on the winter solstice, there was a second coronary attack and he passed—not like a strayed reveler but like a partner of JP Morgan, writing until his heart gave out.

> Malcolm Cowley ('1898-'1989) American writer, editor, historian, poet & literary critic. Poetry – Blue Juniata ('29), memoir – Exile's Return ('34-'51) on the Lost Generation: Amazon

FSF – Lionel Trilling

"'So be it! I die content and my destiny is fulfilled,' said Racine's Orestes; and there is more in his speech than the insanely bitter irony that appears on the surface. Racine, fully conscious of this tragic grandeur, permits Orestes to taste for a moment before going mad with grief the supreme joy of a hero; to assume his exemplary role." The heroic awareness of which Andre Gide speaks in his essay on Goethe was granted to Scott F for whatever grim joy he might find in it. It is a kind of seal set upon his heroic quality that he was able to utter his vision of his own fate publicly and aloud with no lessening of his dignity, even with an enhancement of it.

It is hard to overestimate the benefit which came to F from his having consciously placed himself in the line of the great. He was a 'natural,' but he did not have the contemporary American novelist's belief that if he compares himself with the past masters, or if he takes thought—which, for a writer, means really knowing what his predecessors have done—he will endanger the integrity of his natural gifts. To read F's letters to his daughter—they are among the best and most affecting letters I know—and to catch the tone in which he speaks about the literature of the past, or to read the notebooks he faithfully kept, indexing them as Samuel Butler had done, and to perceive how continuously he thought about literature, is to have some clue to the secret of the continuing power of F's work.

Gatsby, for example, after a quarter-century is still as fresh as when it first appeared; it has even gained in weight and relevance, which can be said of very few American books of its time. This, I think, is to be attributed to the specifically intellectual courage with which it was conceived and executed, a courage which implies F's grasp —both in the sense of awareness and of appropriation—of the traditional resources available to him. Thus, The G has its interest as a record of

contemporary manners, but this might only have served to date it, did not F take the given moment of history as something more than a mere circumstance, did he not, in the manner of the great French novelists of the nineteenth century, seize the given moment as a moral fact. The same boldness of intellectual grasp accounts for the success of the conception of its hero—G is said by some to be not quite credible, but the question of any literal credibility he may or may not have becomes trivial before the large significance he implies. For G, divided between power and dream, comes inevitably to stand for America itself. Ours is the only nation that prides itself upon a dream and gives its name to one, 'the American dream.' We are told that 'the truth was that Jay Gatsby of West Egg, Long Island, sprang from his Platonic conception of himself. He was a son of god—a phrase which, if it means anything, means just that—and he must be about his father's business, the service of a vast, vulgar, and meretricious beauty.' Clearly it is F's intention that our mind should turn to the thought of the nation that has sprung from its 'Platonic conception' of itself. To the world it is anomalous in America, just as in the novel it is anomalous in G, that so much raw power should be haunted by envisioned romance. Yet in that anomaly lies, for good or bad, much of the truth of our national life, as, at the present moment, we think about it.

Then, if the book grows in weight of significance with the years, we can be sure that this could not have happened had its form and style not been as right as they are. Its form is ingenious—with the ingenuity, however, not of craft but of intellectual intensity. The form, that is, is not the result of careful 'plotting'—the form of a good novel never is—but is rather the result of the necessities of the story's informing idea, which require the sharpness of radical foreshortening."

Thus, it will be observed, the characters are not "developed": the wealthy and brutal Tom Buchanan haunted by his "scientific" vision of the doom of civilization, the vaguely guilty, vaguely homosexual Jordan Baker, the dim Wolfshiem, who fixed the World Series of '19, are treated, we

might say, as if they were ideographs, a method of economy that is reinforced by the ideographic use that is made of the Washington Heights flat, the terrible "valley of ashes" seen from the Long Island Railroad, G's incoherent parties, and the huge sordid eyes of the oculist's advertising sign. (It is a technique which gives the novel an affinity with The Waste Land, between whose author and F there existed a reciprocal admiration.)

Gatsby himself, once stated, grows only in the understanding of the narrator. He is allowed to say very little in his own person. Indeed, apart from the famous "Her voice is full of money," he says only one memorable thing, but that remark is overwhelming in its intellectual audacity: when he is forced to admit that his lost Daisy did perhaps love her husband, he says, "In any case it was just personal." With that sentence he achieves an insane greatness, convincing us that he really is a Platonic conception of himself, really some sort of son of god.

What underlies all success in poetry, what is even more important than the shape of the poem or its wit of metaphor, is the poet's voice. It either gives us confidence in what is being said or it tells us that we do not need to listen; and it carries both the modulation and the living form of what is being said. In the novel no less than in the poem, the voice of the author is the decisive factor. We are less consciously aware of it in the novel, and, in speaking of the elements of a novel's art, it cannot properly be exemplified by quotation because it is continuous and cumulative.

In F's work the voice of his prose is of the essence of his success. We hear in it at once the tenderness toward human desire that modifies a true firmness of moral judgment. It is, I would venture to say, the normal or ideal voice of the novelist. It is characteristically modest, yet it has in it, without apology or self-consciousness, a largeness, even a stateliness, which derives from F's connection with tradition and with mind, from his sense of what has been done before and the demands

which this past accomplishment makes. "… I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for G's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder." Here, in the well-known passage, the voice is a little dramatic, a little intentional, which is not improper to a passage in climax and conclusion, but it will the better suggest in brief compass the habitual music of F's seriousness.

F lacked prudence, as his heroes did, lacked that blind instinct of self-protection which the writer needs and the American writer needs in double measure. But that is all he lacked—and it is the generous fault, even the heroic fault. He said of his G, "If personality is an unbroken series of successful gestures, there was something gorgeous about him, some heightened sensitivity to the promises of life, as if he were related to one of those intricate machines that register earthquakes ten thousand miles away. This responsiveness had nothing to do with that flabby impressionability which is dignified under the name of 'the creative temperament'—it was an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness such as 1 have never found in any other person and which it is not likely I shall ever find again."

And it is so that we are drawn to see F himself as he stands in his exemplary role.

Columbia ('45)
Lionel Trilling ('1905-'1975) American literary critic, short story writer, essayist & teacher: Amazon

The Man & His Work – Alfred Kazin

When you go back now to the old records and reviews from the twenties—back to the yellowing newspaper gossip about Scott and Zelda jumping out of sheer exuberance into the fountain outside the Plaza; the condescending literary columns that once glittered with all the paste jewels of the period but are now as dim as the stone plaque in Carrier's commemorating the visit of Queen Marie of Romania; the deathless views of the Independent in '25 that The Great Gatsby is another of F's "sophisticated juveniles" or Mrs. Isabel Paterson's historic pronouncement that "it is a book of the season only"—your first thought, actually, is how alive to his quality as a writer, how generous to his every achievement, F's critics were then.

Of course they thought him a great big kid and recklessly wasteful of his talent. And inevitably, his personal legend interested them as much as his books did. With his uncannily representative good looks—"Scott really looks … as the undergraduate would like to look," John C. Mosher noted about him in The New Yorker —his equally vivid wife, his instant success as "the voice of the postwar generation," his violent delight in the "gorgeous" twenties, he could no more help arousing attention and endless gossip than did the Jay G in whose brain "a universe of ineffable gaudiness spun itself out…" Everything about him was on our most picturesque national scale; it was as if the growing self-confidence of American writers and the unashamed veneration of wealth had suddenly met in this son of genteel poverty from Paul. In those days F seemed to have come out of the Middle West, Princeton, the prom halls and football stadiums wrapped in all the rich colors of American wealth from McKinley to Harding, hungry for every privilege and daring every disaster, ready to satisfy the usual American craving for a novelist who would be one "of our own," thoroughly in the national life, and responsive to all its popular idols.

The critics like to josh him. “I’m the only one [of the younger generation] that’s discouraged,” Edmund Wilson has him say in the imaginary dialogue with Van Wyck Brooks, “because I find that I can’t live down at Great Neck on anything under thirty-six thousand a year and I have to write a lot of rotten stuff that bores me and makes me depressed.” He was so much the professionally successful American author trying to beat the old masters, was so poisonously bright and yet so fluently and vulnerably self-absorbed, that he flattered every writer of his own generation into feeling old and wise. Sometimes, like his college friend Wilson, whom in his bitterest despair he was to salute as his “intellectual conscience,” the critics seemed to know him as a man altogether so well that they could not help sounding surprised by every fresh example of his talent—a natural fault in critics faced with a writer who seems to have nothing but talent. But these good critics were too full of their own work, and too happy in the promise of the period, to grudge him anything.

They were naturally generous and enthusiastic in a way serious critics of fiction are not today, for they felt themselves part of an exciting new movement in the American novel. It was even a joke on the copybook traditions of the past that F should be so good; he spelled badly, he read little, his faking and his snobbery were awful. But he was American youth writing— with a freshness of feeling and a miraculously intact belief in romantic love that made the critics see through the college-lit. They recognized that F was better than he allowed himself to be. He was the shining boy, already the Chatterton of our literature, who even at college had known that he wanted to be “one of the greatest writers who have ever lived.” His very disharmonies were national, made Americans feel closer to him than they usually do to a writer; he thought literature could buy him a place like any movie star’s or debutante’s in the high world of American fashion. You sense the protectiveness in so warm a tribute to him before G as Paul Rosenfeld’s, and in the kindly New Yorker profile by John C. Mosher, written around the then unbelievable fact that F was

almost thirty. The critics were eager to note every improvement in style, every sign of developing maturity.

There was often regret, and continuing exasperation, that he spent so much of himself writing for the slicks. But by '25, with G, he had earned the full respect of those "writing friends" who, as Glenway Wescott was to say at the time of his death, "thought he had the best narrative gift of the century." These "writing friends" were his nearest critics, his most loyal, and in many respects his best—the analogy to Marlowe with which John Dos Passos concludes his tribute to F here is one of the most hauntingly right things ever said about him. And how rich F was in those friends—from Wilson and John Peale Bishop at college to Gertrude Stein, Hemingway, Lardner, Dos Passos, and others; how clearly he was their "darling," their "genius," just as he was only too soon to become their "fool."

When, in '40, the smugly contemptuous reviews so infuriated his friends, and a Mr Pegler explained him as one "of a queer bunch of undisciplined brats" who had needed "a kick in the pants and a clout over the scalp," it was stirring to see what a company could rally to his defense in The New Republic. The curious coldness in those tributes toward F himself is something else again. The point here is that in the twenties those who really did most for good writing—like Gertrude Stein; who were most conscientious in applying living standards, like Edmund Wilson; to say nothing of Hemingway, who directly learned from him—knew how good he was, encouraged him, and could assist him.

It has been said that F might have been the Proust of his generation, that his misfortunes were due to a lack of constructive and helpful criticism. Of course no writer ever gets enough of this—perhaps not even a Maupassant working directly under Flaubert, or an Eliot revising and cutting The Waste Land under the tutelage of Ezra Pound. And certainly much of the criticism written about F during the '20s was admiring but frivolous; probably no other writer, except Whitman, has been made the occasion for so many banalities

on the tendency of life in the United States. Yet it was in the very nature of F's work, and of his delirious early success, that the relationship of his critics to him should be more intimate than profound, and after his death, alien to him even when it was deeply reflective.

Besides, pleasing as it is to the vanity of critics to think that writers can learn from them, many novelists are impervious to criticism, and some should be. There are no general laws in these matters, any more than there are "lessons of craft" for a serious novelist today in all the long overdue praise that is now being rendered up to the shade of Henry James. Everything depends on the specific needs and intelligence of the writer himself. It was usually F who taught his more durable contemporaries. His ability to learn for himself, and to discipline himself, was amazing. In less than five years, despite his pranks and his continual waste of himself, he moved from the juvenility to the compressed, deeply moving poet's economy of The Great Gatsby. Even when he was sick and desperate, he worked his way through biting authenticity of The Last Tycoon, some of whose pages have the eerie clarity of a man writing from hell.

I wonder what F would have done with more "constructive" criticism. For surely it was not the lack of artistic insight that ailed him, but his spiritual condition; not "discipline" as such (which no writer can arbitrarily impose on his work) that he needed, but some inner purification and resoluteness, the courage "to put the old white light on the home of my heart." He knew what the trouble was; writers always do, though a writer like F is usually less capable of doing anything about it than others are, for he digs dangerously into himself for every story, and writing becomes a constant drain on his emotional capital. One of the most naturally sentient novelists we have ever had, he had to think like a salesman—what Mark Schorer here calls his "snide charlatanism"—to show that he was on to every smart perception that was a condition for survival in the world he loved.

He said it all in a letter to his daughter written a few months before his death: "…I wish now I'd never relaxed or looked back—but said at the end of G: 'I've found my line—from now on this comes first. This is my immediate duty— without this I'm nothing.'"

To be a Proust you have, at the very least, to give up the world and give in to the "tyrant" of your intelligence, even if it threatens to devour you. And it is to be noticed that richer and subtler as the novels become, the heroes grow progressively more alone, because more aware—F's synonym for a state near to death.

That fear of awareness and aloneness is in our culture; F's critics could not have helped him there. For as they emphasize here over and again, he wanted two different things equally well—and though his art found its "tensile balance" in this conflict, it certainly exhausted him as a man. There was a headlong fatality about him and could have used some constructive and helpful criticism. Even this he could still get from a "writing friend" like Hemingway, who told him, very rightly, that "you are twice as good now as at the time you think you were so marvellous."

After his death in '40—and newspaper articles like: LOST GENERATION LOSES ITS PROPHET—specifically, with the publication of The Last Tycoon in '41 and, in '45, the personal documents Edmund Wilson assembled in The Crack-up along with the title essay—critics began again to do him justice on a wide scale. Charles Weir was prompted to say that "interest in F dies hard".

There is ill-concealed exasperation even in some of the more affirmative essays written after The Last Tycoon and The Crack-Up. One reason for this is F's "romanticism." This term has always been meaningless when applied to our literary history, but it has a special sting now both in our hardboiled culture and in our academic literary culture, where it conveys a distrust of personal expressiveness.

Serious criticism of fiction in America today has no sense of assisting a creative movement; it footnotes the old masters. It insists on explanations of the creative achievement in fiction even when there may be none easily forthcoming, and tends to distrust, just a little, a writer who constantly crossed and recrossed the border line between highbrow and popular literature in this country.

But F is one of those novelists whom it is easier to appreciate than to explain, and whom it is possible, and even fascinating, to read over and over—it has often been remarked that his work grows better on each re-reading—without always being able to account for the sources of your pleasure.

So these last essays are largely a commemorative offering to F, across the generations, by critics who generally admire his sensibility, and who feel that now, with all the late returns in, they can address themselves to the deepest sources of his life.

Quite apart from their host of independent insights, lies the fascination in these essays, even with their seeming duplication— the modern artist's struggle for integrity against the foes in his own household shows its richest meaning in a writer like F.

Success-to-neglect-to-revival—we are so hungry for real writers.

['51-'62]

Alfred Kazin ('1915-'1998) American writer & literary critic: Amazon

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Measuring Success – William Troy

Of course, in any absolute sense, Scott F was not a failure at all; he has left one short novel, passages in several others, and a handful of short stories which stand as much chance of survival as anything of their kind produced in this country during the same period.

If the tag is so often attached to his name, it has been

largely his own fault. It is true that he was the victim, among a great number of other influences in American life, of that paralyzing high-pressure by which the conscientious American writer is hastened to premature extinction as artist or as man.

Upon the appearance of The Crack-Up, a selection by Edmund Wilson of F's letters, notebooks and fugitive pieces, it was notable that all the emptiest and most venal elements in New York journalism united to crow amiably about his literary corpse to this same tune of insufficient production.

Actually, their reproaches betrayed more of their own failure to estimate what was good and enduring in his writing than his acknowledgeable limitations as an artist. If F had turned out as much as X or Y or Z, he would have been a different kind of writer—undoubtedly more admirable from the standpoint of the quasi-moral American ethos of production at any cost, but possibly less worth talking about after his passing. And it might be said that F never hovered so close to real failure as when he listened from time to time, with too willing an ear, to these same reproaches.

But F brought most of it on himself by daring to make failure the consistent theme of his work from first to last. Similarly Virginia Woolf [25 January '1882 – 28 March '1941 » just 3 mths after Fitz] used to be accused by the reviewers of being a sterile writer because she made sterility her principal theme.

Not until Gatsby did F hit upon something like Mr. Eliot's "objective correlative" [Evoking emotion symbols that objectify that emotion and are associated with it.] for the intermingled feeling of personal insufficiency and disillusionment with the world. Here is a remarkable instance of the manner in which adoption of a special form or technique can profoundly modify and define a writer's whole attitude toward his world.

In G is achieved a dissociation, by which F was able to isolate one part of himself, the spectatorial or aesthetic, and also the more intelligent and responsible, in the person of the

ordinary but quite sensible narrator, from another part of himself, the dream-ridden romantic adolescent from the midwest and Princeton, in the person of the legendary Jay Gatsby.

It is this which makes the novel one of the few truly mythological creations in our recent literature—for what is mythology but this same process of projected wish-fulfillment carried out on a larger scale and by the whole consciousness of a race? Indeed, before we are quite through with him, G becomes much more than a mere exorcizing of whatever false elements of the American dream F felt within himself: he becomes a symbol of America itself, dedicated to "the service of a vast, vulgar and meretricious beauty."

Not mythology, however, but a technical device which had been brought to high development by James and Conrad before him, made this dissociation possible for F. The device of the intelligent but sympathetic observer situated at the center of the tale, as James never ceases to demonstrate in the Prefaces, makes for some of the most priceless values in fiction—economy, suspense, intensity. And these values G possesses to a rare degree.

But the same device imposes on the novelist the necessity of tracing through in the observer or narrator himself some sort of growth in general moral perception, which will constitute in effect his story. Here, for example, insofar as the book is G's story it is a story of failure—the prolongation of the adolescent incapacity to distinguish between dream and reality, between the terms demanded of life and the terms offered.

But insofar as it is the narrator's story it is a successful transcendence of a particularly bitter and harrowing set of experiences, localized in the sinister, distorted, El Greco-like Long Island atmosphere of the later '20s, into a world of restored sanity and calm, symbolized by the bracing winter nights of the Middle Western prairies. "Conduct may be founded on the hard rock or the wet marshes," he writes, "but after a certain point I don't care what it's founded on. When I

came back from the East last autumn I felt that I wanted the world to be in uniform and at a sort of moral attention forever; I wanted no more riotous excursions with privileged glimpses into the human heart [ever recurring]."

By reason of its enforced perspective the book takes on the pattern and the meaning of a Grail-romance—or of the initiation ritual on which it is based. Perhaps this will seem a farfetched suggestion to make about a work so obviously modern in every respect; and it is unlikely that F had intended any such model. But like Billy Budd, The Red Badge of Courage, or A Lost Lady—to mention only a few American stories of similar length with which it may be compared —it is a record of the strenuous passage from deluded youth to maturity.

Never again was F to repeat the performance. Of The Last Tycoon we have only the unrevised 133 pages, supported by a loose collection of notes and synopses. In an unguarded admission F describes the book as "an escape into a lavish, romantic past that perhaps will not come again into our time." Its hero, suggested by a well-known Hollywood prodigy of a few years ago, is another one of those poor boys betrayed by "a heightened sensitivity to the promises of life." When we first meet him he is already a sick and disillusioned man, clutching for survival at what is advertised in the notes as "an immediate, dynamic, unusual, physical love affair." This is nothing less than "the meat of the book."

From the synopses Stahr is more like a receptacle for all the more familiar contradictions of his author's own sensibility—his arrogance and generosity, his fondness for money and his need for integrity, his attraction toward the fabulous in American life and his repulsion by its waste and terror. "Stahr is miserable and embittered toward the end," F writes, in one of his own last notes for the book. "Before death, thoughts from Crack-Up."If there is anything symbolic in this situation, could it be the image of the modern Icarus soaring to disaster in that "universe of ineffable gaudiness" which was F's vision

of the America of his time?

His unconscionable good looks were indeed a public phenomenon, and their effect on his total personality was something which he himself would not decline to admit. The imago of the physical self had a way of eclipsing at times the more important imago of the artist. But even this is a delicate enough matter.

Lastly, there was F's exasperation with the multiplicity of modern human existence—especially in his own country. "It's under you, over you, and all around you," he protested, in the hearing of the present writer, to a young woman who had connived at the slow progress of his work. "And the problem is to get hold of it somehow." It was exasperating because for the writer, whose business is to extract the unique quality of his time, what Baudelaire calls the quality of modernite, there was too much to be sensed, to be discarded, to be reconciled into some kind of order. Yet for the writer this was the first of obligations, without it he was nothing—"Our passion is our task, and our task is our passion." What was the common problem of the American novelist was intensified for him by his unusually high sense of vocation.

What F continually implies is that the stakes for which he played were of a kind more difficult and more unattainable than any other writer could ever imagine. And his strength is in the consciousness of this fact.

['45]

William Troy ('1903 – '1961) Poet & TeacherNational Book Award. Spouse: Léonie Adams

TRANSG—ANALYSIS

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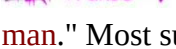
TransG Drama: Nick+Gatsby – Edward Wasiolek

...It is Gatsby's idealized love for Daisy that explains why Nick loves Gatsby. There is of course, in the vast literature on Gatsby some noting of sexual motifs. But they have been, with few exceptions, scattered and casual. The exceptions have been pieces by Murray Levith, Patricia Pacey Thornton, and Keath Fraser. Murray Levith notes, among other things, that F's Long Island is phallic in description, the two eggs suggests male genitals, and G's car is "a rich cream color." He repeats Trilling's characterization of Jordan Baker as vaguely  and takes note of McKee as "a pale feminine man." Most suggestively he calls Gatsby's romantic dream for Daisy "radically prepubescent—indeed infantile." His conclusion is that "F leaves us with a sterile and clearly masturbatory image: 'So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.'" But the details remain details and throw no light on the larger issues of the novel.

Patricia Pacey Thornton pays the most detailed attention to sexual motifs. She notes correctly that F's guest list is filled with sexual hybrids: "The women are 'defeminized'—Mrs. Ulysses Swett, Francis Bull, Faustina O'Brien—and men are emasculated—Newton Orchid, Earnes Lilly, and Russell Betty." She calls Nick and Jordan "androgynous twins." They "cannot properly be called opposite sex since they seem to have equally divided between them masculine and feminine genes. They are, in fact, androgynous twins, and their attraction-repulsion results from their shared and divided natures".

She is most original in the similarities she notes between Myrtle and G. The two never meet and have nothing to do with each other until the fateful accident. She notes that the speech

of both just misses being absurd, that both wear the clothes of the wealthy, and that both are ambitious. She might have summarized all this by saying what is implied, that is, that both want to leave the valley of ashes behind. What she does not say and does not suspect is a deeper relationship: in his psyche Myrtle is the sexual woman that G has left behind and is terrified of meeting again.

If Daisy is the tip of the caldron for G, Myrtle is the caldron, which is to say that Daisy and Myrtle are deeply and inextricably related in G's psyche. G loves Daisy with an ideal love: unswerving, undeviating, and overwhelming. G must make her what she is not and must give her every perfection; his love for Daisy has to be lifted above time and reality. G is determined that the real Daisy—bored, spoiled cynical, and uncaring—must not appear, and when she does, he has to deny her. She must always be for him the Daisy of white innocence and first love. If this obsession has been called innocence and faith, it is also a compulsive and determined flight before reality and into a dream purged of change and blemish.

It is a colossal faith and a colossal flight. What is he running from? The answer is everywhere in the novel. Wolfshiem tells us that he would never so much as look at another man's wife and Jordan Baker is only a name for him. G flees from Myrtle, from the women at his parties, and from the real Daisy. He flees from women and sex. Why? The perfect woman, elevated by abstraction to apotheosis, the quest for whom is associated with the quest for the holy Grail, may be beautiful, but she also represents a split in his psyche and a sign of a severe psychic disorder, a nascent form of emotional suicide. The cool unconcern of G hides rage and terror underneath.

Tom has no problem in stopping off at the valley of the ashes and embracing the "dirty" woman, Myrtle, and Nick, the voyeur, has no trouble accompanying him. But G's car spreads wings when it passes the valley of the ashes and Myrtle's smouldering sensuality. He wants nothing to do with the valley

of ashes or the sexual woman who lives there. G wants to climb to the secret place above the trees and "suck on the pap of life, gulp down the incomparable milk of wonder" where Daisy and the saintly woman lives.

Such a flight from the "dirty" woman to the clean woman is a form of TransG dynamics. There is more than a hint of it in G's distaste for women. We are told that on Dan Cody's yacht women spoiled G early and he contracted a contempt for them; and at his parties, where sex swirls about him, "no French bob touched his shoulder". There is more than a hint, too, in that serieG of surrogate fathers G has sought out to compensate for the weak and ineffectual actual father, the first of which, Dan Cody, dresses him and employs him in a vague and unspecified capacity. Later he will do the same with Klipspringer, who is everywhere present in G's house, and who seems to be employed in a vague and unspecified capacity and has the air of a kept boy.

The most telling evidence of G's repressed TransG comes from Nick himself, as do the reasons why G is so important to Nick, important enough to give up his "girl" and to stand with G against the world in the crisis days of his life. At the end of the novel, it is G and Nick against the world.

I am suggesting that the reason Nick feels sympathy for G and distaste for Tom has less to do with what G and Tom are in themselves and everything to do with Nick's psychological needs. Nick favors G because he favors what he is, feels so intensely for him because he feels what he feels. Put bluntly we are confronted with the sympathy of one TransG for another. Is there anything in or text to support this. Yes, rather blatantly so. Nick shows something of his TransG leanings in the distaste that he registers for the aggressive masculinity of Tom and the repugnance he feels for Tom's dirty love. But these proclivities become overt at the party in Tom and Myrtle's apartment and in his relationship to Mr. McKee. According to Nick, Mrs. McKee is shrill, languid, and horrible; Catherine is rather grotesque with her sticky bob of red hair,

her rakish eyebrows, and blurred expression on her face. Mr. McKee, on the other hand, is respectful to everyone, and Nick notices the intimate detail of lather on McKee's cheekbone. Nick is tender and attentive to his effeminate gentleman, who is in the artistic game. So attentive that when McKee leaves, he leaves with him, and as subsequent events show, for a purpose.

It is McKee who suggests to Nick to come and have lunch with him "anywhere," and it is the elevator boy who—and in this context the image must be sexual—orders McKee to take his hands off the lever. And it is we who read after three dots about Nick standing beside McKee's bed and McKee apparently sitting up between the sheets clad in his underwear. The last paragraph of Chapter II has Nick half asleep in the cold lower level of Penn station waiting for the four o'clock train.

How strange that for decades in the vast critical literature of commentary on The Great G, there is hardly a mention of this scene. [*FN* » .n mck.]

Keath Fraser in "Another Reading of Gatsby" was almost alone in pointing to the TransG implications of the scene that ends Chapter II. He is also acute in his analysis of Nick and Jordan Baker's relationship.

Nick's homosexual proclivities have to be made firm and definite. I do not know how one can read the scene in McKee's bedroom in any other way, especially when so many other facts about his behavior support such a conclusion.

Nick’s empathy with G explain not only his overt defense of G, but his behavior in the novel with other people. Like G he acts out something of the same kind of pattern of flight and defense. We have to remind ourselves that he has come East not only to sell bonds, but also to flee from a romantic entanglement, and later he flees the entanglement of the brief Jersey City affair. Most clearly, however he imitates G's love for Daisy by his love affair with Jordan. Jordan has something of the same brand of sophistication as Daisy. We are

introduced to both in images of sensuous purity; both are dressed in white and so free of earthly dross that they seem to float in the air. They passed their youth together; they have the same friends, move in the same circles, have something of the same brittle beauty and insouciance, and if Nick is a little in love with his cousin, he is a little more in love with TransG*ish* Jordan Baker.

Daisy is G's defense against women, and Jordan is Nick's against women. It cannot escape our attention that Jordan has the body of a boy and that she has qualities of character that are conventionally considered to be masculine. She is aggressive, cynical, and engaged in sports at a time when few women were. She wears all her clothes as if they were sport clothes, and walks as if she had learned to walk on a golf course.

When she perspires the suggestion of a moustache appears on her upper lip. Nick doesn't have to feel the emotions one usually feels for a woman: tenderness, affection, love. Jordan protects him from these by her cynicism and proud and haughty face. He can participate with impunity in that dishonesty, cynicism, and carelessness which he energetically excludes from his characterization of himself. It is as if the insensitivity and TransG hidden in G's love of Daisy is partially revealed in Nick's "love" for Jordan. It is not without significance that when G is abandoned by his love, Daisy, Nick abandons his love, Jordan.

At the end it is N+G alone against a cold and uncaring world. The fidelity that G had shown to Daisy, N shows to G. If Nick's feelings for G are intense, they are equally intense for Tom. And they are intense for the same reason. Tom pursues the coarse sexuality, which G has excluded from his consciousness by idealization and repression. Tom, too, in his compulsive and promiscuous sexuality enacts a flight from real love as much as does G. Both will have nothing to do with real women. Both dividec women into pure and dirty. Is it any wonder that they both love the same woman, Daisy. She is

sufficiently removed from reality to meet the needs of both.

Despite his aversion to Tom's aggressive masculinity and primeval thinking, N accompanies Tom on his rounds, participating vicariously in his sexual exploits, even to the point of providing Tom and Myrtle with the time and space to complete their fornications. Indeed, in what appears to be almost a primal scene, he is just outside the door where Tom and Myrtle effect their sexual union. And he is just outside the door when Daisy and G celebrate their "idealistic" union. N is the enabler and observer in both unions.

Myrtle kneeling in her own blood, her dress ripped and her breast flapping helplessly is an image of sex punished and punished by the pure woman, with the instruments of G's power. G protects the ideal woman and flees from the sexual woman. This climactic scene reenacts the drama of G's psychic structure. Deep in his psyche he had killed the dirty woman in himself by giving all his power to the pure woman, and by doing so he had killed himself. G is mistaken by Wilson to be the murderer of Myrtle, but in a psychoanalytic sense it is not a mistake. The keeper of the "dirty" woman, Wilson, kills the keeper of the clean woman G. The psychic suicide is corroborated by the actual murder-suicide. When it is all over and only N remains, the dirt that has been kept at bay returns: an obscene word is found scrawled on the sidewalk before the house, and N finds dust (from the valley of ashes?) settling over the furniture in G's house.

Nick, of course, loves G and hates Tom, but this is so because G throws a veil of glamor and fateful romance over his displaced TransG, while Tom reveals it in a vulgar irredeemable form. The same split of dirty and clean woman exists in Tom, too, and his exaggerated masculinity is as much a sign of his TransG as is G's idealism. But Tom exposes the dirty woman by seeking her out and embracing her, and it is the exposure that N finds intolerable, especially in such a vulgar and naked form. Tom acts out what G is terrified of. G's dirty woman is deeply repressed and surfaces in his

consciousness in the sexual violence he orchestrates but does not participate in at his parties. These parties have a dreamlike quality to them, and G's part in the parties are analogous to the distancing of responsibility in repression.

N is in the psychic drama what he has been in the economic drama: the voyeur timidly playing all bases and striving to have it both ways, while elevating this strategy to honesty and good sense. Perhaps it is good sense, but it is not honest. His bourgeois background where the family fortune has been put together by small economics and few risks has served him well. In the end N is cowed by the hated father and the seigneur of the castle, and shakes hands with him, all rationalized, of course, as largeness of spirit.

It may be objected that a psychoanalytic reading of the novel diminishes the significance of the hero, and that it gives him a less lofty part than he has an an embodiment of the American dream. It certainly makes N something other than that impartial observer and objective reporter that he puts himself forth as, and that a tradition of criticism had taken at face value.

There is no doubt that G enacts a social and economic drama of mythic proportions. He is the selfmade man who rattles the doors of the rich and almost makes it to the castle's center. He is N's economic and social phantasy, as well as his psychological phantasy. F knew that in his attempts to seize and hold what America and his age meant to him, he had to struggle with destructive urges that overwhelmed him. F's progressive descent in his novels can be looked at as a sweeping of the romanticizations of love exposing a franker and deeper examination of TransG. If Daisy is Gatsby's dream, and Gatsby is Nick's dream, both of them are F's dream.

If Freud is right that we are all the actors in our dreams, then F is all the actors in The Great Gatsby. As he had to be. We know enough about his love life to know how destructive and futile it was, how desperately and emptily he slept with whatever came his way; and if there was no overt TransG—

and there probably was—there was enough in covert fantasy to fuel his destructive loves.

['92]

Edward Wasiolek ('1924 - '2018) American literary scholar
Notebooks for a Raw Youth [Harvard '55] UChicago

.2.25b.2pp.g-fra. TOC | *FN*

Another Reading – Keath Fraser

> Begin with an individual, and before you know it you find that you have created a type; begin with a type, and you find that you have created—nothing. That is because we are all queer fish, queerer behind our faces and voices than we want any one to know or than we know ourselves. When I hear a man proclaiming himself an "average, honest, open fellow," I feel pretty sure that he has some definite and perhaps terrible abnormality which he has agreed to conceal—and his protestation of being average and honest and open is his way of reminding himself of his misprision.
>
> – Narrator in The Rich Boy

> "Every one suspects himself of at least one of the cardinal virtues, and this is mine: I am one of the few honest people that I have ever known.
>
> – Narrator in Gatsby

"Gonnegtions" are of course important in Gatsby, for without them G's rumoured association with crime, and its particular dialect, would not ring as true. The presence of Wolfsheim serves to connect G with the underworld from which his riches are hatched and his plans to marry Daisy made possible. "Gonnegtions" are G's dream, and also Nick's.

What G of West Egg is seeking, by means of the lucrative business afforded by the underworld portrayed in Wolfsheim, is a coneggtion with Daisy Fay of East Egg. In this light, his "Platonic conception of himself" is enriched by what I take to be F's allusion to Plato's parable in The Symposium about the origin of love. In The Symposium Aristophanes is made to tell how Zeus, angered at the behaviour of the three circular shapes constituting the original sexes, decides to cut each in half: like eggs, says Plato, sliced in half by a hair. Yearning ever since to be reunited with himself, man has sought to couple with his other half. According to Plato, the resultant halves of the original hermaphrodite became heterosexual men and women; halves of the original female, lesbian, women; while fragments of the first male turned into men who have devoted their lives (honourably in Plato's eyes) to the intimacy of boys and other men ("it requires," says Plato, "the compulsion of convention to overcome their natural disinclination to marriage and procreation").

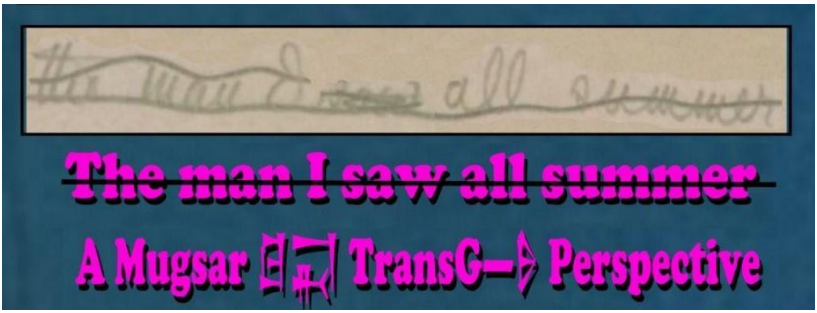
If Gatsby is a love story, and it is, it is one aware of this complex sexuality of antiquity. As we shall see, it is not only to The Symposium that we must turn for confirmation of the novel's peculiar and hitherto unnoticed sexuality — the theme of what follows — but also to The Satyricon of Petronius.

Here and there in F's novel inklings of depravity turn reader into voyeur. One never quite knows, for example, how to read the last page of Chapter 2, a scene which follows the dissolute party in Myrtle Wilson's apartment, when Nick follows Mr. McKee out to the elevator. Descending, McKee suggests Nick have lunch with him some day — anywhere— and the elevator boy snaps: "Keep your hands off the *lever*" (38). Apologetic, McKee says he was unaware he was touching *it*. [*FN* » .n mck.]

The narrator says he would be glad to go. Where they go is to McKee's bedroom: "…I was standing beside his bed and he was sitting up between the sheets, clad in his underwear, with a great portfolio in his hands." Then some more of the narrator's ellipses between what we presume are titles of photographs

taken by McKee are followed by Nick's abrupt removal to "the cold lower level" of Pennsylvania Station where he lies waiting for the morning train. It is an odd scene because Nick never goes to lunch with McKee and McKee never reappears. Odder still is the...

Prof Keath Fraser ['79]
muse.jhu.edu/article/692822



It's truly baffling that for decades no critics bored in on the pivotal McKee scene, and no scholars picked up on what was crossed out shortly afterwards, confirming TransG—Nick/F.

OK, on McKee, the first few naive reads, you may miss it. But it became a flashing green light after living in Japan where elevator operators were still in use in big department stores—infamously sitting-ducks for predators. So now it's the Mugsar TransG Perspective – just like we were the first to out-do the tenured $200k professors by deciphering the 5,000 y.o. TransG Eshdam Tablet – 1st ever TransG and everyday life story – we do likewise with F's pencil draft (aka MS Autograph/Holograph). Particularly, the crossings out of the Nick+McKee scene, and afterward, to decipher for the first time ever, unequivocal sensational evidence that Nick=F really was TransG. In fact, it was by premeditated design on F's part, until later, when he began to worry about censorship of the times. Then it was cutting and even more intricately layered.

The Book

> First the harbinger plant just before the McKee+Nick/F episode (FN » *Harbinger scp*) – the deliberate focus on the Simon Called Peter ’21 auto-bio novel by Robert Keable (’1887-’1927) & its Broadway ’24 play during Gatsby writing, controversial for sexual content re “utterly immoral” priest, conjures Sigourney Fay+F rel.—signals TransG barrage to come, tho’ largely crossed out MS ...one gets the distinct feeling the original sequence of all these TransG pieces was carefully thoughtout by F. And, generally, he stated that his preferance was not to use imagination, but rather, whatever was going on around him, at the time.

...McKee turned and continued on out the door. *Taking my hat* [McKee taking Nick’s hat – a clear TransG come-on signal] from the chandelier, I followed.

"Come to lunch some day" [TransG invitation] he suggested, as we groaned down in the elevator.

"Where?"

"Anywhere."

"Keep your hands off the *lever* [/his phallus?]" snapped the elevator boy.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. McKee with dignity, "I didn't know I was touching *it*."

"All right," I agreed, "I'll be glad to."3

. . . I was standing beside his *bed* [first time meeting and Nick is in McKee's bedroom!] and he was sitting up between the sheets, [~~undressed~~ /] clad in his underwear, with a *great portfolio* [*phallus*, 2nd inference, just a few lines after “lever”] *in his hands*.

"Beauty and the Beast . . . Loneliness . . . Old Grocery Horse . . . Brook'n Bridge ...." [Nick dreaming or F throwing off censors]

Then I was lying half asleep in the cold lower level of the Pennsylvania Station, staring at the morning TRIBUNE, and waiting for the four o'clock train.

..

[**HOT1a**] TransG Nick+McKee

TransG Nick/F – 'Dead giveaways':

- ✓ The SCP Harbinger (see above).
- ✓ Trim.Cut: Nick: "seek no love in a woman" (see below)
- ✓ obsessed with G, came East to escape traditional straight relationship, wiping lather off face of McKee, described by N as "=a pale, feminine man", F uses Jordan male name – blatantly TransG*ish* - tall "small-breasted... moustache" – no mother? N/J beards for each other, N's musings on turning 30: "Thirty—the promise of a decade of loneliness, a thinning list of single men to know..."
- ✓ F makes the novel more about himself as Nick - scribe/chronicler / the mid-west guy who doesn't fit / unsure sexual orientation?
- ✓ Zelda's affair with Jouzan during drafting (summer of '24), Zelda's allusions to not being sexually satisfied.
- ✓ Fitz-Hemingway relationship rumors – their 'let's compare dick size' episode – how did that really play out in the "*les water*", especially in the light of Hem's posthumously (he worked on the draft for decades) published TransG Garden of Eden.
- ✓ F met Gerald Murphy who was TransG in summer of '24 during writing.
- ✓ Bottom-line F deliberately ended up (cut G bio out of earlier drafts not just to make more mysterious) with a book where the titular character deemed great to boot is really a supporting character, less than 40% screen time to N's over 60%, and more about exploring his TransG.
- ✓ F emphasized getting "rough" sex in ch 2 past the censors in letter to Max – the pencil MS is even more

explicit – crosses out a dead giveaway "~~undressed~~" » see below Nick+McKee TransG scene Frame 237 holograph 25 & afterward 239 (238 blank) h26.

- ✓ The page following shows it's not the abrupt end like in the book.
- ✓ But in the cross-out Nick=F muses about the man he hung with all summer. And even later the mention of a short affair with the named the unusual "Weemis"—penciled in bold type and not crossed out but doesn't make the book, prob. Surname usu. Weems var. of Weemyss (Scot., ex. Scotch whisky brand) reflecting usu. pronunciation, but heavy emphasis on a surname here could infer it was really a man, and so in the end to be on the save side, gets cut.
- ✓ IAE he lets it "*blow away*" this person, because in the cross-out her brother is giving him the leery rape intention "~~favoring~~" look.
- ✓ This fits with F being infamous for his natural feminine / TransG looks attracting not just boyfriends but the rough predator rapist types, specifically here, he's clearly used to wanted/McKee, as well as the unwanted/Weemis-brother male TransG attractions...
- ✓ Also in pencil after last paragraph at Penn Station F has instruction: "Leave two spaces here" – just let that last scene simmer in the reader for a few extra moments.

Now F's Pencil Draft – Autograph MS holograpaph frames

Pages show frame no. (alternate are mostly blank, prob. back of page)

Also see copies in our special Google-Photos album:
photos.app.goo.gl/LdK3euWw2ohgM1Je7

Some lead up pages/frames:

F77 / Holograph 38 – ch2 start

79 At least once a fortnight ...caterers

83 [invitation to party]...signed Jay Gatsby in a bold swooping

103 Having a gay time now ... Much better

III Sometimes they do

123 But the wheel's off [after party]

127 schedule in effect July 5th *1921* [bk: 1922]

129 A man named Klipspringer [Gatsby's whore boy]

131 nervous sporadic games

153 A dead man passed us in a hearse

171 Daisy Machin's [after Zelda mother's (Minnie Machen outlived them all, to 98!) maiden name, before change to Fay, after TransG 'mentor' house, Sigourney Fay] ... she was five years older

185 What does she think about meeting Gatsby

191 Repairs George B Wilson Cars Bought and Sold

197 Get some chairs why don't you so

203 police dog

209 took a bottle of whisky

213 pale feminine man

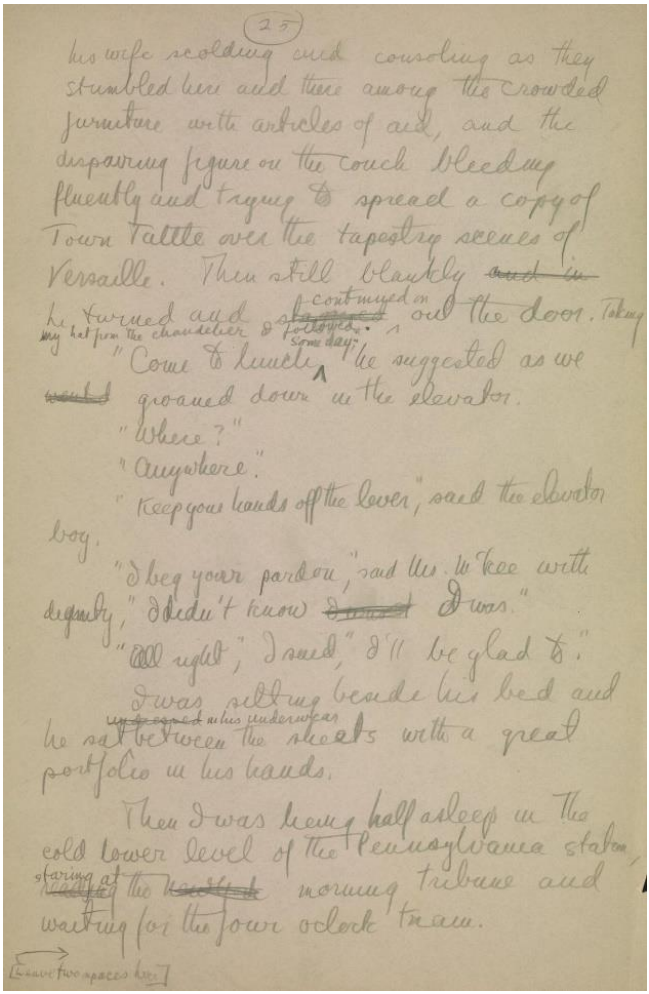
217 (Holograph p15) I like your dress

219 You McKee's have something to drink

225 ...just back from Monte Carlo

235 Daisy! Daisy! Daisy!...(Tom breaks Myrtle's nose)

The Nick+McKee (237/26)



(25)

his wife scolding and consoling as they stumbled here and there among the crowded furniture with articles of aid, and the despairing figure on the couch bleeding fluently and trying to spread a copy of Town Tattle over the tapestry scenes of Versaille. Then still blankly ~~and in~~ he turned and ~~stamped~~ continued on out the door. Taking my hat from the chandelier I followed some day.

"Come to lunch," he suggested as we ~~went~~ groaned down in the elevator.

"Where?"

"Anywhere."

"Keep your hands off the lever," said the elevator boy.

"I beg your pardon," said Mr. McKee with dignity, "I didn't know ~~I was~~ I was."

"All right," I said, "I'll be glad to."

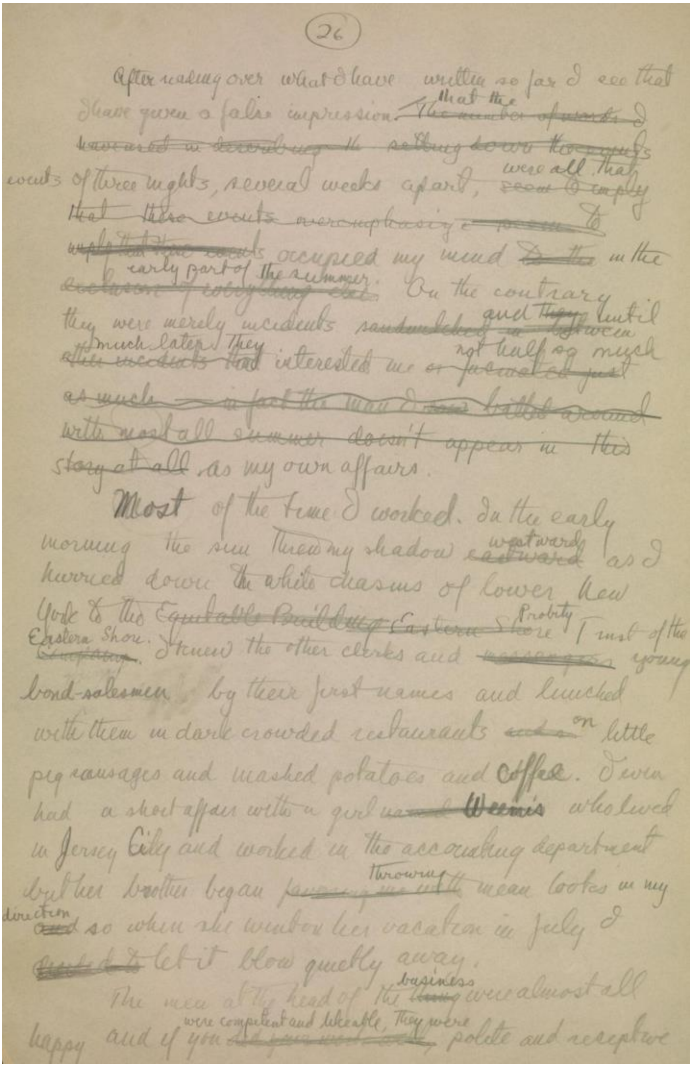
I was sitting beside his bed and he sat ~~undressed~~ in his underwear between the sheets with a great portfolio in his hands.

Then I was being half asleep in the cold lower level of the Pennsylvania station, ~~reading~~ staring at the ~~newsstand~~ morning tribune and waiting for the four oclock train.

[leave two spaces here]

...lever (in McKee's bedroom ~~undressed~~ [note 238 blank])

"~~the man I saw… all summer~~" (239/26)



(26)

After reading over what I have written so far I see that I have given a false impression. ~~The number of words I have used in describing the setting down the~~ that the events of three nights, several weeks apart, were all that ~~seem to imply that these events overemphasize~~ occupied my mind in the early part of the summer. On the contrary they were merely incidents ~~sandwiched in between~~ and until much later, They interested me ~~or fascinated just as much — in fact the man I saw battle around with most all summer doesn't appear in this story at all~~ not half so much as my own affairs.

Most of the time I worked. In the early morning the sun threw my shadow ~~eastward~~ westward as I hurried down the white chasms of lower New York to the ~~Equitable Building~~ ~~Eastern Shore~~ Probity Trust of the Eastern Shore. I knew the other clerks and young bond-salesmen by their first names and lunched with them in dark crowded restaurants ~~and on~~ on little pig sausages and mashed potatoes and coffee. I even had a short affair with a girl ~~named~~ Weemis who lived in Jersey City and worked in the accounting department but her brother began ~~favoring me with~~ throwing mean looks in my direction ~~and~~ so when she went on her vacation in July I ~~decided to~~ let it blow quietly away.

The men at the head of the ~~thing~~ business were almost all happy and if you were competent and likeable, They were polite and receptive

F239/H26: "the man I saw... all summer" –Transcript

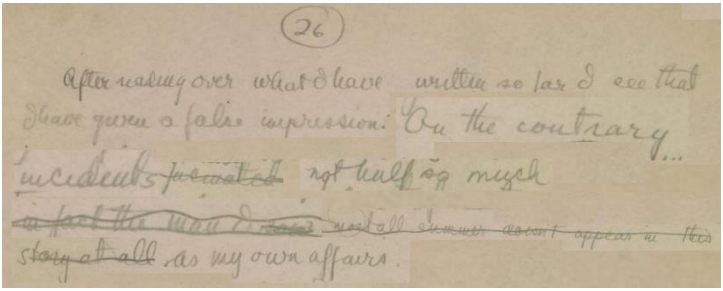
After reading over what I have written so far I see that I have given a false impression that ~~the number of words I have used in describing the setting down the events~~ of these nights, several weeks apart | ~~seem to imply that these events were overunpleasing~~. ~~Seem to imply that the events~~ | occupied my mind | ~~to the exclusion of everything thing else.~~ | On the contrary they were merely incidents ~~sandwiched in between after~~ ~~incidents~~ | that interested me ~~or~~ ~~infatuated~~. ~~Just as much in fact~~ **~~the man I saw~~** / batted around with ~~most~~ **~~all summer~~** ~~doesn't appear in this story at all.~~ As my own affairs.

Note "saw" is heavily crossed-out, F really wants to hide

that he was 'seeing' a man, and waters it down to innocuous 'batted around with'.

Thus, F's true deep subconscious shocking intent was to 'come out' and write:

> After reading over what I have written so far I see that I have given a false impression... On the contrary... incidents that infatuated me... not half as much in fact the man I saw most all summer doesn't appear in this story at all... my affairs...



photos.app.goo.gl/MJnuRUA6FfgkYWhr6

(F's TransG affair all summer may well have been the impetus for Zelda to retaliate by having an affair of her own with Jozan.)

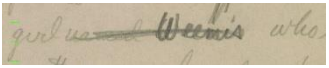
In the end he eventually censored down to initially:
…that the events of three nights, several weeks apart, were all that occupied my mind | in the early part of the summer. On the contrary they were merely incidents and until much later they interested me not half as much as my own affairs.

Then finally with his cadence touch, the book:
Reading over what I have written so far, I see I have given the impression that the events of three nights several weeks apart were all that absorbed me. On the contrary, they were merely casual events in a crowded summer, and, until much later, they absorbed me infinitely less than my personal affairs.

Then we go down to:
... short affair with a girl ~~usual?~~ **~~Weemis~~** who lived in Jersey City... brother began ~~favoring~~ throwing me with mean [rape]

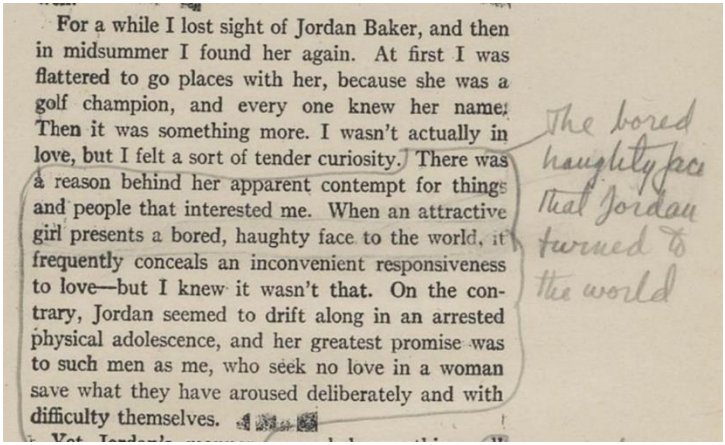
looks in my direction...

Note emphasis on “Weemis”



Then shortly after Jersey/Weemis girl these TransG musings, *“I wasn't actually in love”*, then expanded, but ultimately cut from Trim.:

[HOT1b] Trim. (G18) Cut: TransG Nick: “seek no love in a woman” (FN: .bk ch3 end. » no[-]*woman*)



{There was a reason behind her apparent contempt for things and people that interested me. When an attractive girl presents a bored, after haughty face to the world, it frequently conceals an inconvenient responsiveness to love—but I knew it wasn’t that. On the contrary, Jordan seemed to drift along in an arrested physical adolescence, and her greatest promise was to such **men as me, who seek no love in a woman** save what they have aroused deliberately and with difficulty themselves.}

» bk: The bored haughty face that Jordan turned to the world...

[ch3 bk 71]

So, these censored and revised sections were now moved from ‘ch2 end’ to ‘ch3 end’ after Gatsby’s party and the *mustache* observation.

And finally, after all these shenanigans the last paragraph of ch3 we have N=F speaking out of the side of his mouth with:

“Every one suspects himself of at least one of the cardinal virtues, and this is mine: I am one of the few honest {decent} people that I have ever known.”

...Perhaps F was evolving in coming to terms with the self,

compare:

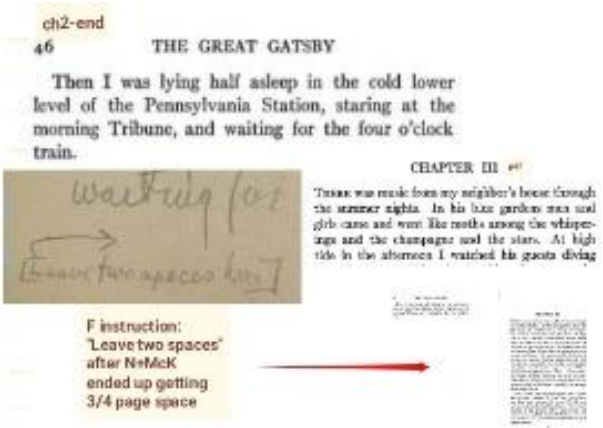
Early on in his career from May Day (’20):

> I was always queer—little bit different from other boys.

Then, after writing G, the opening passage of The Rich Boy (’24-25, though not published until Jan. ’26):

> Begin with an individual, and before you know it you find that you have created a type; begin with a type, and you find that you have created—nothing. That is because we are all queer fish, queerer behind our faces and voices than we want any one to know or than we know ourselves. When I hear a man proclaiming himself an ‘average, honest, open fellow,’ I feel pretty sure that he has some definite and perhaps terrible abnormality which he has agreed to conceal.

..



2 spaces became ¾ pg before start ch3

"No harm in trying," he said.

The caterwauling horns had reached a crescendo and I turned away and cut across the lawn toward home. I glanced back once. A wafer of a moon was shining over Gatsby's house, making the night fine as before, and surviving the laughter and the sound of his still glowing garden. A sudden emptiness seemed to flow now from the windows and the great doors, endowing with complete isolation the figure of the host, who stood on the porch, his hand up in a formal gesture of farewell.

F239/H26 sep fr 237/H25 N+McK ch2-end » ch3

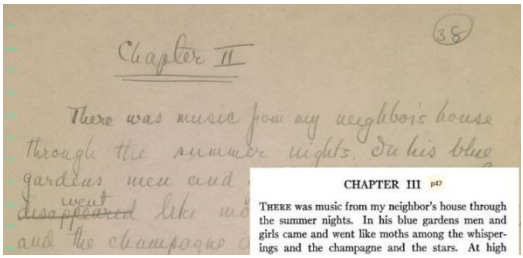
bk-ch2 pp27-46(N+McK H25) bk-ch3 pp47-72 (68 Reading over H26)

Reading over what I have written so far, I see I have given the impression that the events of three nights several weeks apart were all that absorbed me. On the contrary, they were merely casual events in a crowded summer, and, until much later, they absorbed me infinitely less than my personal affairs. Most of the time I worked. In the early morning

FN » Reading-over

..

After separating Holograph 26 – 'crossed-out TransG N=F+man he hung out with all summer', F



then moves start ch2 – "There was music from my neighbor's house to start ch3,

probably as a distraction after TransG Nick+McKee scene. And then sticks that revised censored version to after that, towards ch3 end.

All nicely buried and taken care of, until Mugsar came along. Talk about closeted author, unequivocal proof this really is The Great TransG Novel, for the slight of hand deception, alone.

For a century Gatsby has been read completely the wrong way—F even stated as much himself from the outset, that to his surprise, nobody has picked up on what this novel is really about.

The real novel is certainly not the censored for the times publication—it is not even the Trimalchio galleys version —the real novel is in what's crossed out in holographs 25 & 26.

After 4 film versions ('26, 49, 74, 13), at least one major TV version ('00) in a 100 years, it's about time for the 'Streaming MugsarTV TransGatsby True Version', don't you think. Where the star is clearly not Gatsby, but Nick. Has to be played by someone that resembles Scott F—with a script that is a 'movie within a movie', we see Fitz, trusty pencil in hand, in Villa Marie Riviera '24, grappling with drafts, recalling that long hot summer of '22 in White Bear Lake MN where Zelda is fed up with his TransG affair, forcing the move to Great Neck Long Is in the fall, and the parties, and the trying to write, and the...

Can you just see now the tantalizing teaser '24 trailer with short clips of the 'Nick+McKee' & 'Nick+ManAllSummer' scenes!

Capote's TransG Screenplay – Emily Furlich

Truman Capote occupied a queer position as an openly TransG man adapting The Great Gatsby for the screen in the homophobic Hollywood system of the early '1970s. In January '72, Paramount Pictures rejected Capote's Gatsby screenplay and dismissed him from the film entirely. In this study, I investigate a tenuous claim that has circulated for decades: that Capote was fired from the project because he wrote Nick and Jordan Baker as TransG characters.

Capote deployed what Alexander Doty calls 'working-within-the-system tactics' to suggest TransG that would be apparent to viewers accustomed to interpreting media outside of dominant codes dictated by heteronormative conventions, while also using what licence he had to incorporate more explicitly TransG moments.

This article contributes to research on Capote's manuscript with a close reading of TransG in the text, and an account of the personal and professional struggles related to TransG identity that Capote faced while developing the script.

> ["There's a screenplay for it written by Truman Capote, which I got my hands on. Bob Evans, whom I now know very well and who was running the studio at the time, rejected it. Because, basically, Jordan is gay and Nick is gay and the script is too hardcore." – Baz Luhrmann]

Emily G Furlich ['21]
Intellectdiscover.com/content/journals...

A Petronian Brothel – Rose Maclean

F seriously considered naming The Great Gatsby after Trimalchio, an excessively wealthy, flamboyant ex-slave who stars in the most famous fragment of Petronius's Satyricon. Discussions of the echoes between these two novels usually concentrate on Trimalchio, whose nouveau riche pretensions align with those of Jay Gatsby. This paper advances a broader approach that accounts for fragments of the Satyricon other than Trimalchio's banquet. In particular, the so-called Quartilla episode in Petronius helps to illuminate the impact of TransG on F's narrator during a drunken gathering at Myrtle Wilson's apartment.

Rose MacLean Assoc Prof UCSB ['16]
semanticscholar.org/paper/A-Petronian-Brothel...

Pink Suits & TransG – Maggie Gordon Froehlich

...It's difficult to imagine a character less interested in flying under the radar; Jay Gatsby wears a pink suit and colorful silk shirts, he drives a ridiculously tricked out car with a three-noted horn, and he plays host to wild, raucous parties likened to those of Trimalchio in The Satyricon.

There was another discourse of identity emerging in the decades before Gatsby, that of sexuality and of same-sex desire, which is, in some ways, remarkable in its absence from the text. During this period, discourses on sexuality, like those of race, were being constructed, as the work of Sigmund Freud-which represented TransG in terms of psychological dysfunction-came to replace the medical discourse of "sexual inversion" in the work of Richard von Krafft-Ebing and Havelock Ellis, in which TransG was presented as congenital (like Tom's scientific racism, of which he tells Nick: "It's all scientific stuff; it's been proved").

Anyone familiar with the biography is well aware that,

throughout his life, F was terrified of being identified as TransG and uneasy about his sexuality and sexual performance, and he expressed a vehement hatred of, in his word, "fairies." TransG is treated explicitly in F's next novel, Tender is the Night, and the author's notes for the novel show that he was, at least by that time, familiar with works on sexology: "Must avoid Faulkner attitude and not end with a novelized Kraft-Ebing-better Ophelia and her flowers".

So, in some ways, it seems strange that TransG is not addressed even more overtly in G. Strange, that is, unless we recognize sexual transgression as the open secret of the novel. F's odd references to racialist discourse in G reflect the author's recognition of the connections between the two incipient ways of conceptualizing social identity and that his representation of such intersections in the novel in '1925 affirms recent insights in contemporary studies of race and sexuality. Lisa Duggan highlights the relatedness of racial and gender discourse in the early century in Sapphic Slashers: Sex, Violence, and American Modernity: "The increasingly rigid racial binary of the '1890s encountered a shifting gender binary and interacted to produce a new sexual binary implicitly marked by race and class"...

Maggie Gordon Froehlich Assoc Prof Gender Studies PSU ['10]
semanticscholar.org/paper/Jordan-Baker...

Bitched – Todd Onderdonk

...Plagued by anxieties about *TransG*, F used his work as implicit self-portraiture to suggest his own achievement of exclusive forms of TransG authorship. Central to this aim is the use of author surrogates, first-person narrators or protagonists who evoke the author himself in the act of attaining "literary manhood," a form of TransG distinguished not by physical or sexual dominance, but by intellectual and emotional superiorities.

Yet the surrogate attains these qualities through shocking humiliations and defeats; he is wounded and laid low by mediocrity, by women, "lesser" men, and by modern life itself.

As Hemingway wrote, the true artist "impersonally" turned his feminization into art: "We are all bitched from the start and you especially have to be hurt like hell before you can write seriously. But when you get the damned hurt use it. Be as faithful to it as a scientist."

Scientifically turning "damned hurts" into difficult new forms of modern knowledge, modernists redressed cultural and professional anxieties by converting trauma into intellectual mastery, agency, and social authority. To privilege certain traits, however, is to reject others. The epistemological victories modernists attained through their defeats rely on a repudiation of the "feminine," whether portrayed in women, in TransG, or in racial others. Thus implicating highly influential concepts of modern authorship with broader cultural attitudes toward gender, and identity politics at the heart of the modern novel.

In Gatsby, there is Nick, who like F, comes from a family of "prominent, well-to-do people" in a "middle-western city" (F was from Minnesota), remembers long winter trains rides to Chicago through the Wisconsin night, and displays a fascination with the affairs of the very rich, on whose lives and

values he reports with penetration and wit.

There might seem nothing unusual in this “writing from life,” using, that is, one’s own material experience as “material” for one’s fiction; indeed, many authors do it. And it is true as well that F distributed aspects of his self and experiences to other, less favored, characters. But it is a remarkable and suspicious fact that these “author surrogates,” each ostensibly the actual writer of the work in which they appear, achieve by the end of their tales a “manly” epistemological mastery that no other character can approach.

This state of mastery—evoked through the surrogate’s “impersonal” apprehension of difficult modern truths—is constructed as an exclusively masculine faculty, defined against romantic, sentimental or corrupted forms of knowledge that are associated in the novels with femininity or effeminacy.

Nick though sympathetic to the romantic emblematized in his neighbor, an arriviste of mysterious means and pink couture, is the only observer in the novel to plumb the complexities of G’s story and motivations, and arrive at an objective and appropriately complex evaluation of his character.

This complexity is hinted at in a teasing juxtaposition in the opening pages of the novel, where we meet a “G who represented everything for which I have an unaffected scorn,” alongside another G with “an extraordinary gift for hope, a romantic readiness such as I have never found in any other person and which it is not likely I shall ever find again”. G may have “extraordinary gifts,” but as Nick finds out, he is also a naïf whose “romantic readiness” dooms him in a modern America that, contrary to its ideology of self-transformation, corrupts or destroys those who dream of romantic or economic transcendence.

Nick’s exclusive apprehension of this contradictory and tragic reality—he has begun knowing nothing about his strange neighbor, but ends knowing all—is emphasized in the

loneliness of his lyrical outburst at the end of the novel (on G's beach on N's last night in New York), a soliloquy shared only with the reader.

Similarly emphasizing the exclusive nature of N's knowledge is G's abandonment, after his death, by everyone who might have been expected to take an interest in his fate—not only his business partners and party guests, but also his corrupt love interest, Daisy, whose flight from self-knowledge (and culpability) is starkly contrasted with N's loyalty and insight. Showcasing his (generous) intellectual superiority over the romantic and sentimental G, over the romantic but corrupt Daisy, and over the just plain corrupt Jordan Baker, surrogate N thus performs F's own "masculine" objectivity toward a romanticism of such extra-textual, self-constructive aims playing more of a role in the form and composition of the modernist novel than scholars have previously acknowledged.

Perhaps this gap in our understanding of literary modernism's self-constructive textual operations has been the result of another peculiar factor connecting these author surrogates: they each attain their superior qualities through shocking humiliations and defeats; they are wounded and laid low by mediocrity, by women, lesser men, and by modern life itself.

Hemingway also impliesd that his friend is literally "bitched" in having married Zelda, "someone who was jealous of your work, wants to compete with you and ruins you," to be "bitched" here signifies more broadly that one is, in some cultural or existential way, dogged, wounded, "from the start." One is either under assault by a "bitch" and/or reduced to *being* a "bitch" by that assault—made, indeed, to be *TransG'd*.

Paradoxical relations between TransG and "dominant" forms of epistemology have thus far eluded scholars who, as a result, have been divided about whether G is a work of gender-progressive male feminists, or of reactionary masculinists. Though they commonly extrapolate attitudes or ideas about gender, race, class, or sexuality from a work's characters,

actions, word choices, themes, and so on—formal elements all—this kind of interpretation often follows from a presupposition that the author's choices were made either unconsciously, determined by apparently irresistible cultural biases, or some reality that the author, inhabiting a purely aesthetic and intellectual realm, wishes the reader to consider.

F's anxieties about the size of his penis establish the probable "root" cause of his misogyny. But these readings, while suggestive of widespread male authorial anxieties about masculinity and the place of modern women, are able to impart little sense of what the works in which these passages appear *do* rhetorically. What worldly intention, we might ask, could such representations serve besides revealing the author's weakness and fear?

Middle- and upper-class men's cultural "experiments" included efforts not only to celebrate "all things male," and to demonize "excessive femininity" in the form of the "New Woman," and other strong-minded women working to secure equal rights, but also to incorporate entertainments and values of working-class manhood that had only recently been derided as "coarse and backward". "During the '1890s, [men] coined the new epithets 'sissy,' 'pussy-foot,' 'cold feet' and 'stuffed shirt' to denote behavior which had once appeared self-possessed and manly, but that now seemed overcivilized and effeminate".

The "rough-riding" outdoorsman and imperialist Theodore Roosevelt was the enunciator of one of the more muscular strains of these emergent forms of masculinity, though with a residual moral strain emphasizing manly integrity and work. Roosevelt was a boyhood hero to F, and F's lifelong heroworship of Hemingway (along with other men of action) for his physical prowess and courage also bespeaks a commitment to this ethos. Indeed, with such models, and taunted as a "fairy" by his wife, Zelda, the self-doubting and deprecating F was preoccupied with the TransG issue throughout his life.

F held a strong admiration for the work and literary theories

of Conrad, particularly the preface to *The Nigger of the Narcissus* ('97). The preface's famous reflection on the nobility of artistic striving and "*ars gratis*" can be read as a call for literary professionalization based on a "bringing to light the truth," but a truth of a different kind from that of "the thinker or the scientist," those esteemed seekers "whose words are heard with reverence." Seeking to demarcate a domain of expertise unique to the artist, Conrad would have "him" plumb "that lonely region of stress and strife," the self, to find the hard, empirical truths with which the artist might vie in seriousness with the philosopher or scientist for masculine social authority and professional prestige.

Moreover, Conrad's Marlow may be the prototypical author surrogate, and is an obvious model for F's Nick, as he grapples with decadent New York City where the politics of TransG functions as a crucial determinant of American literary art...

Prof Todd Onderdonk SEU Austin TX [PhD '05]

..

.VAR.-CRIT.

Francis Scott – Tripleganger & GOAT. James Ellis

In a letter dated July '22, F wrote Max that he wanted his next novel to be "new—something extraordinary and beautiful and simple + intricately patterned. Among the most significant of the patterns that F developed is the special relationship that exists between Nick and Jay Gatsby [and Francis Scott F~]. One identification has to do with James, Duke of Monmouth, that establishes how consciously and subtly F used the device of the double in creating his Carraway-Gatsby relationship.

The novel begins with Nick having completed his sojourn in the East and having returned to his family home in the Middle West. During the summer of '22 he has lived through and, to a degree, shared in Gatsby's pursuit of an illusion. The result is that Carraway is now a subdued, responsible young

man who wants the world to be at a "sort of moral attention forever." He has had enough of the corrupt East and its glamorous illusions. Thus, as he introduces himself to the reader in preparation for his telling the story of Gatsby, he draws attention to his own family tradition and, in the same sentence, admits that this tradition is an illusion. Carraway says, "The Carraways are something of a clan, and we have a tradition that we're descended from the Dukes of Buccleuch, but the actual founder of my line was my grandfather's brother, who came here in '51, sent a substitute to the Civil War, and started the wholesale hardware business that my father carries on to-day" (p3). This reference to "the Dukes of Buccleuch" is an important allusion whereby F early in the novel foreshadows the Carraway-Gatsby relationship.

Who were "the Dukes of Buccleuch"? F makes a second reference to them in the novel but again refrains from disclosing their identity. This time he refers to them under another of their titles—the Earls of Doncaster. This occurs in the scene in which G and N are riding into New York to have lunch together and G is attempting to impress N so that he will help him meet Daisy. In order that N will not think him "just some nobody" (81), G tells him a romantic version of his early life. Part of the trappings that G provides for himself is his having been educated at Oxford, because, as he says, "all my ancestors have been educated there for many years" (78). So just as "the Dukes of Buccleuch" are a family tradition for N at the time he meets G, so is going to Oxford for G. He explains this to Nick: "It is a family tradition" (78).

To help substantiate his story, G produces two items—his medal from Montenegro inscribed "Major Jay Gatsby… For Valour Extraordinary" and the photograph which was taken at Oxford. N, who till this time had thought his story a fabrication, is astonished at the medal since it seems authentic and thus would tend to support the story. He describes the second item as a "photograph of half a dozen young men in blazers loafing in an archway through which were visible a host of spires. There was G, looking a little, not much,

younger—with a cricket bat in his hand" (80). As he shows N the photograph, he says, "'Here's another thing I always carry. A souvenir of Oxford days. It was taken in Trinity Quad—the man on my left is now the Earl of Doncaster'" (80). G thereby provides another reference to "the Dukes of Buccleuch," since the same man possesses the two titles.

What has not been pointed out about these two titles, however, is the fact that they were created for James, Duke of Monmouth ('1649-85). Monmouth was born in Rotterdam and was the illegitimate son of Charles II and an early mistress, Lucy Walters. In July '62, Charles II summoned Monmouth from Paris to London. That autumn, in anticipation of his marriage to Anne Scott, Monmouth took the surname Scott and was knighted, Sir James Scott. On 14 February to '63, he was created Duke of Monmouth, Earl of Doncaster, and Baron Tyndall. On 20 April, he married Anne Scott and was created Duke of Buccleuch. At this time Anne Scott held the title of Countess of Buccleuch in her own right and, as the wife of Monmouth, the courtesy title of Duchess of Buccleuch. On 16 January '66, she was created Duchess of Buccleuch in her own right.

After the death of Charles II in '85, Monmouth invaded England at Lyme Regis on 11 June. A Bill of Attainder was passed on 16 June attainting Monmouth of high treason and calling for his death and forfeiture of all titles. At Taunton on 20 June, Monmouth responded by having himself proclaimed King of England. He was defeated at Sedgemoor on 6 July and was captured two days later. He was returned to London, imprisoned in the Tower, and on 15 July '85, beheaded on Tower Hill. [HOT3]

Francis Scott

As a result of Monmouth's attainder and execution, only the Scottish titles of Countess and Duchess of Buccleuch that she had held in her own right were left to Anne Scott. The title of Duke of Buccleuch descended to her and Monmouth's grandson, *Francis Scott* [clearly, these 2 names are no insignificant

coincidence—stumbling onto this name {critics deride that Fitz was a philistine but he lugged his encyclopedia set everywhere, incl. all the way to France} was the motivation for the whole scam, not just doubles, but *Tripleganger*! A dead giveaway message that Francis Scott F~ + Nick Carraway + Jay Gatsby are all one] at her death in '1732. Later, by an act of parliament ('43), Francis Scott was *restored to the titles that had been lost to the family* [part of the motivation – Fitz always envied the rich and felt dispossessed with the decline of the family since namesake ancestor Francis Scott Key of 'Star Spangled Banner' fame – literally the anthem of the American Dream – restoration for the dispossessed] by Monmouth's attainder with the one exception of that title by which James Scott has always been best known to history— the Duke of Monmouth. In this way Francis Scott, who had been the Duke of Buccleuch since his grandmother's death in '32, became also in '43 the Earl of Doncaster. The man whom Gatsby identifies in the photograph as the present Earl of Doncaster would be the *descendant of this Francis Scott*, the grandson of James, Duke of Monmouth.

F intended these titles to serve an artistic purpose in G. Evidence from the manuscript facsimile suggests that F attempted an earlier use of the 'Buccleuch Doncaster Monmouth' device before arriving at his final effect. In the manuscript of the novel, N refers to his family tradition of "the Dukes of Buccleuch" just as he does in the published text. But the scene in the manuscript in which G makes reference to "the Earl of Doncaster" is different in one important particular from that of the published text.

In the manuscript G says that the man on his left is now "the Earl of Kenson-Whey." This would indicate that at some time in the composition of the novel F must have realized that he could intensify the relationship of Carraway and G by changing "the Earl of Kenson-Whey" to "the Earl of Doncaster." In this way, he would preserve their aristocratic leanings and, at the same time, strengthen their relationship as doubles, since they would be looking back at the same family in their reference to the English aristocracy.

With this 'Buccleuch Doncaster Monmouth' reference, F much like TS Eliot in The Waste Land, provided an historical

archetype as background and commentary for G's quest. For James Scott, Duke of Monmouth, Duke of Buccleuch, and Earl of Doncaster, nothing would suffice except that he assume the English throne as King James II.

Similarly, for James Gatz nothing will do except that he be recognized as THE GREAT GATSBY. But the end for Gatsby, as it was for Monmouth, is to be slayed.

> [Like the *Fisher King* motif, the World Series is rigged for Nick to outlast Gatsby and takes over as the chief promoter of the quest for the Holy Grail – the American Dream, by symbolically delivering the book-end "Dutch sailors" speech of the century—and at the same time as the surrogate for the book's Tripleganger author Francis Scott, promulgates in no uncertain terms like the supreme Presidential Candidate orator, his campaign objective: G.O.A.T immortality—"I want to be the greatest writer who ever lived, don't you".
> When Fitz was doing the revisions in Jan. '25 he must have seen the epiphany, "That's it! All I have to do, is move 'Dutch sailors' from ch1-end to book-end and give it a little of my very special 'cadence', and that will deliver *it* to me."].
> The Shadow-Figure behind The Great Gatsby: James, Duke of Monmouth - F-Hemingway Annual ('78)
>
>
>
> James Nelson Ellis (c.'1932-'2016) Professor American Literature English Department UNC Greensboro '1963-97

.2.32.v.2pp.var-hero1. | TOC | *FN*

The Narrator as Hero – Jerome Thale

In the fairy tale the prince goes out into the world to seek fortune or adventure and at last comes home, sometimes triumphant, usually a good deal wiser. The pattern – the hero going into the world, having things happen to him, and then developing or growing up – is also the pattern of many novels. In this kind of novel the hero's growth in awareness is the result of his own action or at least of his own character.

But in another kind of novel the development comes not to

the prince, the man of action, but to someone else, an onlooker, who does not have adventures but observes those of the main figure closely and learns from them. He does not bring about spectacular events, but he is involved in them. And he does more than record, he receives the spiritual impact of the prince's adventures. He is the other half of what the prince would be in a novel concerned with the prince alone.

There is a doubling, of the conventional hero into the man of action and the man of experience. In this type of story the main figure, by a kind of exaggeration or simplification, is totally consumed in action, so much so that he cannot reflect, cannot react to his own experience. If the experience of this kind of character is to come to us at all, it must be through someone else who can reflect and react and who is more like ourselves. This doubling of the hero is particularly congenial to modern novelists, for in an age of violence they are often concerned not so much with showing action as with showing the response to experience and the judgment of it. And one way of focussing on these things is to involve a reflective and sensitive man on the sidelines of action.

Two linked examples – almost laboratory specimens – of the doubling novel are F's Gatsby ('25) and the one he based the structure on, Conrad's Heart of Darkness ('1899).

In spite of the uniqueness of the impression that each makes, The Great Gatsby and Heart of Darkness have remarkable similarities. Each story centers about a bizarre figure and tries to persuade us to a difficult paradox about him. If we do not accept the paradox the story collapses. We are asked to accept as great, a gangster full of romantic delusions. We are asked to believe in the moral worth of a man who has abandoned all standards. Each story is told by a narrator, who is involved in the action, and it is through his peculiar character that these paradoxes are established.

Will the real hero, please rise? – David H Lynn

...F makes it clear that to know another person in any substantial way lies somewhere between a leap of imaginative faith and the sheerly impossible. Were any other character to tell his story, to interpret the same gestures, Gatsby might well appear as a bootlegger living under an alias on Long Island, rather than the romantic hero we in fact encounter. Although Gatsby's personality may bear an honest relation to his private intentions, we must remember that the Gatsby we are discussing is largely N's creation.

An essential element of G's dream is the pursuit of a transcendent significance outside of society and beyond the mutability of history. The fact that we remember his gestures outside of the narrative flow of events is evidence of how G+N are truly in league. They share a fascination to the moths drawn to Trimalchean fetes. G's extravagance is given form and meaning only in N's imagination; he comes alive when N first glimpses the intensity of his dream.

Take N's rendering of the significance of his neighbour standing in the darkness, arms stretched across the bay. The gesture acquires meaning only through the interpretation of an observer, someone whose own character provides a touchstone for understanding.

G's conception, as well as the language, are N's. He has, in fact, stolen away dream from dreamer, and reshaped it according to the possibilities of his own imagination. When G's dream seems most vivid, we discover to what extent both G and his dream are N's creations. He can speak as G cannot, achieving lyric intensity rather than empty cliché, for as narrator he possesses at once an ironic detachment from and a sympathetic bond to G's romantic impulse.

Just as the ideal cannot be brought into the physical universe without being tainted, G cannot survive in a world indifferent to his dream and unable to comprehend him. As G's

personality collapses. It will be Nick as narrator and hero who revives the dream.

Certainly, G generates and bears his own fate; he has no place in a world that grants him everything but what he desires most, the right it cannot grant—to change time and history. Like a great carnival with tents struck and costumes shed, he ceases entirely to exist as far as society is concerned. Only N insists on G's significance, if not the transcendent significance Jimmy Gatz had dreamed of.

The indifference of society itself to standards of human behaviour destroys N's faith in what Conrad's Marlow called "a sovereign code of conduct". N must henceforth wrestle with the fact that any such code is arbitrary, artificial, and, to a certain degree, an illusion.

Even as he repudiates its anti-social nature, N, as narrator, affirms G's dream with his own effort to create a meaningful tale that will endure. G sought to set himself free of worldly, temporal constraints. N's heroism is to succeed, at least partly, where G fails. N's narrative is a more enduring stylistic equivalent of what the dream promised—an existence outside of time, immutable, brought to life in the eyes of an audience.

The narrative is also the culmination of Nick as surrogate for Gatsby. By telling the tale Nick assumes the responsibility for the dream itself. His narrative circumscribes its romantic egoism, while celebrating its vitality and faith, its capacity for wonder, and its determination to create significance.

And the narrative fulfils that determination. It insists on the form—and the meaning—of a tale that has apparently ended in disaster and chaos. Out of the confusion following Gatsby's demise, and the hypocrisy and indifference of New York society, emerges Nick as hero...

> Within and Without: Nick Carraway (The Hero's Tale '89) David H Lynn – Editor The Kenyon Review, Professor of English Kenyon College.

Immortality Shot – Richard Anderson

In his ’44 novel *The Lost Weekend* Charles Jackson [’1903-’1968 – Amazon] permits his protagonist, Don Birnam, to fall into the fantasy of lecturing to a literature class (the novel’s time is roughly ’1935):

He took down The Great Gatsby and ran his finger over the fine green binding. “There’s no such thing,” he said aloud, “as a flawless novel. But if there is, this is it.” He nodded. The class looked and listened in complete attention, and one or two made notes… “People will be going back to F one day as they now go back to Henry James.” He walked back and forth, tapping the book in his hand. “Pay no attention, either, to those who care for his writing merely; who speak of ’the texture of his prose’ and other silly and borrowed and utterly meaningless phrases. True, the writing is the finest and purest, the most entertaining and most readable, that we have in America today… but it’s the content that counts in literature… Apart from his other gifts, Scott F has the one thing that a novelist needs: a truly seeing eye.”

In several ways, this passage published subsequent to the passing of F in ’40 frame his impact on American literature. They help measure the immortality of Gatsby, in the tradition of American fiction.

First, it establishes chronological outlines, more or less. From even before his death (if we accept the reality of Don Birnam’s fictional “life”) through the present, American novelists have used G as a literary peg. In so doing, they indicate the persistence of that novel as both a benchmark of quality and a popular literary landmark, a work any reader sufficiently literate to be enjoying the novels from which they come is presumed to know and appreciate.

The passages also stakes out the polarities of G’s omnipresence. Jackson’s passionate, insistent tribute is that of a writer who recognizes in a predecessor magnitude of

achievement—the application of craftsmanship in the service of sensibility that shapes the best art.

Finally, it helps measure the growth of F's reputation, in particular as it depends upon the stature of G, in the century since publication. Jackson—the passionate disciple whose novel is permeated by the influence of F's style, tone, and moral vision—feels he must argue almost shrilly for the legitimacy of his mentor's achievement.

Measurement of immortality if taken seriously is a complex undertaking [ref. our study that applies a mathematical equation » tinyurl.com/mugsar-immortality]. For instance what constitutes a writer's work has stood a substantial test of time. Nevertheless, few scholars or readers would deny that, by the usual criteria, F's influence has made itself felt as strongly as has that of any American novelist. There are four main tests of F:

1. Gatsby immortality:
2. ways the author—work have impressed themselves on the collective consciousness [cf. our #htris];
3. sales figures;
4. academic-scholarly activity, and—of special interest—the responses of other writers in their own work.

The first biography, Arthur Mizener's The Far Side of Paradise ('51), in conjunction with Budd Schulberg's novel The Disenchanted ('50) had the effect of establishing a popular image. F the romantic figure was the subject matter of nonfiction books, thinly disguised novels, radio and television plays, and films.

Certainly, this public F has played some part in consolidating in the consciousness the permanence of G, which is admired, emulated, and used as a basis of reference and allusion to an extent only a few works—Huckleberry Finn, The Waste Land, arguably Moby-Dick—can claim.

The Disenchanted established a tradition much emulated. The identification was firmly established by the parallels between events in the book and those described in accounts of

F's last years in Hollywood—especially after his companion Sheilah Graham published Beloved Infidel, her '58 memoir of her life with F during his last years. The Disenchanted was dramatized for the stage, opening on Broadway in December '57, and Beloved Infidel was made into a '59 movie.

American fiction of the '50s and '60s began to reflect deep admiration for the author of G as a literary craftsman. Writers as varied as John Cheever, Jack Kerouac, Raymond Chandler, and especially John O'Hara were admirers of F's mastery of style, image, and subject matter—sufficiently so that their admiration appeared in their writing. Cheever's tribute took the form of a contribution on F to the volume Atlantic Brief Lives, a compilation of biographical sketches of artists and writers.

In illustrating F's literary excellence, Cheever quoted Nick's description of returning home to the Midwest from school in the East and emphasized F's profound immersion in his time as the mark of a great writer: "In F there is a thrilling sense of knowing exactly where one is—the city, the resort, the hotel, the decade and the time of day. His greatest innovation was to use social custom, clothing, overheard music, not as history but as an expression of his acute awareness of the meaning of his time."

One group of American writers who have a surprising affinity for F are those who seriously practice the craft of mystery writing, using the "hard-boiled detective" genre. One of the foremost of them, Raymond Chandler, was an admirer of F's craftsmanship. In a '1950 letter Chandler described F's literary distinction as "one of the rarest qualities in all literature," a kind of "charm—charm as Keats would have used it. … It's not a matter of pretty writing or clear style. It's a kind of subdued magic, controlled and exquisite, the sort of thing you get from good string quartets. Yes, where would you find it today?" A few years later, drawing another analogy to romantic poetry, Chandler alluded to F in The Long Goodbye: a farewell note from a man detective Philip Marlowe has been tracing is signed "Roger (F Scott F) Wade." The man's wife

tells Marlowe that her husband had been a great admirer of F, describing him as the "best drunken writer since Coleridge, who took dope."

Jack Kerouac, quintessential '50s Beat Generation social rebel, would seem an unlikely disciple of F's work, but his '59 picaresque work Doctor Sax bears this tribute:

> It was a funny song, at the end it had that '30's lilt so hysterical F, with writhely women squirming their we-asses in silk & brocade shiny New Year's Eve nightclub dresses with thrown champagne and popples busting "Gluyr! the New Year's Parade!"

Even in his identification of F with a bourgeois value system he was rejecting, Kerouac displayed a fascination with the romantic freedom F and his work represented to many younger writers. In a '62 Life magazine tribute to a preparatory school classmate, Kerouac wrote: "Nobody'll ever know America completely because nobody ever knew Gatsby, I guess."

A more substantial and eloquent tribute was the '64 story by Vance Bourjaily, "F Attends My F Seminar," which concerns the efforts of a professor of English to interest cynical graduate students in the mood and style of the stories in Flappers and Philosophers, while imagining that F himself is looking on. The extent of Professor Short's (and, by extension, Bourjaily's) admiration for F's work is evident, and the story demonstrates that, by mid the '60s, awareness of F's writings among young Americans went considerably beyond familiarity with one or two novels.

It is on John O'Hara, however, that F made one of his strongest literary impressions and found one of his most vigorous champions. O'Hara had come of age under the influence of F's work during F's lifetime, and he had figured early and eloquently in the revival of F's reputation in the '40s. From the very first, he insisted, F had had a shaping influence on his work. When his first novel, *Appointment in Samarra*, was republished in '53, O'Hara wrote a foreword in which he

avowed that novel's indebtedness to F and voiced again the fervent championing of F's writing that had characterized such earlier comments as his '41 New Republic essay "Certain Aspects" and his introduction to The Portable FSF ('45). In the latter he had declared: "All he was was our best novelist."

In the '61 short story "Mrs. Stratton of Oak Knoll," O'Hara had a character make a ringing defense of F's art.

> If F in general, in the popular imagination and in his overall literary achievement, looms large in contemporary American culture, it has become so much a fact of American literature—so much a permanent presence, a persistent influence—that it is almost impossible to imagine contemporary American fiction without Jay Gatsby. No other figure in our literature has become so eponymous.

A more serious measure of the impact of G can be achieved by looking at the number and kinds of literary collections, anthologies, and studies of American fiction that have included excerpts from the novel as examples of good fiction.

The Great American Parade sought to present a variety of ways in which "leading modern authors" had written about American people and places. As "The Guy Who Fixed the World Series," it incorporated Nick's account of his meeting G in Manhattan for lunch and his being introduced to Meyer Wolfshiem. In contrast to this interest in character depiction, Clifton Fadiman and Charles Van Doren chose for *The American Treasury* two brief passages intended to illustrate F's command of imagery and symbol: one a description of caterwauling automobile horns after one of G's parties, the other the closing paragraphs, from his belief in the green light through the eloquent cadences describing humanity as beating against the currents of time. *The Art of Book Reading*, an instructional text, used the selection describing the death of G in his swimming pool to illustrate how to read effectively at the climax of a novel.

Most eloquent as a tribute, however, was *I Wish I'd Written*

That, a collection of passages chosen by famous American Authors from works they admired. For it, John Dos Passos, F's friend and contemporary who had been one of the champions of his reputation in the years following his death, chose the evocative description of the wasteland/ash heap lying between West Egg and Astoria, the "Valley of Ashes."

If the drama of G has touched anthologists, it is not at all surprising that it has enthralled those involved with the American stage and screen. Productions have ranged from musicals like the Yale Dramatic Association adaptation ('56) to Hollywood film versions. There have been various interpretations, beginning with the silent version in '26 with Warner Baxter as G, continuing with the '49 Alan Ladd G, to the '74 Robert Redford impersonation. On and on, to more TV productions – all the way forward to Woody Allen's homage and Baz Luhrmann's extravaganza.

As for publishing, scholarship, and literary fisction:

During the '40s, Scribners permitted other houses to publish F's works, probably as a way of testing the legitimacy of the F revival. G was the most frequently reprinted novel. By '51 the revival was well established, and Scribners assumed control of the canon. At first, Scribners combined G with other works, as in its '53 Modern Standard Authors: Three Novels of ~, allowing Penguin to reprint G in Britain. In '58, a separate Scribners trade edition was reissued.

At the same time, a new readership was being explored: The combination of paperbound technology and the growth of school-age readers during the post-WWII baby boom led Scribners to concentrate on reprints aimed at students. In '57, a Student's Edition was published. It was so successful that in '60 it became the first volume in the Scribner Library series of quality paperback reprints aimed primarily at high school and college readers. In '61, a School Edition, with guiding material aimed at high school students, appeared.

The next years saw G included in The F Reader ('63), edited by Arthur Mizener, and the Quarto of Modern Literature ('64),

edited by Malcolm Cowley, long a F supporter. In ’68 there was a large-type edition, and in '70 a critical anthology incorporating G with research material, edited by Henry Dan Piper. That same year saw the distribution of a book club edition as part of a set issued by the Literary Guild. In ’74, in conjunction with the Paramount film, Scribners permitted Bantam to publish an inexpensive paperback.

The sales represented by the various Scribners versions climbed steadily, if at first slowly, averaging a few thousand volumes a year in the early ’50s. With the discovery of the college paperback market, however, Scribners’ sales of G began to rise rapidly: in ’57, 12,000; the next year, three times as many; by ’60, 100,000 or more a year; by the end of that decade, more than 300,000 volumes annually, a level that has been maintained. By ’74 F’s publishers could proudly assert that his works were required reading in more than 2,400 American college and university courses.

Rapid growth of readership of G was accompanied by an equivalent explosion of critical and scholarly commentary and analysis. Perhaps students read it because their teachers were investigating its literary merits; perhaps professors were drawn toward analysis because they wished to teach a book their students—and the general public—were beginning to recognize as an American classic. Probably each activity stimulated the other.

The Modern Language Association International Bibliography has consistently shown G to be among that of American authors most frequently examined, critiqued, and analyzed.

In the ’40s, some fifteen articles on F that might be termed academic or scholarly were published. Many of them came from the pens of a few men, early associated with the F revival—Malcolm Cowley, Lionel Trilling, Arthur Mizener. In the next decade, approximately sixty scholarly or critical articles, excluding notes or queries, treated F’s work wholly or substantially. Of these, twenty-eight, nearly half, were

concerned primarily with G. By ’70, the consolidation of F’s academic reputation was completed, but scholarly interest did not slacken.

The first biography of F appeared in ’51. In ’57, the first nonbiographical book-length study of F appeared, James E. Miller’s The Fictional Technique of FSF. By ’74, ten others had been published, as well as at least five collections of critical essays. Books of bibliographical, biographical, and critical focus continue to appear.

This critical attention helped focus attention upon the qualities that have made the novel worthy of acclaim as an artistic masterpiece, that criticism stimulated cultural immortality for G—and helps to account for it. Much of the broader critical attention useful in defining G came early, in articles subsequently reprinted in widely available critical collections. Together, those articles helped delineate the major impact of G on the consciousness.

Essentially, in the early period the essays fall into three groups:

1. Explore technique and craftsmanship.
2. Identify the symbolic power of G as a mythic figure.
3. That the novel’s greatest strength lies in its moral questioning of America’s involvement with the magic and power of wealth.

Another measure of the extent of F scholarship is the number of American PhD dissertations written principally or wholly about F’s work. The first one was completed in '50.

From academic and scholarly activity can be drawn two conclusions that have a bearing on G's impact:

1. Combined with the publishing and sales history of the novel, the scholarship is clear evidence that articulate, educated readers coming of age have had every opportunity to read and study G.

2. The basic themes and concerns explored in the scholarship are those that have helped G captivate the

> American imagination: an extraordinary mastery of style, technique, image, and diction; a clear and detailed command of the nuances of the fascination with success; a romantic purity undefiled when the dream turns to dust; and a sense of national mythos involved in a figure both pioneer and gentleman, both commoner and natural nobleman.

Jay B. Hubbell observed in *Who Are the Major American Writers?*, in the United States authors of merit have usually been recognized and appreciated by their fellow writers well before being accepted by the academic and critical establishment. Both in the number of writers touched by it and in the quality of some of the works that openly or tacitly acknowledge discipleship, the scope of G's profound effect can be gauged.

Certainly, the widespread proliferation in university classrooms helped bring the novel to the attention of millions of students, including some who would become writers of post-F literature; certainly, too, these younger writers were influenced by the critical interpretations and theories to which their teachers introduced them. To many writers of the postmodernist period, the grace, mythic scope, and moral earnestness of G offered a pattern not always evident in much of their contemporary art. Perhaps G's insistence that innocence is recapturable, that the edenic past can be remade, appealed to a time hungry for beauty, ideals, and a sense of connectedness with fundamental American traditions.

The quintessential young generation tribute comes from Holden Caulfield, the urban Huckleberry Finn of JD Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*:

> I still don't see how he could like a phony book like [Hemingway's A Farewell to Arms] and still like that one by Ring Lardner or that other one he's so crazy about, The Great G. … I was crazy about The Great Gatsby. Old Gatsby. Old sport. That killed me.

Salinger's admiration was further expressed in a letter to a

friend:

> "Re-read a lot of F's work this week. God, I love that man. Damn fool critics are forever calling writers geniuses for their idiosyncrasies —Hemingway for his reticent dialogue, Wolfe for his gargantuan energy, and so on. F's only idiosyncrasy was his pure brilliance."

The mid '60s saw absorption of G into the work of another master of the hard-boiled detective novel: Kenneth Millar (aka Ross Macdonald) a PhD in English who had written his dissertation on Coleridge—brought an ear finely tuned to the lyricism and romance of G. In his Notebooks, he termed F:

> The last writer to embody the national fate, the last who swallowed whole the vast Platonic hubris of the Romantics, (G is said to have "drunk the Platonic milk of wonder"), the last who saw himself as a kind of dizzy philosopher-king at the apex of society, the last who projected his subjective life in fiction as a kind of tragic legend for his age and for future time.

As early as '58, Millar had told a newspaper interviewer that he greatly admired Gatsby and frequently reread it, calling the novel "The closest thing we have to a tragedy illustrating our secret history."

And on and on it goes, the long shadow of Gatsby has faded from the lawns of West Egg, but it falls more and more deeply across each succeeding generation of readers and writers. Like Gatsby, even the most hardheaded conceive of themselves as idealists whose dreams can be made true, as eternal youths whose innocence can never really be lost, as magicians who can mesmerize the world into accepting their dreams. F, in tapping that cultural myth, made The Great Gatsby an American—indeed, a world—classic, a persistent and immortal presence in American culture.

['10]

Richard Anderson (b. c. '1950) former Chair and Professor of English at Huntingdon College in Montgomery, Alabama. From the up-country, a village just outside Spartanburg, South

Carolina, called Tucapau – undergraduate degree Washington and Lee, MA from UVA, after which did his time in the army in Germany.

[See also Bryant Mangum essay below.]

Original Grave Search – Bryant Mangum

One unseasonably warm autumn night in '70, three young scholars – James West, Richard Anderson, and Bryant Mangum – took a martini-fueled joyride to tour the cemeteries of Rockville, Maryland. They'd decided they needed to visit the final resting place of their beloved author, FSF, and his wife, Zelda.

In search of teaching jobs to take when their PhD's were at last conferred. Richard and Bryant were South Carolina natives and James was a Virginia gent, all three having found roundabout ways to get to graduate school in the late '60s at the University of South Carolina in English—and also, as it turned out, into the first seminar on F taught by Matthew Bruccoli, who had just then begun research on what would become his acclaimed biography of F: *Some Sort of Epic Grandeur*...

"Finally Rick struck a match by a gravestone and yelled, "They're here!"

This photograph of the Fs' first resting-place was taken by

Richard Anderson in '70 when they found Scott and Zelda at Rockville Union Cemetery. It is the only such photo known to exist.

Originally banished by puritan hypocrites, Scottie later had them reinterred among his father's relatives a mile and a half from their original resting place.

Full article (32 mins) *An Affair of Youth* – In search of flappers, belles, and the legendary Fs »
Broad Street Medium Magazine ('17)
Prof Bryant Mangum Virginia Commonwealth University.
Editor FSF in Context.

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The Passion – R.W. Lid

...At the root of F's success in Gatsby lies something we can only attribute to the author's personal passion. F used his narrative art to curb and express this passion.

It resides in the fragmented narrative line of Gatsby and the skill which F, through the agency of his first-person narrator, Nick, exercised in putting it together. F's swift, breathless, and apparently rather random ordering of his material is actually so tightly controlled that the reader's is led seamlessly through each involution of the narrative.

What we might call F's calculated "rhetoric of narrative" is applied at a number of crucial junctures where F is bridging difficult gaps in his fragmented narrative scheme. Without

such imaginative rhetorical movements on the part of Nick, no rearrangement of chronology, however clever, would be effective. A good deal of the technical brilliance of G stems from F's narrative sense at precisely such moments.

A Marvel of Compression

It was F's narrative sense which enabled him to achieve the extraordinary effect of compression G gives. Writing to the author some months before the novel's publication, Scribner's editor Maxwell Perkins remarked: "It seems, on reading, a much shorter book than it is, but it carries you through a series of experiences that one would think would require a book of three times its length." And F, in his Introduction to the Modern Library reprint of the novel, remarked: "What I cut out of it both physically and emotionally would make another novel." The contours of F's story would more than prove the truth of such a statement. For one problem F faced, and solved, was the burden of narrative. He had too much story on his hands. Any one of his isolated narrative fragments—G's courtship of Daisy, Tom's and Daisy's wedding, Dan Cody and Ella Kaye—could have commanded a great deal more space.

In *The Fictional Technique of* ~ James E. Miller, demonstrates at considerable length that F had a "sure touch" for selection, for knowing which events to dramatize, which to present obliquely, to summarize, to omit, and so on. Some similar account also has to be given of F's "sure touch" in the selection of his major narrative elements. For one reason for the brevity of the novel and its 'marvel of compression' is that basically the plot of G is that of a short story, not a novel. F fashioned the narrative framework for a major American novel from the thin story-line of two sexual affairs (G and Daisy, Myrtle Wilson and Tom Buchanan), one of which he does not even recount, and he resolved both lines of action by a single violent action on the road to West Egg. So the novel appears in outline.

The narrative scheme of G is built around two strands of

story—the story of G and the story of Myrtle Wilson, parallel characters who share parallel dreams and parallel fates. In terms of structure, the novel is as much Myrtle Wilson's story as James Gatz's. Myrtle carries the burden of narrative which her more glamorous counterpart cannot sustain. She is the ballast which prevents F's balloon of romance from sailing off into the blue and out of sight.

A Stroke of Narrator Genius

Assuredly it was a stroke of narrative genius on F's part which found the resolution of his two narrative strands in a single "catastrophe"—but it was F's narrative sense which enabled him to join together his two fragmented lines of story so that they not merely reflect each other but become a single unit of narrative. The effect he achieves is much like that of a composer orchestrating two themes which sometimes reinforce each other, sometimes clash, but which always provide continuous commentary on each other.

Author as Character

F's rearrangement of time juxtaposes the deaths of Myrtle and G. The re-ordering of chronology produces unexpected breaks in narrative, sudden stops and swift starts, awkward gaps that have to be filled. It is precisely at these moments that the presence of F's narrator, who is not bound by time or scene, maintains the unbroken rhythm of the plot.

In his biography, Arthur Mizener remarks: "His use of a narrator allowed F to keep clearly separated for the first time in his career the two sides of his nature, the middle-western Trimalchio and the spoiled moralist who disapproved of but grudgingly admired him."

It is a commonplace of F criticism that the characterization in G is not deep, is at times no more than adequate. But what has never been posited is that perhaps F is using first-person narration here to avoid characterization. That is, in G the deliberate pressure of narration frees F from a blinding sense of identity with any one character in the working out of his

fable; in effect, he is able to curb and express his personal passion.

Ultimately, of course, F does create a magnificent figure in G, one with depth and possessed of profound moral seriousness, but that figure is neither Jay G nor Myrtle Wilson. Nor is it Nick. It is, I would suggest, Scott F, both man and writer, or, rather, the man-as-writer. Brooding over his domain of ashheaps and the drama which unfolds upon it are not merely the eyes of Doctor T. J. Eckleburg but the intelligence and conscience of the author. “I am not a great man,” he wrote his daughter, “but sometimes I think the impersonal and objective quality of my talent and the sacrifices of it, in pieces, to preserve its essential value has some sort of epic grandeur.”

From the vast biographical material available about F, including that provided by his Letters, it is clear that he wrote out of himself, in effect put himself directly on paper, in a way that earlier writers cannot be said to. His goal was the modern novelist’s goal of self-understanding. What separates F from his immediate predecessors, it seems to me, is the extent of awareness of self in his fiction. It is not that F was more honest than, say, Conrad, but that by the time F wrote, it had become possible to accept blame. For F’s generation, self-knowledge had become a human discovery, and F shared in that discovery. Overshadowing both the man and his work is the deeply tragic understanding that he is the personal author of his own wreckage.

The Passion of FSF, F/Hemingway Annual (’70)
Theorist R.W. Lid - Chairman English Department San Fernando Valley State College, Director of federally funded NDEA office of education projects – ‘The City & The Education of Teachers'. Specialist areas: FSF, Ford Madox Ford, Raymond Chandler – Philip Marlowe Speaking.

FSF – Kenneth Eble

When Arthur Mizener's The Far Side of Paradise and Alfred Kazin's The Man and His Work were published in ’51, these works marked the first resurgence of interest in F after his passing.

The F Newsletter, begun as a mimeographed sheet in ’58, had developed into a hardcover F/Hemingway Annual by ’69. Its editor, Matthew Bruccoli, and many of the young scholars published in the Newsletter mark a second phase of interest in F's work, one which carried through into the ’60's. Andrew Turnbull's biography in ’62 expanded F biography, as did his publication of Letters the following year. With the ’70's, a broadening interest appeared in the increasing number of memoirs and articles devoted to F, to the figures around him, or to his work.

Even now, as in his lifetime, F appears as both a serious writer and a notable American figure identified with the popular fiction he wrote. His work continues to enjoy great favor, perhaps because he is less mannered than Hemingway, less demanding than Faulkner, and less ponderous than a dozen novelists in the Naturalistic tradition. He, Hemingway, and Faulkner are likely to remain the most interesting and rewarding of American fiction writers.

Within & Without – Rosenfeld

A review of distinction written about F before Gatsby was an essay by Paul Rosenfeld in '24. Rosenfeld was, with Edmund Wilson, Mencken, and John Peale Bishop, a reviewer whom F respected. As if asking for what he was to get in G,

Rosenfeld concludes: “He has seen his material from its own point of view, and he has seen it completely from without. But he has never done what the artist does: seen it simultaneously from *within and without*; and loved it and judged it, too.” One conjectures that the essay might have been incubating when F wrote Edmund Wilson about The Great G: “I wonder what Rosenfeld thought of it?”

Considering the almost uniform praise it has received in the past decade, G fared badly at the time of its publication. F was not merely being peevish when he wrote to John Peale Bishop, “Thank you for your most pleasant, full, discerning and helpful letter about G. It is about the only criticism that the book has had which has been intelligible.”

What may have been more discouraging than the reviews was the rapidity with which the book disappeared as a novel of unusual merit. Rebecca West, writing in The Bookman in ’28, was almost the only writer to turn back to G in full appreciation of it between its publication and its inclusion in The Modern Library in ’34. Obviously, G did not succeed in establishing F as an important writer in the ten years after its publication.

The Last Tycoon’s posthumous publication stimulated a number of short but discerning observations about his work. Essays in The New Republic in ’41 by Malcolm Cowley and Glenway Wescott began to build the solid ground on which F's present reputation rests. The sales of The Crack-Up in ’45 caused Publishers' Weekly to hint at a F revival. Sometime between the beginning of WWII and its close, F began to return to popularity and to receive more critical attention [*FN:* cred GI].

The first serious articles to appear in a literary quarterly were the two in the Virginia Quarterly Review: “The Missing All,” by John Peale Bishop (Winter, '37), and “Invite with Gilded Edges,” by Charles Weir, Jr. (Winter, '44). In ’45, Viking Press included F's work among their Portables, and that same year saw articles in Partisan Review, The New Yorker,

Commonweal, Accent, and The Yale Review. The publication of The Crack-Up provided the occasion, but the essays were lengthier, more penetrating, and more affectionate than called for by the ordinary review. From that time on, the F revival moved briskly along, the “revival” itself becoming the specific subject for articles in The Kenyon Review ('51), The Freeman ('51), South Atlantic Quarterly (‘55), and The Australian Quarterly (‘57).

The growth of literary scholarship both in America and abroad is a phenomenon of the '60's, and scholarly attention to F probably owes as much to the general growth of academic publishing as to specific rising interest in F. Kazin's collection of critical articles in '51 was followed by Arthur Mizener's F. Scott F: A Collection of Critical Essays ('63) and by my own F. Scott F: Contemporary Studies in Literature ('73). The Great G itself occasioned a collection of critical articles edited by Ernest Lockridge ('68) and two research anthologies.

It seems fair to say that criticism of F through the ’60's was uncommonly interesting. F's work seems to provoke other writers into responding to it, and good critics continue to be attracted to his work out of respect for his prose style and storyteller's art.

G stature has steadily increased since the ’50's, and its continuing sales have been phenomenal— 3,500,000 copies in Scribner's editions by the ‘70s, alone. G leads the list of his translated works, having been translated into 33 languages.

The literary respectability of the novel of manners has increased since the ’30s, and F has been placed with Edith Wharton and Henry James as a very shrewd observer of American society. F's subconscious awareness of American values has been increasingly emphasized. G has been separated from the specifics of Jazz Age life on Long Island and has become a profound commentary upon modern America as a descendant of a romantic, frontier past in which idealism is as strong a component as materialism. G has questioned the adequacy of present America to sustain its heroic past. More

than that, in his “fable of East and West,” F has opposed the American past and present in terms of the creation of a contemporary ethic in the pastoral West and the debasement of that ethic in the industrial East.

The immediacy of F's writing has not vanished with the passing of time. Whether a reader responds with the instinctive passion for that which can be seen, felt, and heard, or is impressed with the way F's particulars evoke a larger reality, he arrives at a respect for F's ability to make a time, a place, a person, “live.”

F's style impresses any reader with more than a passing interest in writing. One of the contributions of recent scholarship is to make widely available manuscript materials which show the care with which F fashioned phrase and sentence and paragraph. The publication of the manuscript and notebooks shed much light about how F worked. The movement and clarity of his sentences, the aptness of his phrases, and the poetic quality of his prose are marks of his style. F's style reaches that excellence few prose writers and not many more poets ever reach. Moreover, the style is in the mainstream of English literary development; it impresses, not because it is intensely original or eccentric, but because it is a graceful, lucid, and highly evocative prose almost as easily connected with Dryden as with Joseph Conrad. F is a good storyteller concerned not only with the story as “life” or “truth” but the story as “art.”

Three essays—“The Crack-Up,” “Pasting It Together,” and “Handle with Care,” which appeared in Esquire in February, March, and April, '35—have done much to sustain F's reputation even as they described his actual decline. Though such undisguised self-revelation displeased his literary friends, the essays are of a piece with the self-dramatization that was F's strength.

Like his best fiction, the essays have a truth to the character created in them. The delicate handling of the narrator as both observer and observed, the movement from awareness to a

precise kind of bitterness, and the elegance of the prose are aesthetic values of a high order. Although presented as autobiography, they have the air of highly wrought and intensely felt fiction. They are justifiably famous; taken together, they constitute one of the superb short stories in American literature.

F lays claim to a distinguished place in modern American writing. Above all, he has the strong alliance of the amateur reader and the professional literary man—student, scholar, and writer—to keep his reputation secure. For he seldom failed to live up to that sole obligation which Henry James said we should require of the novel—that it be interesting.

And he never failed to be aware of his own observation about his contemporaries: “that material, however closely observed, is as elusive as the moment in which it has its existence unless it is purified by an incorruptible style and by the catharsis of a passionate emotion.”

Kenneth E Eble (’1923-’1988)
Amazon: F (’63-’77) | The Craft of Teaching

Decadence – Alex Murray

In '25, just months after The Great Gatsby appeared in bookstores, the New Yorker published a series of "suggested bookplates" for American and British authors. The plate illustrator Herb Roth designed for F features a dancing skeleton in a tuxedo with the motto "Be Your Age" emblazoned above.

In the scrapbook of reviews and press coverage of Gatsby held at Princeton, Roth's illustration is affixed to the inside front cover. The dance of death, danse macabre, or *Totentanz* (German) is a recurring symbol and motif across F's oeuvre.

In tracing its deathly steps across F's body of work the potent image of the dance of death reveals the extent to which he saw his own fictional practice as a dialogue, both implicit and explicit, with the literature and historiography of decadence and decline that so dominated European letters in the second half of the previous century.

William Blazek has argued persuasively that the most important of F's influences were European, most significantly John Keats and Joseph Conrad. Other influences came and went, and F abandoned most of them "as he gained in confidence in his abilities".

The author declared in a phony self-written interview in '20 that he was,

> a professed literary thief, hot after the best methods of every writer in my generation...

> I want to be able to do anything with words: handle slashing, flaming descriptions like Wells, and use the paradox with the clarity of Samuel Butler, the breadth of Bernard Shaw and the wit of Oscar Wilde, I want to do the wide sultry heavens of Conrad, the rolled-gold sundowns and crazy quilt skies of Hichens and Kipling as well as the pastelle dawns and twilights of Chesterton.

One of the most significant formative influences on F's approach to literary practice was Professor Gauss at Princeton. He became deeply influenced by Gauss's critical perspicacity and demand for precision and clarity in both reading and composition. Before he arrived as a preceptor at Princeton, Gauss had traveled extensively in Europe, working as a newspaper correspondent in Paris. It was here that he met Wilde in those last, most pathetic months of the great decadent's life, and Gauss's pupils at Princeton reveled in his stories of meeting the Irishman.

Edmund Wilson claimed that F's development to an "organized, impersonal one" in Gatsby was "due to Gauss' influence... made us all want to write something in which every word, every cadence, every detail, should perform a definite function in producing an intense effect".

His development truly begins to take shape once, at Princeton, when he meets John Peale Bishop (who in gratitude, would later be immortalized as Thomas Parke D'Invilliers, author of the epigraph for G). He introduces F to the work of Wilde, lending him The Picture of Dorian Gray, and suddenly the quotidian life of the undergraduate is transformed: "The world became pale and interesting, and he tried hard to look at Princeton through the satiated eyes of Oscar Wilde".

Alfred A. Knopf published The Undertaker's Garland ('22), a striking collection of poetry and prose written by Wilson and Bishop. The preface, written by Wilson, declares the collection a response to the dissatisfaction that a generation of young men experienced on return from the battlefields of France. Bishop and Wilson were both deployed to Europe but saw

little action. Yet the atmosphere of war had irrevocably changed them.

Returning to America at the end of the war, this new generation regarded their native country with a newly cynical gaze. Repulsed by its conservatism, naive optimism, and commercialism, these young men sought to live life with the hedonistic quickening they had encountered in France. America seemed at odds with the progressive, transgressive literature of Europe, its puritanical, mercantile culture.

Decadence was never a celebration of decline as much as an antagonistic challenge to it, and Wilson and Bishop's collection saw itself as a trenchant critique of the automatism of capitalist America. They suggested their revenant postwar America was trapped in the grips of a danse macabre, comparing their own project with the famous woodcuts by Hans Holbein in which Death cruelly returned to torment the living.

F was delighted when he heard news that Wilson and Bishop's collection was forthcoming, suggesting to Wilson that they should ask a famous New York undertaker to provide a preface or cover endorsement. Yet it was three years later that he himself provided the most telling endorsement of Wilson and Bishop's vision of American necrosis, drawing on their central image as he wrote G.

From the beginning of his writing career F had been attracted to images of decline and decay. Writing to Wilson, F, with prescient foresight, declared that New York's emergence as a cultural capital presaged its decline: “Culture follows money and all the refinements of aestheticism can't stave off its change of seat.... We will be Romans in the next generations as the English are now” (May '21).

F routinely drew on the Spenglerian cyclical historiography of decline of the British Empire prefigured in the decline some 1500 years earlier of the Roman Empire. F updated this rhetoric for the ’20s, and it is in G that we see the most explicit link between a decadent past and present. The novel had been

called Trimalchio in draft form, and in the published version Nick describes G as Trimalchio, a king in Petronius's The Satyricon.

When F came to write G he was more than aware of dance of death's powerful potential as a metaphor for capturing the lifeless excesses of New York in the Jazz Age. G, with its lavish parties, superficial lifestyles, and jaded sensuality seemed to echo the heady days of *fin-de-siècle* Paris or London.

Funereal rites seep into the novel from the outset: Nick jokingly tells Daisy that Chicago was left so "desolate" by her absence that "all the cars have the left rear wheel painted black as a mourning wreath". And as Nick and G drive over the Queensboro Bridge he reflects that the city seen from this vantage point "is always the city seen for the first time, in its first wild promise of all the mystery and the beauty in the world". Yet what seems to be an image of potentiality is immediately juxtaposed with a reminder of mortality: "A dead man passed us in a hearse heaped with blooms".

The deathly detritus of the dance is F's subtle means of drawing the decadent symbol of the dance of death into the Jazz Age. Like Wilde before him, F problematically ties sexuality, modern culture, and death into a potent image of critique.

If F had become deeply critical of the Jazz Age in the period leading up to writing Gatsby, he was more so by '27 when he returned to New York, certain it had left Europe behind in its excesses. Sure enough, as prophesized, it would be brought to a thudding halt by the Wall Street crash of '29.

Fable of East & West – Robert Ornstein

... F's fable of East and West is little concerned with materialism and moral anarchy, for its theme is the unending quest of the romantic dream, which is forever betrayed, and yet redeemed.

From the start, F's personal dreams of romance contained the seeds of their own destruction. The haunting tone of G is more than a skilful fusion of F's satiric and romantic contrarieties. Nick, simultaneously enchanted and repelled by the variety of life, attains his mature realization that the protective enchantment of the romantic ideal lies in its remoteness from actuality. He knows the fascination of yellow windows high above the city streets even as he looks down from Myrtle Wilson's gaudy, smoke-filled apartment. He still remembers the initial wonder of G's parties long after he is sickened by familiarity with his uninvited guests. In one summer Nick discovers a profoundly melancholy esthetic truth: that romance belongs not to the present but to a past transfigured by imagined memory and to the illusory) promise of an unrealizable future G; less wise than Nick, destroys himself in an attempt to seize the green light in his own fingers.

The thirst for money is a crucial motive in G, and yet none of his major characters are materialists, for money is never their final goal. The rich are too accustomed to money to covet it. It is simply the badge of their "superiority" and the justification of their consuming snobberies. For those who are not very rich—for the Myrtle Wilsons as well as the Jay Gatsbys—it is the alchemic reagent that transmutes the ordinary worthlessness of life. Money is the *demiurgos* of the Jimmy Gatz Platonic universe. F defines the very rich surrounded from childhood by the artificial security of wealth, accustomed to owning rather than wanting, they lack anxiety or illusion, frustration or fulfillment. Their romantic dreams

are rooted in the adolescence from which they never completely escape—in the excitement of the prom or petting party, the reputation of being fast on the college gridiron or the college weekend.

Inevitably, then, F saw his romantic dream threaded by a double irony. Those who possess the necessary means lack the will, motive, or capacity to pursue a dream. Those with the heightened sensitivity to the promises of life have it because they are the disinherited, forever barred from the white palace where "the king's daughter, the golden girl" awaits "safe and proud above the struggles of the poor." G loses his life even though he makes his millions because they are not the kind of safe, respectable money that echoes in Daisy's lovely voice. The successful entrepreneurs of G's age are the panderers to vulgar tastes, the high pressure salesmen, and, of course, the bootleggers. Yet once. F suggests, there had been opportunity commensurate with aspiration, an unexplored and unexploited frontier where great fortunes had been made or at least romantically stolen. And out of the shifting of opportunities from the West to Wall Street, he creates an American fable which redeems as well as explains romantic failure.

But how is one to accept, even in fable, a West characterized by the dull rectitude of Minnesota villages and an East epitomized by the sophisticated dissipation of Long Island society? The answer is perhaps that F's dichotomy of East and West has the poetic truth of James's antithesis of provincial American virtue and refined European sensibility. Like The Portrait of a Lady and The Ambassadors, G is a story of "displaced persons" who have journeyed eastward in search of a larger experience of life. To James this reverse migration from the New to the Old World has in itself no special significance.

To F, however, the lure of the East represents a profound displacement of the American dream, a turning back upon itself of the historic pilgrimage towards the frontier which had, in fact, created and sustained that dream. In G the once

limitless western horizon is circumscribed by the "bored, sprawling, swollen towns beyond the Ohio, with their interminable inquisitions which spared only the children and the very old." The virgin territories of the frontiersman have been appropriated by the immigrant families, the diligent Swedes—the unimaginative, impoverished German farmers like Henry Gatz.

Thus, after a restless nomadic existence, the Buchanans settle "permanently" on Long Island because Tom would be "a God damned fool to live anywhere else." Thus, Nick comes to New York with a dozen volumes on finance which promise "to unfold the shining secrets that only Midas, Morgan and Maecenas knew." Gatsby's green light, of course, shines in only one direction—from the East across the continent to Minnesota, from the East across the bay to his imitation mansion in West Egg.

G is the spiritual descendant of these Dutch sailors. Like them, he set out for gold and stumbled on a dream. But he journeys in the wrong direction in time as well as space. The transitory enchanted moment has come and gone for him and for the others, making the romantic promise of the future an illusory reflection of the past. Nick still carries with him a restlessness born of the war's excitement; Daisy silently mourns the romantic adventure of her "white" girlhood; Tom seeks the thrill of a vanished football game. G devotes his life to recapturing a love lost five years before. When the present offers nothing commensurate with man's capacity for wonder, the romantic credo is the belief—G's belief in the ability to repeal the disembodied past. Each step towards—the green light, however, shadows some part of G's grandiose achievement. With Daisy's disapproval the spectroscopic parties cease. To preserve her reputation G empties his mansion of lights and servants. And. finally only darkness and ghostly memories tenant the deserted house as G relives his romantic past for Nick after the accident.

Like his romantic dream G belongs to a vanished past. His

career began when he met Dan Cody, a debauched relic of an earlier America who made his millions in the copper strikes. From Cody he received an education in ruthlessness which he applied when the accident of the war brought him to the beautiful house of Daisy Fay. In the tradition of Cody's frontier, he "took what he could get, ravenously and unscrupulously," but in taking Daisy he fell in love with her. "She vanished into her rich house, into her rich full life, leaving G—nothing. He felt married to her, that was all."

"He felt married to her"—here is the reaction of bourgeois conscience, not of calculating ambition. But then G is not really Cody's protege. Jimmy Gatz inherited an attenuated version of the American dream of success, a more moral and genteel dream suited to a nation arriving at the respectability of established wealth and class. Respectability demands that avarice be masked with virtue, that personal aggrandizement pose as self-improvement. Success is no longer to the cutthroat or the ruthless but to the diligent and the industrious, to the boy who scribbles naive resolves on the flyleaf of Hopalong Cassidy. Fabricated of pulp fiction cliches the impoverished materials of an extraordinary imagination), G's dream of self-improvement blossoms into a preposterous tale of ancestral wealth and culture. And his dream is incorruptible because his great enterprise is not side-street "drugstores," or stolen bonds, but himself, his fictional past, his mansion, and his gaudy entertainments. Through it all he moves alone and untouched; he is the impresario, the creator, not the enjoyer of a riotous venture dedicated to an impossible goal.

It may seem ironic that G's dream of self-improvement is realized through partnership with Meyer Wolfshiem, but he is merely the post-war successor to Dan Cody and to the ruthlessness and greed that once exploited a virgin West. He is the fabulous manipulator of bootleg gin rather than of copper, the modern man of legendary accomplishment "who fixed the World's Series back in '19." The racketeer, F suggests, is the last great folk hero, the Paul Bunyan of an age in which romantic wonder surrounds underworld "gonnegtions" instead

of raw courage or physical strength. And actually G is destroyed not by Wolfshiem, or association with him, but by the provincial squeamishness which makes all the Westerners in the novel unadaptable to life in the East.

Despite her facile cynicism and claim to sophistication. Daisy is still the “nice” girl who grew up in Louisville in a beautiful house with a wicker settee on the porch. She remains “spotless,” still immaculately dressed in white and capable of a hundred whimsical, vaporous enthusiasms. She has assimilated the urbane ethic of the East which allows a bored wife a casual discreet affair. But she cannot, like G’s uninvited guests, wink at the illegal and the criminal. When Tom begins to unfold the sordid details of his career, she shrinks away: she never intended to leave her husband, but now even an affair is impossible. Tom’s provinciality is more boorish than genteel. He has assumed the role of Long Island country gentleman who keeps a mistress in a midtown apartment. But with Myrtle Wilson by his side he turns the role into a ludicrous travesty. By nature a libertine, by upbringing a prig, Tom shatters G’s facade in order to preserve his “gentleman’s” conception of womanly virtue and of the sanctity of his marriage.

Ultimately, however, he is the victim of his own small-town notions of virtue and chivalry. “He would never so much as look at a friend’s wife”—or at least he would never try to steal her in her husband’s house. He wants Daisy to say that she never loved Tom because only in this way can the sacrament of G’s “marriage” to her in Louisville—his prior claim—be recognized. Not content merely to repeat the past, he must also eradicate the years in which his dream lost its reality. But the dream, like the vanished frontier which it almost comes to represent, is lost forever “some where back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark field of the republic rolled on under the night.”

After G's death Nick prepares to return to his Minnesota home, a place of warmth and enduring stability, carrying with him a surrealistic night vision of the debauchery of the East.

Yet his return is not a positive rediscovery of the wellsprings of American life. Instead it seems a melancholy retreat from the ruined promise of the East, from the empty present to the childhood memory of the past. Indeed, it is this childhood memory, not the reality of the West which Nick cherishes. For he still thinks the East, despite its nightmarish aspect, superior to the stultifying small-town dullness—from which he fled. And by the close of G it is unmistakably clear that the East does not symbolize contemporary decadence and the West the pristine virtues of an earlier America.

F does not contrast G's criminality with his father's unspoiled rustic strength and dignity. He contrasts rather Henry Gatz's dull, gray, almost insentient existence, "a meaningless extinction up an alley," with G's pilgrimage Eastward, which, though hopeless and corrupting, was at least a journey of life and hope—an escape from the "vast obscurity" of the West that once spawned and then swallowed the American dream. Into this vast obscurity the Buchanans finally disappear. They are not Westerners any longer, or Easterners, but merely two of the very rich, who in the end represent nothing but themselves. They are careless people. Tom and Daisy, selfish, destructive, capable of anything except human sympathy, and yet not sophisticated enough to be really decadent. Their irresponsibility. Nick realizes, is that of pampered children, who smash up "things and creatures …and let other people clean up the mess." They live in the eternal moral adolescence which only wealth can produce and protect.

F adumbrates the coming tragedy of a nation grown decadent without achieving maturity—a nation that possessed and enjoyed early and in its arrogant assumption of superiority lost sight of the dream that had created it. But is it not absurd to interpret him as a mythic Spenglerian anti-hero? Gatsby is great, because his dream, however naive, gaudy, and unattainable is one of the grand illusions of the race, which keep men from becoming too old or too wise or too cynical of their human limitations.

Scott F's fable of East and West does not lament the decline of American civilization. It mourns the eternal lateness of the present hour suspended between the past of romantic memory and the future of romantic promise which ever recedes before us.

Robert Ornstein – December '56

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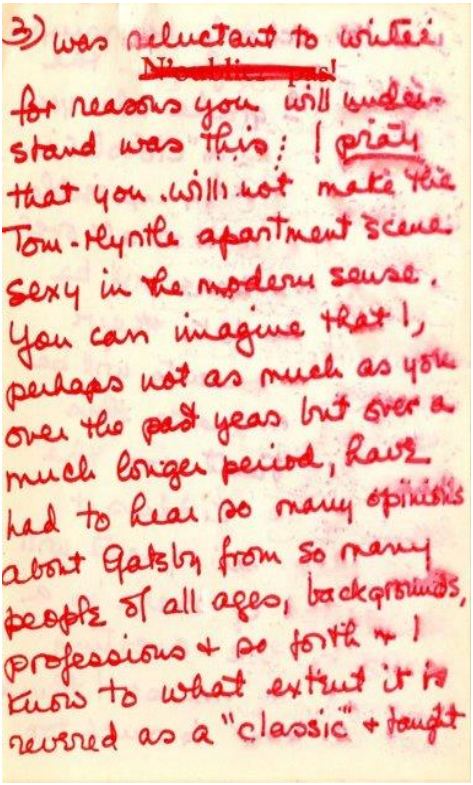
.2.40.d.let-sco-dir. | TOC | *FN*

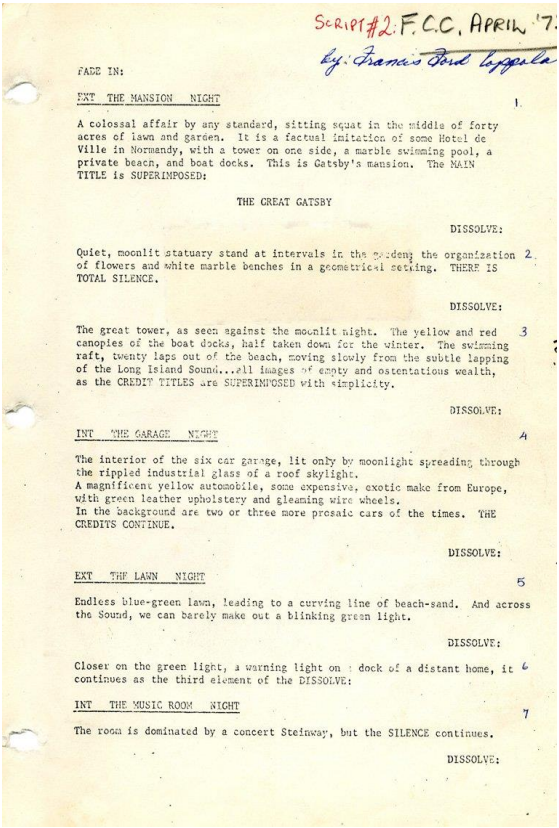
Scottie Letter to Gatsby Director

(orig. 10pp, '74)



3) was reluctant to write
~~N'oubliez pas!~~
for reasons you will under-
stand was this: I pray
that you will not make the
Tom-Myrtle apartment scene
sexy in the modern sense.
You can imagine that I,
perhaps not as much as you
over the past years but over a
much longer period, have
had to hear so many opinions
about Gatsby from so many
people of all ages, backgrounds,
professions + so forth + I
know to what extent it is
revered as a "classic" + taught

Gatsby Screenplay: Capote v Coppola



SCRIPT #2: F.C.C. APRIL '7
by: Francis Ford Coppola

FADE IN:

EXT THE MANSION NIGHT 1

A colossal affair by any standard, sitting squat in the middle of forty acres of lawn and garden. It is a factual imitation of some Hotel de Ville in Normandy, with a tower on one side, a marble swimming pool, a private beach, and boat docks. This is Gatsby's mansion. The MAIN TITLE is SUPERIMPOSED:

THE GREAT GATSBY

DISSOLVE:

Quiet, moonlit statuary stand at intervals in the gardens, the organization of flowers and white marble benches in a geometrical setting. THERE IS TOTAL SILENCE. 2

DISSOLVE:

The great tower, as seen against the moonlit night. The yellow and red canopies of the boat docks, half taken down for the winter. The swimming raft, twenty laps out of the beach, moving slowly from the subtle lapping of the Long Island Sound...all images of empty and ostentatious wealth, as the CREDIT TITLES are SUPERIMPOSED with simplicity. 3

DISSOLVE:

INT THE GARAGE NIGHT 4

The interior of the six car garage, lit only by moonlight spreading through the rippled industrial glass of a roof skylight.
A magnificent yellow automobile, some expensive, exotic make from Europe, with green leather upholstery and gleaming wire wheels.
In the background are two or three more prosaic cars of the times. THE CREDITS CONTINUE.

DISSOLVE:

EXT THE LAWN NIGHT 5

Endless blue-green lawn, leading to a curving line of beach-sand. And across the Sound, we can barely make out a blinking green light.

DISSOLVE:

Closer on the green light, a warning light on a dock of a distant home, it continues as the third element of the DISSOLVE: 6

INT THE MUSIC ROOM NIGHT 7

The room is dominated by a concert Steinway, but the SILENCE continues.

DISSOLVE:

Initially, Truman Capote was hired to do the screenplay but the script he delivered was so TransG*ish* that the producers brought in Francis Coppola. They just thought he was making his version way too subjectively influenced by his own TransG experiences. Ironically, Capote's unpopular take was the true adaptation.

[See separate article *FN g capo* cf. Candace Grissom's piece on Gatsby adaptations, FN: ep cowley]

Printing Terminology

Galleys - Galley proofs, or galleys, are long sheets taken directly from the printer's tray. They generally contain about three pages' worth of type, and are printed on one side only.

Proofs - Generally a plainly printed softbound copy of a book, issued well in advance of publication, for early readers.

.2.43.d.ny-loc.

New York Locations

Mapping The 1920s New York City of The Great Gatsby - Hana Alberts

The setting: Long Island—Manhattan New York '22...

1 Flushing Meadows – "AsheHeaps"
3 Queensboro Bridge to Manhattan – "Anything could happen now ...Gatsby could happen."
5 Pennsylvania Station – Nick after McKee
14 The Plaza – The Showdown
19 Coney Island – Francis Cugat's masterpiece – the most famous book cover, ever.

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To John Peale Bishop

[*circa* publication time – see The Hours *FN*: 3'h's]

American Express Co. Rome, Italy.

Dear John

Your letter was perfect. It told us everything we wanted to know and the same day I read your article (very nice too) in Van. Fair about cherching the past. But you disappointed me with the quality of some of it (the news)—for instance that Bunny's play failed and that you and Margaret find life dull and depressing there. We want to come back but we want to come back with money saved and so far we haven't saved any—tho I'm one novel ahead and book of pretty good (seven) short stories. I've done about 10 pieces of horrible junk in the last year tho that I can never republish or bear to look at—cheap and without the spontaneity of my first work. But the novel I'm sure of. It's marvellous.

We're just back from Capri where I sat up (tell Bunny) half the night talking to my old idol Compton Mackenzie. Perhaps you met him. I found him cordial, attractive and pleasantly mundane. You get no sense from him that he feels his work has gone to pieces. He's not pompous about his present output. I think he's just tired. The war wrecked him as it did Wells and many of that generation...

Is Dos Passos novel any good? And what's become of Cummings work. I haven't read Some Do Not but Zelda was crazy about it. I glanced through it and kept wondering why it was written backward. At first I thought they'd sewn the cover on upside down. Well—these people will collaborate with Conrad.

Do you still think Dos Passos is a genius? My faith in him is somehow weakened. There's so little time for faith these days.

The Wescott book will be eagerly devoured. A personable young man of that name from Atlantic introduced himself to

me after the failure of the Vegetable. I wonder if he's the same. At any rate your Wescott, so Harrison Rhodes tells me, is coming here to Rome.

I've given up Nathan's books. I liked the 4th series of Prejudices. Is Lewis new book any good. Hergesheimers was awful. He's all done…

The cheerfulest things in my life are first Zelda and second the hope that my book has something extraordinary about it. I want to be extravagantly admired again. Zelda and I sometimes indulge in terrible four day rows that always start with a drinking party but we're still enormously in love and about the only truly happily married people I know.

Our Very Best to Margaret

Please write!

Scott

(OVER)

In the Villa d'Este at Tivoli [Como] all that ran in my brain was:

> "An alley of dark cypresses
> Hides an enrondured pool of light
> And there the young musicians come
> With instruments for her delight
> …….locks are bowed
> Over dim lutes that sigh aloud
> Or else with heads thrown back they tease
> Reverberate echoes from the drum
> The still folds etc"

It was wonderful that when you wrote that you'd never seen Italy—or, by god, now that I think of it, never lived in the 15th century.

But then I wrote T. S. of P. without having been to Oxford.

Pavilion Colombe St.
Brice-Sous-Foret (S&O)
Gare: Sarcelles
June 8, '25

Dear Mr. F

I have been wandering for the last weeks and found your novel—with its friendly dedication—awaiting me here on my arrival, a few days ago.

I am touched at your sending me a copy, for I feel that to your generation, which has taken such a flying leap into the future, I must represent the literary equivalent of tufted furniture & gas chandeliers. So you will understand that it is in a spirit of sincere deprecation that I shall venture, in a few days, to offer you in return the last product of my manufactory.

Meanwhile, let me say at once how much I like Gatsby, or rather His Book, & how great a leap I think you have taken this time—in advance upon your previous work. My present quarrel with you is only this: that to make Gatsby really Great, you ought to have given us his early career (not from the cradle—but from his visit to the yacht, if not before) instead of a short resume of it. That would have situated him, & made his final tragedy a tragedy instead of a "fait divers" for the morning papers.

But you'll tell me that's the old way, & consequently not your way; & meanwhile, it's enough to make this reader happy to have met your perfect Jew, & the limp Wilson, & assisted at that seedy orgy in the Buchanan flat, with the dazed puppy looking on. Every bit of that is masterly—but the lunch with Wolfshiem, and his every appearance afterward, make me augur still greater things!—Thank you again.

Yrs. Sincerely,

Edith Wharton

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To John Peale Bishop

[Postmarked, August 9, '25]
Rue de Tilsitt Paris, France

Dear John

Thank you for your most pleasant, full, discerning and helpful letter about The Great Gatsby. It is about the only criticism that the book has had which has been intelligible, save a letter from Mrs. Wharton. I shall only ponder, or rather I have pondered, what you say about accuracy—I'm afraid I haven't quite reached the ruthless artistry which would let me cut out an exquisite bit that had no place in the context. I can cut out the almost exquisite, the adequate, even the brilliant—but a true accuracy is, as you say, still in the offing.

Also you are right about Gatsby being blurred and patchy. I never at any one time saw him clear myself— for he started out as one man I knew and then changed into myself—the amalgam was never complete to me.

Your novel sounds fascinating and I'm crazy to see it. I'm beginning a new novel next month on the Riviera. I understand that MacLeish is there, among other people (at Antibes where we are going). Paris has been a mad-house this spring and, as you can imagine, we were in the thick of it. I don't know when we're coming back—maybe never. We'll be here till Jan. (except for a month in Antibes), and then we go Nice for the Spring, with Oxford for next summer. Love to Margaret and many thanks for the kind letter.

Scott

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To John Peale Bishop ['25]

Dear Sir
The enclosed explains itself. Meanwhile I went to Antibes and liked Archie MacLeish enormously. Also his poem, though it seems strange to like anything so outrageously derivative. T. S. of P. was an original in comparison.

I'm crazy to see your novel. I'm starting a new one myself.

There was no one at Antibes this summer except me, Zelda, the Valentinos, the Murphy's, Mistinguet, Rex Ingram, Dos Passos, Alice Terry, the MacLeishes, Charles Bracket, Maude Kahn, Esther Murphy, Marguerite Namara, E. Phillips Openheim, Mannes the violinist, Floyd Dell, Max and Chrystal Eastman, ex-Premier Orlando, Etienne de Beaumont—just a real place to rough it and escape from all the world. But we had a great time. I don't know when we're coming home—

The Hemingway's are coming to dinner so I close with best wishes

Scott

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From TS Eliot

Faber & Gwyer LTD
24 Russell Square, London
31st December, '25

FSF Esq
Charles Scribners & Sons

Dear Mr Scott F

The Great Gatsby with your charming and overpowering inscription arrived the very morning that I was leaving in some haste for a sea voyage advised by my doctor. I therefore left it behind and only read it on my return a few days ago. I have, however, now read it three times. I am not in the least influenced by your remark about myself when I say that it has interested and excited me more than any new novel I have seen, either English or American, for a number of years.

When I have time I should like to write to you more fully and tell you exactly why it seems to me such a remarkable book. In fact it seems to me to be the first step that American fiction has taken since Henry James….

By the way, if you ever have any short stories which you think would be suitable for the Criterion I wish you would let

me see them.

With many thanks, I am,

Yours very truly, TS Eliot

P.S. By a coincidence Gilbert Seldes in his New York Chronicle in the Criterion for January 14th has chosen your book for particular mention.

..

To Scottie

August 8, ’33
La Paix Rodgers Forge
Towson Maryland

Dear Pie

I feel very strongly about you doing duty. Would you give me a little more documentation about your reading in French? I am glad you are happy—but I never believe much in happiness. I never believe in misery either. Those are things you see on the stage or the screen or the printed page, they never really happen to you in life.

All I believe in in life is the rewards for virtue (according to your talents) and the punishments for not fulfilling your duties, which are doubly costly. If there is such a volume in the camp library, will you ask Mrs. Tyson to let you look up a sonnet of Shakespeare’s in which the line occurs Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

Have had no thoughts today, life seems composed of getting up a Saturday Evening Post story. I think of you, and always pleasantly; but if you call me “Pappy” again I am going to take the White Cat out and beat his bottom hard, six times for every time you are impertinent. Do you react to that?

I will arrange the camp bill.

Half-wit, I will conclude. Things to worry about:

Worry about courage

Worry about cleanliness

Worry about efficiency

Worry about horsemanship…

Things not to worry about:

Don't worry about popular opinion

Don't worry about dolls

Don't worry about the past

Don't worry about the future

Don't worry about growing up

Don't worry about anybody getting ahead of you

Don't worry about triumph

Don't worry about failure unless it comes through your own fault

Don't worry about mosquitoes

Don't worry about flies

Don't worry about insects in general

Don't worry about parents

Don't worry about boys

Don't worry about disappointments

Don't worry about pleasures

Don't worry about satisfactions

Things to think about:

What am I really aiming at?

How good am I really in comparison to my contemporaries in regard to:

(a) Scholarship

(b) Do I really understand about people and am I able to get

along with them?

(c) Am I trying to make my body a useful instrument or am I neglecting it?

With dearest love,

..

From Thomas Wolfe

July 26, '37

FSF

Charles Scribners Sons

Dear Scott

I don’t know where you are living and I’ll be damned if I’ll believe anyone lives in a place called “The Garden of Allah,” which was what the address on your envelope said. I am sending this on to the old address we both know so well...

Ever yours,

Tom Wolfe

..

To Scottie

Autumn, ’37

I shall somehow manage not to appear in a taxicab on Thanksgiving and thus disgrace you before all those “nice” girls. Isn’t it somewhat old-fashioned to describe girls in expensive backgrounds as “nice?” I will bet two-thirds of the girls at Miss Walker’s School have at least one grandparent that peddled old leather in the slums of New York, Chicago, or London, and if I thought you were accepting the standards of the cosmopolitan rich, I would much rather have you in a Southern school, where scholastic standards are not so high and the word “nice” is not debased to such a ludicrous extent. I have seen the whole racket, and if there is any more disastrous road than that from Park Avenue to the Rue de la Paix and back again, I don’t know it.

They are homeless people, ashamed of being American, unable to master the culture of another country; ashamed, usually, of their husbands, wives, grandparents, and unable to bring up descendants of whom they could be proud, even if they had the nerve to bear them, ashamed of each other yet leaning on each other’s weakness, a menace to the social order in which they live—oh, why should I go on? You know how I feel about such things. If I come up and find you gone Park Avenue, you will have to explain me away as a Georgia cracker or a Chicago killer. god help Park Avenue.

To Scottie

July 7, ’38

I am certainly glad that you’re up and around, and sorry that your selection of Post-Flaubertian realism depressed you. I certainly wouldn’t begin Henry James with The Portrait of a Lady, which is in his “late second manner” and full of mannerisms. Why don’t you read Roderick Hudson or Daisy Miller first? Lord Jim is a great book—the first third at least and the conception, though it got lost a little bit in the law-courts of Calcutta or wherever it was. I wonder if you know why it is good? Sister Carrie, almost the first piece of American realism, is damn good and is as easy reading as a

True Confession.

..

To Anne Ober ['38]

That was always my experience—a poor boy in a rich town; a poor boy in a rich boy's school; a poor boy in a rich man's club at Princeton … However, I have never been able to forgive the rich for being rich, and it has colored my entire life and works.

To Edmund Wilson

May 16, '39
5521 Amestoy Avenue
Encino, California

Dear Bunny

News that you and Mary had a baby reached me rather late because I was out of California for several months. Hope he is now strong and crawling. Tell him if he grows up any bigger I shall be prepared to take him for a loop when he reaches the age of twenty-one at which time I shall be sixty-three…

Believe me, Bunny, it meant more to me than it could possibly have meant to you to see you that evening. It seemed to renew old times learning about Franz Kafka and latter things that are going on in the world of poetry, because I am still the ignoramus that you and John Bishop wrote about at Princeton. Though my idea is now, to learn about a new life from Louis B. Mayer who promises to teach me all about things if he ever gets around to it.

Ever your devoted friend,

..

To Scottie Summer, '39

I want to have you out here for part of the summer. I have a nice cottage in the country, but very far out in the country, and utterly inaccessible if one doesn't drive well. Whether a piano here would be practical or not I don't know (remember how I

felt about radio) but all that might be arranged if the personal equation were not doubtful (a situation for which for the moment I take full blame). Since I stopped picture work three months ago, I have been through not only a TB flare-up but also a nervous breakdown of such severity that for a time it threatened to paralyze both arms— or to quote the doctor: "Tapped you on the shoulder." While I am running no fever above 99, I don't know what this return to picture work is going to do, and when and if my health blows up, you know what a poor family man I am….

I am of course not drinking and haven't been for a long time, but any illness is liable to have a certain toxic effect on the system and you may find me depressing, over-nervous about small things and dogmatic—all these qualities more intensified than you have previously experienced them in me. Beyond this I am working very hard and the last thing I want at the end of the day is a problem, while, as it is natural at your age, what you want at the end of the day is excitement. I tell you all this because lately we had planned so many meetings with anticipation and they have turned out to be flops. Perhaps forewarned will be forearmed….

If the experiment proves upsetting, I will have no further choice than to pack you off East somewhere again, but there are several friends here whom you could visit for a time if we failed to make a satisfactory household. So the trip will be worthwhile. Also I am more of a solitary than I have ever been, but I don't think that will worry you, because you had your dosages of motion picture stars on two other trips. To describe how humorless I feel about life at this point you have simply to read the Tarkington story called Sinful Dadda Little in the Post issue of July 22 (still current I believe), and remember that I read it without a particle of amusement, but with a complete disgust at Dadda for not drowning the two debutantes, at the end.

Father & Daughter – Last Year ('40)

To Scottie March 15, '40

I think it was you who misunderstood my meaning about the comrades. The important thing is this: they had best be treated, not as people holding a certain set of liberal or conservative opinions, but rather as you might treat a set of intensely fanatical Roman Catholics among whom you might find yourself. It is not that you should not disagree with them—the important thing is that you should not argue with them. The point is that Communism has become an intensely dogmatic and almost mystical religion, and whatever you say, they have ways of twisting it into shapes which put you in some lower category of mankind ("Fascist," "Liberal," "Trotskyist"), and disparage you both intellectually and personally in the process. They are amazingly well organized. The pith of my advice is: think what you want, the less said the better...

You must have some politeness toward ideas. You can neither cut through, nor challenge nor beat the fact that there is an organized movement over the world before which you and I as individuals are less than the dust. Some time when you feel very brave and defiant and haven't been invited to one particular college function, read the terrible chapter in Das Kapital on The Working Day, and see if you are ever quite the same.

To Scottie Spring, '40

Spring was always an awful time for me about work. I always felt that in the long boredom of winter there was nothing else to do but study. But I lost the feeling in the long, dreamy spring days and managed to be in scholastic hot water by June. I can't tell you what to do about it—all my suggestions seem to be very remote and academic.

But if I were with you and we could talk again like we used

to, I might lift you out of your trouble about concentration. It really isn't so hard, even with dreamy people like you and me—it's just that we feel so damned secure at times as long as there's enough in the bank to buy the next meal, and enough moral stuff in reserve to take us through the next ordeal. Our danger is imagining we have resources— material and moral—which we haven't got. One of the reasons I find myself so consistently in valleys of depression is that every few years I seem to be climbing uphill to recover from some bankruptcy. Do you know what bankruptcy exactly means? It means drawing on resources which one does not possess. I thought I was so strong that I never would be ill and suddenly I was ill for three years, and faced with a long, slow uphill climb. Wiser people seem to manage to pile up a reserve—so that if on a night you had set aside to study for a philosophy test, you learned that your best friend was in trouble and needed your help, you could skip that night and find you had a reserve of one or two days preparation to draw on. But I think that, like me, you will be something of a fool in that regard all your life, so I am wasting my words.

To Scottie Spring, '40

Anyhow I am alive again—getting by that October did something—with all its strains and necessities and humiliations and struggles. I don't drink. I am not a great man but sometimes I think the impersonal and objective quality of my talent and the sacrifices of it, in pieces, to preserve its essential value has some sort of epic grandeur. Anyhow after hours I nurse myself with delusions of that sort….

And I think when you read this book, which will encompass the time when you knew me as an adult, you will understand how intensively I knew your world—not extensively because I was so ill and unable to get about. If I live long enough, I'll hear your side of things, but I think your own instincts about your limitations as an artist are possibly best: you might experiment back and forth among the arts and find your niche as I found mine—but I do not believe that so far you are a

“natural.”

To Scottie April 12, '40

You are doing exactly what I did at Princeton. I wore myself out on a musical comedy there for which I wrote book and lyrics, organized and mostly directed while the president played football. Result: I slipped way back in my work, got T.B., lost a year in college—and, irony of ironies, because of a scholastic slip I wasn’t allowed to take the presidency of the Triangle…

From your letter I guess you are doing exactly the same thing and it just makes my stomach fall out to think of it. Amateur work is fun but the price for it is just simply tremendous. In the end you get “Thank you” and that’s all. You give three performances which everybody promptly forgets and somebody has a breakdown—that somebody being the enthusiast.

To Scottie April 27, '40

Musical comedy is fun—I suppose more “fun” than anything else a literary person can put their talents to and it always has an air of glamor around it...

I was particularly interested in your line about “feeling that you had lost your favorite child.” god, haven’t I felt that so many times. Often I think writing is a sheer paring away of oneself, leaving always something thinner, barer, more meagre. However, that’s not anything to worry about in your case for another twenty years. I am glad you are going to Princeton with whom you are going. I feel you have now somehow jumped a class. Boys like... are on a guess more “full of direction” than most of the happy-go-luckies in Cap and Gown. I don’t mean more ambition, which is a sort of general attribute at youth and is five parts hope to five parts good will, but I mean some calculated path, stemming from a talent or money or a careful directive or all of these things, to find your way through the bourgeois maze—if you feel it is worth

finding. Remember this, though, among those on both sides of the fence there are a lot of slow developers, people of quality and distinction whom you should not overlook.

To Scottie May 4, '40

You are always welcome in California, though. We are even opening our arms to Chamberlain in case the British oust him. We need him for Governor, because we are afraid the Asiatics are going to land from Chinese parasols. Never mind—Santa Barbara will be our Narvik and we'll defend it to our last producer. And remember, even England still has Noel Coward.

I actually have a formulating plan for part of your summer—if it pleases you—and I think I'll have the money to make it good. I'm working hard, guiding by the fever which now hovers quietly around the 99.2 level, which is fairly harmless. Tell Frances Kilpatrick that, though I never met her father, he is still one of my heroes, in spite of the fact that he robbed Princeton of a football championship single-handed—he was probably the greatest end who ever played football. In the future please send me clippings even though you do crack at me in the course of your interviews. I'd rather get them than have you send me accounts of what literary sourbellies write about me in their books. I've been criticized by experts including myself.

I think I've about finished a swell flicker piece. Did you read me in the current Esquire about Orson Welles? Is it funny? Tell me. You haven't answered a question for six letters. Better do so or I'll dock five dollars next week to show you I'm the same old meany.

To Scottie May 7, '40

You asked me whether I thought that in the Arts it was greater to originate a new form or to perfect it. The best answer is the one that Picasso made rather bitterly to Gertrude Stein:

"You do something first and then somebody else comes along and does it pretty."…

In the opinion of any real artist, the inventor—which is to say Giotto or Leonardo—is infinitely superior to the finished Tintoretto, and the original D. H. Lawrences are infinitely greater than the Steinbecks.

To Scottie May 11, '40

I'm glad you didn't start going to Princeton at sixteen or you'd be pretty jaded by this time. Yale is a good year ahead of Princeton in sophistication, though—it should be good for another year. Though I loved Princeton, I often felt that it was a by-water, that its snobby institutions were easy to beat and to despise, and unless a man was a natural steeplechaser or a society groom, you'd find your own private intellectual and emotional life. Given that premise, it is a lovely quiet place, gentle and dignified, and it will let you alone. Of course, it is at its absolute worst in the atmosphere you described. Some time go down with a boy on one of those weekends when there's almost nothing to do.

To Scottie June 12, '40

I could agree with you as opposed to Dean Thompson if you were getting "B's." Then I would say: As you're not going to be a teacher or a professional scholar, don't try for "A's"—don't take the things in which you can get "A," for you can learn them yourself. Try something hard and new, and try it hard, and take what marks you can get. But you have no such margin of respectability, and this borderline business is a fret to you. Doubt and worry—you are as crippled by them as I am by my inability to handle money or my self-indulgences of the past. It is your Achilles' heel— and no Achilles' heel ever toughened by itself. It just gets more and more vulnerable. What little I've accomplished has been by the most laborious and uphill work, and I wish now I'd never relaxed or looked back—but said at the end of The Great Gatsby: "I've found my line—from now on this comes first. This is my immediate duty—without this I am nothing."

To Scottie June 15, '40

Meanwhile I have another plan which may yield a bonanza but will take a week to develop, so there's nothing to do for a week except try to cheer up your mother and derive what consolation you can in explaining the Spenglerian hypotheses to that woman and her fellow feebs of the Confederacy. Maybe you can write Something down there. It is a grotesquely pictorial country as I found out long ago, and as Mr. Faulkner has since abundantly demonstrated.

To Scottie June 20, '40

I wish I were with you this afternoon. At the moment I am sitting rather dismally contemplating the loss of a three year old Ford and a thirty-three year old tooth. The Ford (heavily mortgaged) I shall probably get back, according to the police, because it is just a childish prank of the California boys to steal them and then abandon them. But the tooth I had grown to love…

In recompense I found in Collier's a story by myself. I started it just before I broke my shoulder in '36 and wrote it in intervals over the next couple of years. It seemed terrible to me. That I will ever be able to recover the art of the popular short story is doubtful. At present I'm doing a masterpiece for Esquire and waiting to see if my producer can sell the Babylon Revisited screen play to Shirley Temple. If this happens, everything will look very much brighter...

The police have just called up telling me they've recovered my car. The thief ran out of gas and abandoned it in the middle of Hollywood Boulevard. The poor lad was evidently afraid to call anybody to help him push it to the curb. I hope next time he gets a nice big producer's car with plenty of gas in it and a loaded revolver in each side pocket and he can embark on a career of crime in earnest. I don't like to see any education left hanging in the air.

To Scottie July 12, '40

Haven't you got a carbon of the New Yorker article? I've heard that John Mason Brown is a great favorite as a lecturer and I think it's very modern to be taking dramatic criticism, though it reminds me vaguely of the school for Roxy Ushers. It seems a trifle detached from drama itself. I suppose the thing's to get really removed from the subject, and the final removal would be a school for teaching critics of teachers of dramatic criticism…

Isn't the world a lousy place—I've just finished a copy of Life and I'm dashing around to a Boris Karloff movie to cheer up. It is an inspirational thing called "The Corpse in the Breakfast Food."…

Once I thought that Lake Forest was the most glamorous place in the world. Maybe it was.

To Scottie July 18, '40

I wonder if you've read anything this summer—I mean any one good book like The Brothers Karamazov or Ten Days That Shook the World. You never speak of your reading except the excerpts you do in college, the little short bits that they must perforce give you. I know you have read a few of the books I gave you last summer—then I have heard nothing from you on the subject. Have you ever, for example, read Pere Goriot or Crime and Punishment or even The Doll's House or St. Matthew or Sons and Lovers? A good style simply doesn't form unless you absorb half a dozen top-flight authors every year. Or rather it forms but instead of being a subconscious amalgam of all that you have admired, it is simply a reflection of the last writer you have read, a watered-down journalese.

To Scottie July 29, '40

This job has given me part of the money for your tuition and it comes so hard that I hate to see you spend it on a course like English Prose since 1800. Anybody that can't read modern English prose by themselves is subnormal— and you know it. The chief fault in your style is its lack of distinction—something which is inclined to grow with the years. You had distinction once—there's some in your diary —and the only way to increase it is to cultivate your own garden. And the only thing that will help you is poetry, which is the most concentrated form of style...

Example: You read Melanctha, which is practically poetry, and sold a New Yorker story—you read ordinary novels and sink back to a Kitty-Foyle-Diary level of average performance. The only sensible course for you at this moment is the one on English Poetry—Blake to Keats (English 241). I don't care how clever the other professor is, one can't raise a discussion of modern prose to anything above tea-table level. I'll tell you everything she knows about it in three hours and guarantee that what each of us tells you will be largely wrong, for it will be almost entirely conditioned by our responses to the subject matter. It is a course for Clubwomen who want to continue on from Rebecca and Scarlett O'Hara….

Strange Interlude is good. It was good the first time, when Shaw wrote it and called it Candida. On the other hand you don't pass an hour of your present life that isn't directly influenced by the devastating blast of light and air that came with Ibsen's Doll's House. Nora wasn't the only one who walked out of the Doll's House—all the women in Gene O'Neill walked out too. Only they wore fancier clothes… Well, the old master wearies—the above is really good advice, Pie, in a line where I know my stuff. Unless you can break down your prose a little, it'll stay on the ill-paid journalistic level. And you can do better.

To Scottie August 3, '40

It isn't something easy to get started on by yourself. You need, at the beginning, some enthusiast who also knows his way around—John Peale Bishop performed that office for me at Princeton. I had always dabbled in "verse," but he made me see, in the course of a couple of months, the difference between poetry and non-poetry. After that, one of my first discoveries was that some of the professors who were teaching poetry really hated it and didn't know what it was about. I got in a series of endless scraps with them, so that finally I dropped English altogether...

Poetry is either something that lives like fire inside you—like music to the musician or Marxism to the Communist— or else it is nothing, an empty, formalized bore, around which pedants can endlessly drone their notes and explanations. The Grecian Urn is unbearably beautiful, with every syllable as inevitable as the notes in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony, or it's just something you don't understand. It is what it is because an extraordinary genius paused at that point in history and touched it. I suppose I've read it a hundred times. About the tenth time I began to know what it was about, and caught the chime in it and the exquisite inner mechanics. Likewise with the Nightingale, which I can never read through without tears in my eyes; likewise the Pot of Basil with its great stanzas about the two brothers: "Why were they proud, etc."; and The Eve of Saint Agnes, which has the richest, most sensuous imagery in English, not excepting Shakespeare. And finally his three or four great sonnets: Bright Star and the others...

Knowing those things very young and granted an ear, one could scarcely ever afterwards be unable to distinguish between gold and dross in what one read. In themselves those eight poems are a scale of workmanship for anybody who wants to know truly about words, their most utter value for evocation, persuasion or charm. For awhile after you quit Keats all other poetry seems to be only whistling or humming.

To Scottie August 12, '40

Working among the poor has differing effects on people. If you're poor yourself, you get their psychology and it's broadening—for example, when a boy of the bourgeoisie ships before the mast on a tramp schooner where he has to endure the same privations as the seamen, undoubtedly he achieves something of their point of view forever. On the contrary, a Bennington girl spending a month in slum work and passing the weekend at her father's mansion in Long Island gets nothing at all except a smug feeling that she is Lady Bountiful.

To Scottie August 24, '40

I can imagine the dinner party. I remember taking Zelda to the young... when we were first married and it was a pretty frozen dish, though in general the places we went to even from the beginning were many flights up from the average business man's menage. Business is a dull game, and they pay a big price in human values for their money. They are "all right when you get to know them." I liked some of the young Princeton men in business, but I couldn't stand the Yale and Harvard equivalents because we didn't even have the common ground of the past. The women are empty twirps mostly, easy to seduce and not good for much else. I am not talking about natural society women like... and some others, who made their lives into pageants, almost like actresses.

However, you seem wise enough to see that there is something in... College gives you a head start, especially a girl, and people are not in any hurry to live and think your way. It's all a question of proportion: if you married an army officer you would live half a lifetime of kowtowing to your inferiors until your husband made his way to the top. If, as the chances are, you marry a business man—because for the present business absorbs most of the energetic and attractive boys—you will have to play your cards properly in the business hierarchy. That was why I have always hoped that life would throw you among lawyers or men who were going into politics or big

time journalism. They lead rather larger lives.

Advertising is a racket, like the movies and the brokerage business. You cannot be honest without admitting that its constructive contribution to humanity is exactly minus zero. It is simply a means of making dubious promises to a credulous public. (But if you showed this letter to... it would be the end of everything in short order, for a man must have his pride, and the more he realizes such a situation, the less he can afford to admit it.) If I had been promoted when I was an advertising man, given enough money to marry your mother in 1920, my life might have been altogether different. I'm not sure, though. People often struggle through to what they are in spite of any detours—and possibly I might have been a writer sooner or later anyhow.

To Scottie October 5, '40

Glad you liked Death in Venice. I don't see any connection between that and Dorian Gray, except that they both have an implied homosexuality. Dorian Gray is little more than a somewhat highly charged fairy tale which stimulates adolescents to intellectual activity at about seventeen (it did the same for you as it did for me). Sometime you will re-read it and see that it is essentially naive. It is in the lower ragged edge of "literature" just as Gone With the Wind is in the higher brackets of crowd entertainment. Death in Venice, on the other hand, is a work of art, of the school of Flaubert —yet not derivative at all. Wilde had two models for Dorian Gray: Balzac's Le Peau de Chagrin and Huysmans' A Rebours.

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To Ernest Hemingway

November 8, '40

Dear Ernest:

It's a fine novel, better than anybody else writing could do. Thanks for thinking of me and for your dedication. I read it with intense interest, participating in a lot of the writing problems as they came along and often quite unable to discover how you brought off some of the effects, but you always did. The massacre was magnificent and also the fight on the mountain and the actual dynamiting scene. Of the sideshows I particularly liked the vignette of Karkov and Pilar's Sonata to death—and I had a personal interest in the Moseby guerilla stuff because of my own father. The scene in which the. father says goodbye to his son is very powerful. I'm going to read the whole thing again.

I never got to tell you how I like To Have and to Have Not either. There is observation and writing in that that the boys will be imitating with a vengeance—paragraphs and pages that are right up with Dostoiefski in their undeflected intensity.

Congratulations too on your new book's great success. I envy you like hell and there is no irony in this. I always liked Dostoiefski with his wide appeal more than any other European—and I envy you the time it will give you to do what you want.

With Old Affection,

P.S. I came across an old article by John Bishop about how you lay four days under dead bodies at Caporetto and how I flunked out of Princeton (I left on a stretcher in November—you can't flunk out in November) … What I started to say was that I do know something about you on the Italian front, from a man who was in your unit—how you crawled some hellish distance pulling a wounded man with you and how the doctors stood over you wondering why you were alive with so many perforations. Don't worry—I won't tell anybody. Not even Allan Campbell who called me up and gave me news of you the other day.

P.S. (2) I hear you are marrying one of the most beautiful people I have ever seen. Give her my best remembrance.

..

To Edmund Wilson

1403 N. Laurel Avenue
Hollywood, Cal.
November 25, '40

Dear Bunny

I think my novel is good. I've written it with difficulty. It is completely upstream in mood and will get a certain amount of abuse but it is first hand and I am trying a little harder than I ever have to be exact and honest emotionally. I honestly hoped somebody else would write it but nobody seems to be going to.

With best to you both,
Scott

P.S. This sounds like a bitter letter—I'd rewite it except for a horrible paucity of time. Not even time to be bitter.

..

To Scottie

December, '40

My novel is something of a mystery, I hope. I think it's a pretty good rule not to tell what a thing is about until it's finished. If you do, you always seem to lose some of it. It never quite belongs to you so much again.

To Scottie [undated]

A great social success is a pretty girl who plays her cards as carefully as if she were plain.

I felt all my life the absence of hobbies, except such for me abstract and academic ones as military tactics and football. Botany is such a definite thing. It has its feet on the ground. And after reading Thoreau I felt how much I have lost by leaving nature out of my life.

So many writers, Conrad for instance, have been aided by being brought up in a metier utterly unrelated to literature. It gives an abundance of material and, more important, an attitude from which to view the world. So much writing nowadays suffers both from lack of an attitude and from sheer lack of any material, save what is accumulated in a purely social life. The world, as a rule, does not live on beaches and in country clubs.

One time in sophomore year at Princeton, Dean West got up and rolled out the great lines of Horace:

"*Integer vitae, scelerisque purus*

Non eget Mauris iaculis neque arcu"—

—And I knew in my heart that I had missed something by being a poor Latin scholar, like a blessed evening with a lovely girl. It was a great human experience I had rejected through laziness, through having sown no painful seed.

It has been so ironic to me in after life to buy books to master subjects in which I took courses at college and which made no impression on me whatsoever. I once flunked a course on the Napoleonic era, and I now have over 300 books

in my library on the subject and the other A scholars wouldn't even remember it now. That was because I had made the mental tie-up that work equals something unpleasant, something to be avoided, something to be postponed. These scholars you speak of as being bright are no brighter than you, the great majority not nearly as quick, nor, probably, as well endowed with memory and perception, but they have made that tie-up, so that something does not stiffen in their minds at the mention that it is a set task. I am so sure that this is your trouble because you are so much like me and because, after a long time milling over the matter, I have concluded that it was mine. What an idiot I was to be disqualified for play by poor work when men of infinitely inferior capacity got high marks without any great effort.

I never blame failure—there are too many complicated situations in life—but I am absolutely merciless toward lack of effort.

The first thing I ever sold was a piece of verse to Poet Lore when I was twenty...

Am glad you were reading about Twentieth Century Sophists. You meet them every day. They see their world falling to pieces and know all the answers, and are not going to do anything about it.

We have reached a censorship barrier in Infidelity, to our infinite disappointment. It won't be Joan's next picture and we are setting it aside awhile till we can think of a way of halfwitting halfwit Hayes and his legion of decency. Pictures needed cleaning up in '32-33 (remember I didn't like you to see them?), but because they were suggestive and salacious. Of course the moralists now want to apply that to all strong themes—so the crop of the last two years is feeble and false, unless it deals with children. Anyhow we're starting a new story and a safe one.

About adjectives: all fine prose is based on the verbs carrying the sentences. They make sentences move. Probably

the finest technical poem in English is Keats' Eve of Saint Agnes. A line like:

The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass, is so alive that you race through it, scarcely noticing it, yet it has colored the whole poem with its movement—the limping, trembling, and freezing is going on before your own eyes. Would you read that poem for me, and report?

Don't be a bit discouraged about your story not being tops. At the same time, I am not going to encourage you about it, because, after all, if you want to get into the big time, you have to have your own fences to jump, and learn from experience. Nobody ever became a writer just by wanting to be one. If you have anything to say, anything you feel nobody has ever said before, you have got to feel it so desperately that you will find some way to say it that nobody has ever found before, so that the thing you have to say and the way of saying it blend as one matter—as indissolubly as if they were conceived together...

Let me preach again for a moment: I mean that what you have felt and thought will by itself invent a new style, so that when people talk about style they are always a little astonished at the newness of it, because they think that it is only style that they are talking about, when what they are talking about is the attempt to express a new idea with such force that it will have the originality of the thought. It is an awfully lonesome business, and, as you know, I never wanted you to go into it, but if you are going into it at all, I want you to go into it knowing the sort of things that took me years to learn.

All good writing is swimming under water and holding your breath.

The conclusion is: it will not win you financial independence or immortality. But you will be wise to publish it, if you can—if for no gain and only in a college magazine. It will give you a sense of your own literary existence, and put you in touch with others trying the same thing. In a literary way I cannot help you beyond a point. I might say that I don't

think anyone can write succinct prose unless they have at least tried and failed to write a good iambic pentameter sonnet, and read Browning's short dramatic poems, etc.— but that was my personal approach to prose. Yours may be different, as Ernest Hemingway's was. But I wouldn't have written this long letter unless I distinguished, underneath the sing-song lilt of your narrative, some traces of a true rhythm that is ear-marked Scottina. There is as yet no honesty—the reader will say "So what?" But when in a freak moment you will want to give the low-down, not the scandal, not the merely reported but the profound essence of what happened at a prom or after it, perhaps that honesty will come to you—and then you will understand how it is possible to make even a forlorn Laplander feel the importance of a trip to Carrier's!

Most of my contemporaries did not get started at twenty-two, but usually at about twenty-seven to thirty or even later, filling in the interval with anything from journalism [or] teaching [to] sailing a tramp-schooner and going to wars. The talent that matures early is usually of the poetic [type], which mine was in large part. The prose talent depends on other factors—assimilation of material and careful selection of it, or, more bluntly: having something to say and an interesting, highly developed way of saying it.

I'm going into a huddle on this script and probably won't be able to write you again at length before Vassar starts. I read the story in College Bazaar and was very pleased with it. You've put in some excellent new touches and its only fault is the jerkiness that goes with a story that has often been revised. Stories are best written in either one jump or three, according to the length. The three-jump story should be done on three successive days, then a day or so for revise and off she goes. This of course is the ideal—in many stories one strikes a snag that must be hacked at, but, on the whole, stories that drag along or are terribly difficult (I mean a difficulty that comes from a poor conception and consequent faulty construction) never flow quite as well in the reading.

Again, let me repeat that if you start any kind of a career following the footsteps of Cole Porter and Rogers and Hart, it might be an excellent try. Sometimes I wish I had gone along with that gang, but I guess I am too much a moralist at heart, and really want to preach at people in some acceptable form, rather than to entertain them.

I started Tom Wolfe's book on your recommendation. It seems better than Time and the River. He has a fine inclusive mind, can write like a streak, has a great deal of emotion, though a lot of it is maudlin and inaccurate but his awful secret transpires at every crevice—he did not have anything particular to say! The stuff about the GREAT VITAL HEART OF AMERICA is just simply corny.

He recapitulates beautifully a great deal of what Walt Whitman said and Dostoevsky said and Nietzsche said and Milton said, but he himself, unlike Joyce and T. S. Eliot and Ernest Hemingway, has nothing really new to add. All right—it's all a mess and it's too bad about the individual— so what? Most writers line themselves up along a solid gold bar like Ernest's courage or Joseph Conrad's art or D. H. Lawrence's intense cohabitations, but Wolfe is too "smart" for this, and I mean smart in its most belittling and modern sense. Smart like Fadiman in the New Yorker, smart like the critics whom he so pretends to despise. However, the book doesn't commit the cardinal sin: it doesn't fail to live. But I'd like you to think sometime, how and in what way you think it is superior to such a piece of Zolaesque naturalism as Maugham's "Of Human Bondage" or if it is superior at all….

I'm taking a day off from my novel to go to the dentist, the doctor and my agent, to the latter in order to discuss picture business when and if I go back to it in February.

Once one is caught up into the material world, not one person in ten thousand finds the time to form literary taste, to examine the validity of philosophic concepts for himself or to form what, for lack of a better phrase, I might call the wise and tragic sense of life.

By this I mean the thing that lies behind all great careers, from Shakespeare's to Abraham Lincoln's, and as far back as there are books to read—the sense that life is essentially a cheat and its conditions are those of defeat, and that the redeeming things are not "happiness and pleasure" but the deeper satisfactions that come out of struggle. Having learned this in theory from the lives and conclusions of great men, you can get a hell of a lot more enjoyment out of whatever bright things come your way.

You speak of how good your generation is, but I think they share with every generation since the Civil War in America the sense of being somehow about to inherit the earth. You've heard me say before that I think the faces of most American women over thirty are relief maps of petulant and bewildered unhappiness.

"Those debutante parties in New York are the rendezvous of a gang of professional idlers—parasites, pansies, failures, the silliest type of sophomores, young customers' men from Wall Street and hangers-on. The very riff-raff of social New York who would exploit a child like Scottie with flattery and squeeze her out until she is a limp colorless rag. In one more year she can cope with them. In three more years it will be behind her. This year she is still puppy enough to be dazzled. She will be infinitely better off here with me than mixed up with that sort of people. I'd rather have an angry little girl on my hands for a few months than a broken neurotic for the rest of my life." But I don't have to tell you this —you probably read the Life article on the dim-witted... girl and the razz on her in the New Yorker.

To Scottie November '40

And I think when you read this book, which will encompass the time when you knew me as an attachment adult, you will understand how intensively I knew your world—not extensively because I was so ill and unable to get about.

If I live long enough.

..

Scottie expected her father to be around a lot longer, so with her busy college life she didn't get round to having a good look at them. When she did she lobbied Max unsuccessfully to have them included in The Last Tycoon publication: "These letters are so far beyond the average literary critic that they're incomparable."

.2.47.d.let-epi.

Epitaph

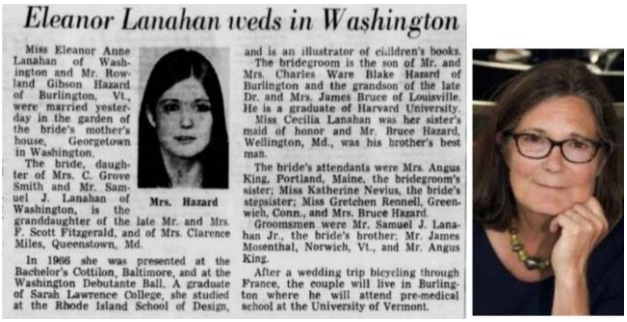
I wish I was in print. It would be odd a year or so from now when Scottie assures her friends I was an author and finds that no book is procurable.

Would the **25 cent press keep Gatsby in the public eye**—or is the book unpopular. Has it had its chance? Would a popular reissue in that series with a preface not by me but by one of its admirers—I can maybe pick one—**make it a favorite with class rooms, profs, lovers of English prose**—anybody. But to die, so completely and unjustly after having given so much. Even now there is little published in American fiction that doesn't slightly have my stamp—in a small way I was an original.

['40]

Parenting

There are ever increasing publications of Gatsby by different publishers. Apparently, the copyright ran out in ’2020 (Literary Estate / Trust Executor – Eleanor Lanahan, FSF granddaughter b. mid ’40s, may be passing on to Blake Hazard lead singer of a band, great granddaughter.



Eleanor Lanahan weds in Washington

Miss Eleanor Anne Lanahan of Washington and Mr. Rowland Gibson Hazard of Burlington, Vt., were married yesterday in the garden of the bride's mother's house, Georgetown in Washington.

The bride, daughter of Mrs. C. Grove Smith and Mr. Samuel J. Lanahan of Washington, is the granddaughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. F. Scott Fitzgerald, and of Mrs. Clarence Miles, Queenstown, Md.

Mrs. Hazard

In 1966 she was presented at the Bachelor's Cotillon, Baltimore, and at the Washington Debutante Ball. A graduate of Sarah Lawrence College, she studied at the Rhode Island School of Design, and is an illustrator of children's books.

The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ware Blake Hazard of Burlington and the grandson of the late Dr. and Mrs. James Bruce of Louisville. He is a graduate of Harvard University.

Miss Cecilia Lanahan was her sister's maid of honor and Mr. Bruce Hazard, Wellington, Md., was his brother's best man.

The bride's attendants were Mrs. Angus King, Portland, Maine, the bridegroom's sister; Miss Katherine Nevius, the bride's stepsister; Miss Gretchen Rennell, Greenwich, Conn., and Mrs. Bruce Hazard.

Groomsmen were Mr. Samuel J. Lanahan Jr., the bride's brother; Mr. James Mosenthal, Norwich, Vt., and Mr. Angus King.

After a wedding trip bicycling through France, the couple will live in Burlington where he will attend pre-medical school at the University of Vermont.

Eleanor Lanahan, author & granddaughter

Blake Hazard, singer & great granddaughter

Scottie F, daughter (’1921-’1986) – Eleanor in her biography of her mother Scottie (Scottie the Daughter of: The Life of Frances Scott F Lanahan Smith [’96] Amazon) stated that she never ever mentioned her father Scott to her children. She seems to have been ashamed of him – perceived him to be a lousy absent father, never coming up with enough money. [A standard motif: daughter thinks father lousy, but when has her own children, finds that parenting ain’t that easy (Scottie apparently had affairs in the

hip Washington DC scene, ended up divorced, may well have been an alcoholic herself, and her own son suicided, after that with her own health going south, she did too, back to ancestral Montgomery, Alabama, and died prematurely in her mid 60s.]

But in spite of being labeled a bum and wasteful with money, the bulk of F's income for over 10 years (this during the Depression '30s) was going into maintaining the best, but very expensive mental health care for Zelda (insanity and suicides ran in her family, tho' questionable drugs to deal with unwanted pregnancies may well have had serious side-effects). Even tho' friends tried to persuade him otherwise, especially after his own health deteriorated with the Crack-Up. But he kept writing to his last days, going out 'with his boots on' / 'pencil in hand'.

However, he did manage, as well, to get Scottie thru to at least her junior year at elite Vassar (he passed when she was 19). Things might have been tough for a while, but when Gatsby sales really took off in the '60s, becoming a standard in high school curriculums, plus film money, she became a rich lady, and subsequent generations were set forever.

IAE, early on when Princeton made it resounding clear they had zero interest in the FSF Papers,

> ...reminded tartly that Princeton was not a charitable institution, nor was its library established to support 'second-rate, Midwest hacks' just because they happened to have been lucky enough to have attended Princeton.

Scottie stuck up for her father with this hilarious *Shaxperean* riposte,

> bequeathing "my iron bed + text books, not to be sold or disposed of or loaned to friends, and an income of twenty cents and four mills every two and third weeks until you are sixty, at which time you are to receive my tommy gun and straight backed chair and a trust fund yielding 44 cents a year providing you eat your broccoli every Tuesday."

Later, in the '50s when the resurrection got into full gear with increasing book sales, films, biographies and critical analysis, Princeton changed their tune.

In their promo release about the new FSF Digital Collection timed to cash in on the '2013 film they now have him as "Class of '17". [See also Pt1 – *FNav*: *sco prin*]

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Scottie

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[More Jungian Synchronicity: Scottie was an only daughter and halfway thru her junior year when her father passed – at the time of producing this Centennial, so is Tara.]

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Financials

F's annual income was remarkably consistent, although some years were better ('38, $58,783) and some worse ('31, $9,765). But most years were pretty close to $24,000. Despite his high income, he was not able to save or, as he said, "amass capital." F's only income came from his writing. Zelda brought no capital into the marriage, and he had none.

Zelda became ill in '29 when they were both very young—she 29, and he 33. In '30–31, a 15-month stay for Zelda in a sanatorium on Lake Geneva cost $13,000. Zelda stayed ill the rest of F's life. He felt obliged to provide the best care, but because of doctor and sanatorium bills, he lost hope of controlling his finances. Friends advised F to economize on Zelda's medical expenses. He wrote to Max on October 16, '36:

> Such stray ideas as sending my daughter to a public school, putting my wife in a public insane asylum, have been proposed to me by intimate friends, but it would break something in me that would shatter the very delicate pencil end of a point of view.

In '36, he inherited $22,975 from his mother, but by that time his finances were lost past recall. When he passed in December '40, his estate was solvent but modest—around $35,000, mostly from an insurance policy.

Estate

F owed $5,456.92 to Scribner's, $3,728.13 to his agent, Harold Ober, and at least $1,500 to Perkins. At the time of his passing F's literary stock was at its lowest level ever, "His copyrights were regarded as virtually worthless, and royalties from his writings were a trickle". His literary estate would not become solvent again until the '50s, when the revival was in full swing.

To assist completion of the final novel Max offered him $1,000 from the forthcoming estate of his godmother. Max was

confident the investment was a worthy one, and his assurance is evident in his note to F: “you are welcome to the money if it will help with this book. I can believe that you may really get at the heart of Hollywood, and of what there is wonderful in it as well as all the rest”. By this point, Perkins had gone through the cycle with F often enough to know that his investment may not save the man, but it could possibly rescue an unwritten book.

F was eternally grateful for the support of his agent and publisher, and he acknowledged his debts to both in “Financing Finnegan,” a farcical short story published in Esquire in '38.

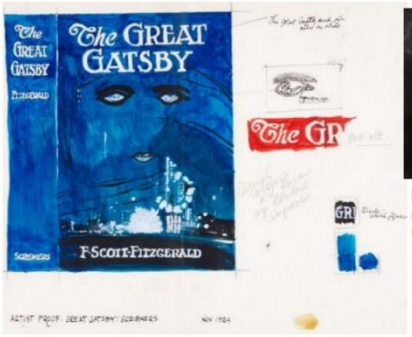
Ur-Gatsby

In June '23, F began writing an early version of the novel that became The Great Gatsby. Specialists now refer to this version as the Ur-Gatsby. Only these two pages of the lost manuscript survive because F attached them to a letter later sent to fellow author Willa Cather. But much of the Ur-Gatsby text was discarded or published elsewhere, such as the short story “Absolution” (June '23). "For Willa Cather"—1st leaf. cf. Trimalchio – working title when Scribner’s had the galleys set in Nov/Dec ’24.

THE GREAT GATSBY

CENTENNIAL

PART 3: FRANCIS CUGAT – THAT BOOK COVER



Francis Cugat ('1893-'1981) "Celestial Eyes"

Fitz to Max Aug. '24:

> Don't give anyone that jacket you're saving for me. I've written it into the book!

Perkins replied 10 Sept.'24:

> There is certainly not the slightest risk of our giving that jacket to anyone in the world but you.

The striking painting by Francis Cugat ('1893-'1981=88) "Celestial Eyes" shows a woman eyes looking over the goings-on with a Coney Island amusement park night scene at the bottom. Perkins later expounded:

> Good as the wrap always seemed, it now seems a masterpiece for this book.

Cugat received the commission for the F dusk jacket in '24, while the book was still unfinished and the early title was "Among Ash-Heaps and Millionaires". He was paid $100.

Charles Scribner III's (Class of ’73) cousin, George Schieffelin discovered the gouache sketch (see above) in a trash can of publishing “dead matter” and took it home. Eventually Scribner inherited the painting, enjoyed it at home for several years, and then donated it to the Princeton University Library » more

.3.1.rb-cugat.

Roy Blankenship Saves Cugat Paintings

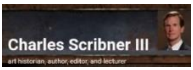
Not much was known about Cugat or the paintings he was working on in the lead up to creating the Celestial Eyes. Then a student in a Bruccoli FSF seminar (’90), Martha Alston, mentioned the Cugat paintings mystery to her aunt and uncle, Evelyn and Harvey Kilby, they traced them to Roy Blankenship (’1943-) artist and restorer (Wilmington DE) » royblankenship.com

Also see special Francis Cugat Album of the preliminary paintings for the cover: photos.app.goo.gl/icvLHNLYPqfEKSRu5

Celestial Eyes

From Metamorphosis to Masterpiece – Charles Scribner III

Princeton University Library
Chronicle Vol. 53 No. 2 (Winter '92)

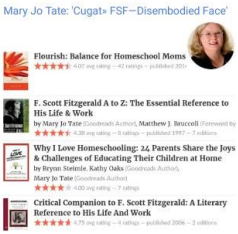


See also Princeton Alumni Weekly ('13)

...It has been alleged that F's symbolic billboard eyes of Dr TJ Eckleburg derived from Cugat's jacket. There can be no mistaking of Cugat's seductive visage for the grotesque, bespectacled eyes of the optician's billboard.

Further evidence that F was influenced by Cugat's cover was proposed by a student of Prof Bruccoli, Mary Jo Tate, based on Nick's image of Daisy as the "girl whose disembodied face floated along the dark cornices and blinding signs" of New York at night, from the passage:

> We passed a barrier of dark trees, and then the facade of 59th St, a block of delicate pale light, beamed down into the park. Unlike Gatsby and Tom Buchanan, I had no girl whose disembodied face floated along the dark cornices and blinding signs...



This citation at the close of chapter four [» *FastNav: dis face*] appears to correspond perfectly with the final jacket.

...It is likely that what F had seen and "written into the book" was one or more of Cugat's preparatory sketches which were probably shown to him at Scribners for his comments before he set sail for France in May '24. We may turn to the

sketches themselves in search of a plausible scenario:

In the first, Cugat has rendered in charcoal and pen-and-ink, washed with watercolor and gouache, a scene of a train passing through a deserted depot amidst a bleak, grey landscape with distant hills. Over the green building at the far left a faint, crude image of a face emerges from the dark sky. Cugat proceeded to enlarge this sketch, altering some of the architecture, transforming the central track into an undulating curve, and adding two significant elements that leave no doubt as to the connection between this watercolor and F's novel-in-progress.

The red coal cars are lettered "Long Island Railroad" and over this ashen scene float, like so many balloons, a series of sad, feminine eyes and mouths – all without noses or other physiognomic features. Signed at the bottom right, this sheet clearly represents a mmodello, or demonstration piece, for the advance jacket and derives its conception from F's originally proposed title, "Among the Ash Heaps and Millionaires".

Cugat probably based this scene on an oral briefing, either by the art director or by Perkins himself, that included F's explanation to Perkins of the "valley of ashes" as it would eventually appear in chapter two: "About half way between West Egg and New York the motor road hastily joins the railroad and runs beside it for a quarter of a mile, so as to shrink away from a certain desolate area of land..."

Francis Cugat, preliminary sketch of a railroad scene, for the dust jacket of The Great Gatsby. Charcoal with pen-and-ink, watercolor, and gouache on paper. (Paintings acquired from Roy Blankenship now in Matthew J. Bruccoli Collection at U South Carolina)

Cugat's second, enlarged version of the railroad scene.

The fact that in Cugat's sketch there is no indication of a billboard, much less the bespectacled eyes of Doctor Eckleburg, suggests that F had yet to conceive his optical symbol or, at least, had yet to share it with either his editor or the artist. We are left, then, with the enticing possibility that F's arresting image was originally prompted by Cugat's fantastic apparitions over the valley of ashes; in other words, that the author derived his inventive metamorphosis from a recurrent theme of Cugat's trial jackets, which the artist himself was to reinterpret and transform through subsequent drafts.

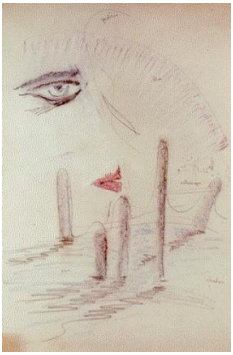
The next stage, a quick pencil and crayon sketch, adapts structural elements (rooflines, poles, automobile) from the "valley of ashes" watercolors, but the geography is unclear. The emphasis has shifted up ward to the celestial eyes – now weeping with outlined eyebrows, rouged lips, and what appear to be asymmetrical nostrils completing the hovering visage. A second face, or perhaps an alternate pose, is sketched at the left and framed by a schematic heart that devolves into a sort of calligraphic kite's tail. Above it, Cugat has drawn an enlarged

version of the left eye, from which streams the broken, staccato trail of a tear, and which serves as the starting point for an expansive, purely abstract sweep of a circle breaking into three radiating lines – a variation on motifs already suggested by the cursive improvisations in the sky above the valley of ashes.

The focus on a single weeping eye links this rough draft with Cugat's next, and innovative, conception of the jacket: the pencil and

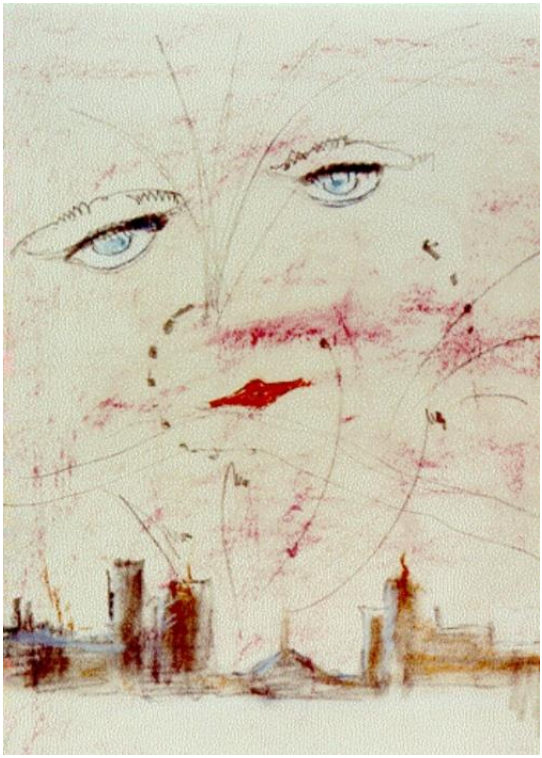
Face over a house, with details of a weeping eye

crayon drawing of the female countenance, now reduced to one eye with parted red lips and viewed in profile (as he has noted on the sheet). The schematic tear falls into Long Island Sound, with the New York skyline (labelled "cityscape") in the background and five prominent pilings directly below. Cugat's anatomical license is reminiscent of Egyptian hieroglyphics, if not Picasso. His invention – a beacon like and beckoning eye of what Shakespeare called "the constant image" of the beloved – suggests an iconographic prefiguration of that "enchanted object" of Gatsby's, the green light "of colossal significance" at the end of Daisy's dock which had seemed as near to her "as the star to the moon."



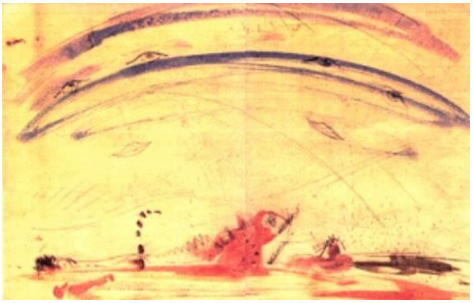
Face over Long Island Sound.

The next and penultimate version is rendered in pencil, crayon, charcoal, and gouache. Cugat here returns to his original image of a celestial visage seen straight on. Two full, bright blue eyes now hover over the expanded cityscape. Their hooded gaze alone expresses their sorrow; the trailing tear is integrated into a pattern of lines that punctuate the urban sky like so many flares or shooting stars.



Face over the New York skyline.

At some point between this sketch and the finished gouache painting, the decision was made to enliven the somber skyline of bricks and mortar by superimposing a dazzling carnival of lights, as though Manhattan had been relegated to a backdrop for riotous Coney Island.



Faces over carnival lights.

The remaining working sketches (as distinct from *modelli*, or display models) offer glimpses into this final transmutation. He further refined the idealized physiognomy, filling out the sensual lips.

Face with geometric patterns.

Then, in a murky oil and crayon sketch, he experimented with the background from which his light-show was to burst forth.

Nocturnal carnival backdrop.

In the center we find again the schematic Ferris wheel which in the final gouache would be suggested by an incomplete series of yellow bursts.

Cugat's carnival imagery is especially intriguing in view of F's pervasive use of light motifs throughout his novel, specifically in metaphors for the latter-day Trimalchio, whose parties were illuminated by "enough colored lights to make a Saturnalia tree of Gatsby's enormous garden." Nick sees "the whole corner of the peninsula blazing with light" from Gatsby's house "lit from tower to cellar." When he tells Gatsby that his place "looks like the World's Fair," Gatsby proposes that they "go to Coney Island." F had already introduced this amusement-park symbolism in his short story "Absolution." Written in '23 as part of an early draft of the novel and published separately in '24, it was originally intended to serve as the prologue illustrating an important facet of the Midwestern youth of the central character who eventually developed into Jay Gatsby. At the conclusion of the story, a deranged priest encourages the guilt-ridden boy to go see an amusement park – "a thing like a fair only much more glittering" with "a big wheel made of lights turning in the air." But "don't get too close," he cautions," because if you do you'll only feel the heat and the sweat and the life. "The evocation of

this passage in Cugat's jacket design suggests that someone had conveyed to the artist the symbolic light motif that defined Gatsby's life.

Daisy's face, says Nick, was "sad and lovely with bright things in it, bright eyes and a bright passionate mouth." In Cugat's final painting, her celestial eyes enclose reclining nudes and her streaming tear is green, like the light "that burns all night" at the end of her dock, reflected in the water of the Sound that separates her from Gatsby.

What F in fact drew directly from Cugat's art and "wrote into" the novel must of course remain an open question. What is beyond doubt is that Perkins hit the mark when, having finally read the completed typescript, he declared the jacket "a masterpiece." Yet Cugat's name never appears again in the Scribner art file. He was not a regular contributor to Scribners. Who commissioned him? Nowhere is Cugat ever mentioned by either F or Perkins. The credit must almost certainly go to some anonymous angel in the Scribner art department.

On the art file card, there is a handwritten notation that Cugat's gouache painting for Gatsby was given to F on 2 April '27. If so, he either gave it back to his publisher or left it behind when he returned home to Delaware.

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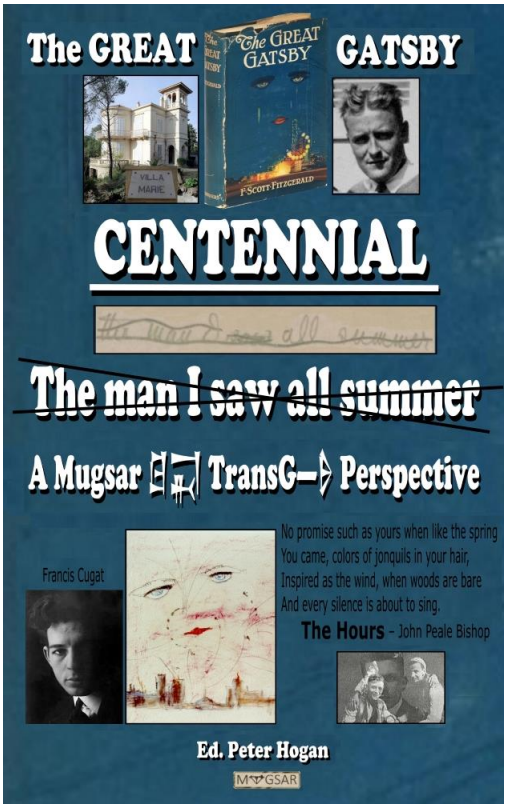
There are some F enthusiasts, like Bruccoli, who are reluctant to give too much credit to Francis Cugat. Just like uncovering the true extent of TransG Nick/F, the same applies to a critical overlooked creator—Francis Cugat. All along, he deserved to have his name featured prominently on *his* front cover masterpiece, like the Mugsar perspective does:

%v.cov-r.



TOC | *FN* | Cover @ OneDrive 1600x2560

(alt. Cover @ Google Drive | Photos)

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THE GREAT GATSBY

CENTENNIAL

PART 4: RELEVANT FSF

Timeline Extract

Mid-October ’22 - April 24 Move to 6 Gateway Dr Great Neck.

26 April ’23 “I’m beginning my 3rd novel tomorrow.”

Mid-April ’24 Sail for France.

May ’24 Settle in June at Villa Marie, Valescure, Raphael.

Summer-Fall ’24 Writes most of Gatsby.

July ’24 Z’s affair with French aviator Edouard Jozan.

[3 Aug '24 Joseph Conrad (big influence on Gatsby structure) dies aged 66]

10 April ’25 Publication.

[Cut to]

July ’37 Goes to Hollywood. Meets Sheilah Graham 14 July.

September ’38 Scottie enters Vassar College.

July ’39 Breaks with Harold Ober.

October ’39 Begins work on The Last Tycoon.

March ’40 Lester Cowan picks him up with work on adaptation of Babylon Revisited (retitled Cosmopolitan).

21 December ’40 Passed at Sheilah Graham’s apartment, 1443 North Hayworth Avenue, Hollywood.

[It is eerie how many lit. stars followed his lead, soon after:

- 22 Dec ’40 **Nathanael West**, first seminal Hollwyood exposé, The Day of the Locust ’39 – car accident in LA (next day! abruptly cut-short honeymoon, directly related on hearing the news??)
- 13 Jan ’41 **James Joyce**, co-GOAT candidate, Ulysses ’22 (G setting year) – eye operation went wrong (+3 wks)
- 28 Mar ’41 **Virginia Woolf**, Mrs Dalloway ’25 (same year as G) – walked into pond with weights (+3 mths)
- 13 Mar ’43 **Stephen Vincent Benet**, book-length Civil War narrative poem (like Gatsby) John Brown’s Body ’28 – heart attack (also 44, +2¼ yrs)
- 4 Apr ’44 **John Peale Bishop**, impetus for F’s poetry stance, The Hours F-elegy ’41 – features in this memorial, co-Princeton 3-Musketeer/’20s Lost Generation France ex-pat – heart attack (+3¼ yrs)
- 17 Jun ’47 **Max Perkins**, ‘editor of genius’ – pneumonia (+6½ yrs)]

February ’41 After nasty obituaries friends band together for New Republic memorial issue – incl. The Hours.

27 October ’41 The Last Tycoon published.

August ’45 The Crack-Up published – incl. The Hours.

10 March '48 Zelda dies in fire at Highland, Asheville, N.C.

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.4.2.22-pre. | TOC | *FN*

Germinating: Sep ’22 – Winter Dreams

Before moving east, wrote Winter Dreams. The most important of the G cluster stories, those '22-24 stories related to the germinating novel. Winter Dreams is virtually a preview.

The rich girl’s home was lifted from the magazine text of the story and written into G for Daisy Fay’s house.

’22 Oct: Move to Great Neck

The Ledger summary for his ~~25th~~ [26th] year was: “A bad year. No work. Slow deteriorating repression with outbreak around the corner.”

For $300 a month the Fs rented a small house at 6 Gateway Drive in Great Neck, Long Island, Z describes as a “nifty little Babbit-home.”

Friendship with neighbor, Ring Lardner. His poem to Zelda, probably in ’23:

> Of all the girls for whom I care,
> And there are quite a number,
> None can compare with Zelda Sayre,
> Now wedded to a plumber.

’23 Conrad in Long Is

Eerily not long after Joseph Conrad's May '1923 visit to Long Island he dies August 3 '1924 aged 66 while Fitzgerald is writing Gatsby

Fitz and Ring spent nights talking and drinking. When Joseph Conrad was visiting the Doubleday estate at Oyster Bay, Long Island, they decided to pay homage to him by performing a dance on the lawn; the anticipated meeting did not occur because they were thrown off the property for trespassing. [See also montage Pt1 *FN: conrad jpg*]

Katzby - You’re better... ’23

Hearst story, “Dice, Brass Knuckles & Guitar”:

The girl delivers the judgment “**You’re better than all of them put together**”—anticipating Nick’s tribute to G.

One of the wealthy families in the story is named **Katzby**.

’23 July 23 – Sources: Gerlach Old Sport

Long Island provided material for the novel. G was partly inspired by a local figure, Max Gerlach. Near the end of her life Zelda said that G was based on “a neighbor named Von Guerlach or something who was said to be General Pershing’s nephew and was in trouble over bootlegging.” This identification is supported by a newspaper photo of the Fs in their scrapbook, with a note dated 7/20/23: “En route from the coast—Here for a few days on business—How are you and the family old Sport? Gerlach.” [see jpg Pt1 *FN: beg 23]* A ’30 newspaper referenced him as a “wealthy yachtsman.”

Chapter Sources

Some 14 years after writing G he noted the sources for the chapters on the end page of his copy of Andre Malraux’s Man’s Hope (’38 – transl. of *L’Espoir*, a novel influenced by his Spanish war experiences):

I. Glamor of Rumsies + Hitchcoks

II. Ash Heaps. Memory of 125th. Gt Neck

III. Goddards. Dwanns Swopes

IV. A. Vegetable days in N.Y.

B. Memory of Ginevras Wedding

V. The meeting all an invention. Mary

VI. Bob Kerr’s story. The 2nd Party.

VII. The Day in New York

VIII. The Murder (inv.)

IX. Funeral an invention

Sculptor and polo player Charles Cary Rumsey was married to heiress Mary Harnman; they had an estate at Westbury,

Long Island. Polo player and war hero Tommy Hitchcock was one of F's permanent idols. Goddard may have been screenwriter and playwright Charles William Goddard. Allan Dwan was a movie director. Herbert Bayard Swope was executive editor of the New York World and a famous Great Neck host.

The material for young G's association with Dan Cody was provided by a Great Neck friend, Robert Kerr, who as a 14 year-old had warned Major Edwin R. Gilman that his yacht would break up when the tide ran out in Brooklyn's Sheepshead Bay. Gilman hired him and Kerr lived aboard the yacht for three years. In the summer of '24 F wrote Kerr: "The part of what you told me which I am including in my novel is the ship, yacht I mean, + the mysterious yachtsman whose mistress was Nellie Bly."

Meyer Wolfshiem, "the man who fixed the World Series back in '19," was obviously based on gambler Arnold Rothstein, whom F had met. Ring Lardner, who had inside information on the Black Sox scandal, could have provided additional material on Rothstein. Aspects of Gatsby's criminal career were suggested by the Fuller-McGee case of '22, in which a brokerage house's assets were misappropriated by its owners—one of whom, Edward M. Fuller, had an estate at Great Neck and was involved with Rothstein.

Ada

The earliest draft of the novel has not been preserved, so it is impossible to determine whether he began working on his plan for a novel set in the Midwest in the previous century. The only clue to the '23 draft [ur-Gatsby] is provided by a '25 letter to Willa Cather in which he accounts for "an instance of apparent plagiarism" from A Lost Lady ('23) by explaining that a description of Daisy Buchanan was written before he read Cather's description of Mrs. Forrester. He enclosed two pages of his first draft—all that survive. The locale is not specified in these pages. The characters named are Jordan Vance, **Ada,** and Carraway—who is not the narrator. The story is told by an omniscient authorial voice.

The unsuccessful play left him in debt, went on the wagon at the end of '23 and wrote ten stories by March '24. They brought $16,450, which paid off borrowings from Harold Ober and financed a summer of uninterrupted work on G.

The '24 stories were written on pots of coffee that made him irritable and sleepless, initiating the insomnia that troubled him for the rest of his life.

In '24 the Post paid $1,750 for a story. His top price of $4,000 was not reached until '29. "Gretchen's Forty Winks," written in January, describes how a man with an important project drugs his spoiled wife until his work is done.

'23-24: The Sensible Thing (G-Cluster)

George O'Kelley comes back for Jonquil Cary a year later with money and a promising future. Now she is ready to marry him; but O'Kelley realizes that during the year something has been irretrievably lost.

Absolution

The '23 start on the novel had included an account of the hero's boyhood, a young G, in the Midwest. Converts part of the discarded opening into Absolution.

> It might interest you to know that a story of mine, called 'Absolution' … was intended to be a picture of

> his early life, but that I cut it because I preferred to preserve the sense of mystery. ['34]

Then decided to approach the novel from "a new angle"

"How to Live on $36,000 a Year"

> Over our garage is a large bare room whither I now retired with pencil, paper and oil stove, emerging the next afternoon at five o'clock with a 7,000-word story. That was something; it would pay the rent and last month's overdue bills. It took twelve hours a day for five weeks to rise from abject poverty back into the middle class, but within that time we had paid our debts, and the cause for immediate worry was over ...$36,000 had bought nothing at all.

Writing stories provided no satisfaction and generated guilt because he knew that his chance for greatness depended on novels. Zelda differed, "I always felt a story in the Post was tops; a goal worth seeking. It really meant something, you know—they only took stories of real craftsmanship. But F couldn't stand to write them."

Increasingly, h resented her inability to share his high literary ambitions. He later ruefully remarked: "A strange thing was that I could never convince Z that I was a first-rate writer. She knew I could write well, but she didn't recognize how well. When I was making myself from a popular story writer into a serious writer, 'a big shot', she did not understand or try to help me."

'24 Apr: The Plan

Noted in his Ledger: "Out of the woods at last + starting novel." He sent Max a stocktaking letter declaring his resolves:

> A few words more relative to our conversation this afternoon. While I have every hope + plan of finishing my novel in June you know how those things often come out. And even if it takes

me 10 times that long I cannot let it go out unless it has the very best I'm capable of in it or even as I feel sometimes, something better than I'm capable of.

Much of what I wrote last summer was good but it was so interrupted that it was ragged + in approaching it from a new angle I've had to discard a lot of it—in one case 18,000 (part of which will appear in the Mercury as a short story.) It is only in the last four months that I've realized how much I've—well, almost deteriorated in the three years since I finished the Beautiful and Damned.

The last four months of course I've worked but in the two years—over two years—before that, I produced exactly one play, half a dozen short stories and three or four articles—an average of about one hundred words a day. If I'd spent this time reading or travelling or doing anything—even staying healthy—it'd be different but I spent it uselessly, niether in study nor in contemplation but only in drinking and raising hell generally. If I'd written the B. + D. at the rate of 100 words a day it would have taken me 4 years so you can imagine the moral effect the whole chasm had on me.

What I'm trying to say is just that I'll have to ask you to have patience about the book and trust me that at last, or at least for the 1st time in years, I'm doing the best I can. I've gotten in dozens of bad habits that I'm trying to get rid of

1. Laziness
2. Referring everything to Z—a terrible habit, nothing ought to be referred to anybody until its finished
3. Word consciousness + self doubt

ect. ect. ect. Ect.

I feel I have an enormous power in me now, more than I've ever had in a way but it works so fitfully and with so many bogeys because I've talked so much and not lived enough within myself to develop the necessary self reliance.

> Also I don't know anyone who has used up so [much personal] experience as I have at 27.
>
> So **in my new novel I'm thrown directly on purely creative work**—not trashy imaginings as in my stories but **the sustained imagination of a sincere and yet radiant world**. So I tread slowly and carefully + at times in considerable distress. **This book will be a consciously artistic achievement**.

Working title was "Among Ash Heaps and Millionaires"—which establishes that he had found one of the central symbols for the novel—but Max thought it was weak. In April, Max told him that he "always thought that 'G was a suggestive and effective title," indicating that it was also an early possibility.

'24 Apr 15: Europe

The Ledger records "Decision on 15th to go to Europe." The move was mainly a financial imperative. Since he could not settle down to steady work on his novel at Great Neck, go to the Riviera where life was simple and inexpensive. (The rate of exchange was nineteen francs to the dollar, and a meal with wine could be had for three francs.) Five months of story work had gotten him $7,000 ahead, and hoped to be able to write on the Riviera without story interruptions.

Ring wrote Z an eight-stanza farewell poem:

> Zelda, fair queen of Alabam',
> Across the waves I kiss you!
> You think I am a stone, a clam;
> You think that I don't give a damn,
> But fate! how I will miss you!
> My heart goes with you as you sail.
> The Fates grant you won't be seasick!
> The thought of you abaft the rail,
> Diffusing meat and ginger ale,
> Makes both my wife and me sick.

Sailed early in May on the Minnewaska with 17 pieces of luggage, a hundred feet of copper screen, and the

Encyclopaedia Britannica. The selection of a dry ship indicates resolve. After nine days in Paris—where they had a reunion with John Peale Bishop. Sent Thomas Boyd a glowing report soon after his arrival at Hyeres:

> Your letter was the first to reach me after I arrived here. This is the lovliest piece of earth I've ever seen without excepting Oxford or Venice or Princeton or anywhere. Z and I are sitting in the cafe l'Universe writing letters (it is 10:30 pm) and the moon is an absolutely au fait Mediterranean moon with a blurred silver linen cap + we're both a a little tight and very happily drunk if you can use that term for the less nervous, less violent reactions of this side.
>
> I'm going to read nothing but Homer + Homeric literature—and history until I finish my novel + I hope I don't see a soul for six months.
>
> **My novel grows more + more extraordinary**
>
> I feel absolutely self-sufficient + I have a perfect hollow craving for loneliness, that has increased for 3 years in some arithmetical progression + I'm going to satisfy it at last.
>
> **Well, I shall write a novel better than any novel ever written in America and become par excellence the best second-rater in the world.**

Rented the elegant Villa Marie in Valescure, 2.5 kilometers above Raphael, for $79 a month.

Worked steadily on his novel. Mid-July claim to Ober that "the novel is almost done". Ambitious, but did make rapid progress on the draft.

In July Z became involved with a French naval aviator, Edouard Jozan. His ledger notes "The Big crisis—13th of July." Later reported that when Z asked him for a divorce he demanded a confrontation with Jozan, which the aviator avoided. (Both embroidered the details of the Jozan crisis in subsequent years. Z said he had locked her in the villa for a

month. Persuaded Z to drop her divorce plans, and in August was able to write in Ledger: “Z and I close together.”

Later wrote in his Notebooks: “That September ’24, I knew something had happened that could never be repaired.” Whether or not Z fucked Jozan, felt she had destroyed the basic trust that was essential to their marriage. With their need for drama, they developed the Jozan affair into what was virtually a routine they performed, separately and jointly, for their friends. “F would stand next to her looking very pale and distressed and sharing every minute of it.”

Writing to Ludlow Fowler in August:

> “I feel old too, this summer—I have ever since the failure of my play a year ago. That’s the whole burden of this novel—the loss of those illusions that give such color to the world that you don’t care whether things are true or false as long as they partake of the magical glory.”

One of the lost illusions that informed G was Z’s fidelity. The typescript was not sent to Scribners until the end of October, so had at least three and a half months in which to write his disillusionment with Z into the novel.

Gerald & Sara Murphy

During the summer of ’24 met Gerald and Sara Murphy, who would become their closest friends in France.

> Gerald (’1888-’1964=76) was TransG and 5 years younger than Sara (Wiborg ’1883-’1975=92 – the Wiborgs spent most of their time in New York City, and later East Hampton, where they built the 30-room mansion "The Dunes" on 600 acres just west of the Maidstone Club in ‘12. It was the largest estate in East Hampton up to that time. Wiborg Beach in East Hampton is named for the family).
>
> After Gerald was discharged from the army the Murphys decided to make a break with American commercial life and family pressures. In '21 they settled in France.

Prior to their arrival on the French Riviera, the region was experiencing a period when the fashionable only wintered there, abandoning the region during the high summer months. However, the activities of the Murphys fueled the same renaissance in arts and letters as did the excitement of Paris, especially among the cafés of Montparnasse. In '23 the Murphys convinced the Hotel du Cap to stay open for the summer so that they might entertain their friends, sparking a new era for the French Riviera as a summer haven. The Murphys eventually purchased a villa in Cap d'Antibes and named it Villa America, where they resided for many years. When the Murphys arrived on the Riviera, lying on the beach merely to enjoy the sun was not a common activity.

Eight years older than F, Gerald was handsome, witty, and charming—with a touch of elegance. Although the Murphys lived in luxury, with great originality and impeccable taste, they were not big rich. Gerald invaded his capital to maintain their good life, and Sara's income was only $7,000 a year.

Both were seriously interested in the arts. They studied painting with Natalie Goncharova. Their close friends included Pablo Picasso, Cole Porter, John Dos Passos.

'22-30 Murphy completed ten paintings that combined minute detail with abstract techniques. His first work ('24) was a large-scale arrangement of a safety razor, a fountain pen, and a matchbox; and art historians have credited him with anticipating the pop art school. Murphy later developed the family business, 'Mark Cross' luxury leather goods.

Visited the Murphys, who were staying at the Hotel du Cap while renovating their Villa America at Cap d'Antibes, and considered moving to Antibes to be near the Murphys. One night F woke the Murphys with the report that Z had taken an overdose of sleeping pills, and they helped him keep her awake.

During the summer of '24 F found a new intellectual enthusiasm in Oswald Spengler's ['1880-'1936] The Decline of the West. In '40 wrote Perkins, "I read him the same summer I was writing G and I don't think I ever quite recovered from him…"

Nearing Completion

On 10 Sept. ’24, informed Perkins:

> Now for a promise—the novel will absolutely + definitely be mailed to you before the 1st of October. I’ve had to rewrite practically half of it—at present its stored away for a week so I can take a last look at it + see what I’ve left out—there’s some intangible sequence lacking somewhere in the middle + a break in interest there inevitably means the failure of a book.
>
> It is like nothing I’ve ever read before.

While the novel was put aside, the Lardners came to the Riviera for a visit. In a series of articles about his European trip Lardner remarked, “Mr. F is a novelist and Mrs. F a novelty.” If Ring read the manuscript of G during his visit, nothing is known about his response. In March '25 he sent corrections after reading the page proof.

.4.8.24-compl.

’24 Sep: Novel Completion

By late August able to tell Perkins:

> The novel will be done next week. That doesn’t mean however that it’ll reach America before October 1st. as Z + I are contemplating a careful revision after a weeks complete rest.

.4.9.25-rev. | TOC | *FN*

‘24 Fall – '25 Spring: Revision Rome & Capri

After the typescript of the novel was sent to Max on 27 October, they decided to spend the winter in Rome.

On the title uncertainty, both Z and Perkins preferred the book title and was reluctantly settled on, in December. His own choice was “Trimalchio” or “Trimalchio in West Egg”—after the ostentatious party-giver in Petronius’s Satyricon—but he was persuaded by Ring and others that the reference to

Trimalchio would puzzle readers, who in any case would not know how to pronounce it.

Max Praise & Suggestions

On 20 Nov. ’24, Max sent a long letter [*FN* » let max] congratulating him on the novel and making three suggestions about the treatment of G: that his past be made less vague, that the source of his money should be indicated, and that a long section of his autobiographical narrative should be broken up.

Rewrite

Around 20 Dec. ’24 while waiting for the galley proofs—which were sent from New York in two batches on 22 and 30 December— wrote Max from Rome that he knew how to improve his novel and that he planned a virtual rewrite in proof.

More hints that G was involved in crooked bonds probably comes from the Fuller-*McGee* (cf. *McKee*+Nick) case. They had ties to Arnold Rothstein / Wolfshiem.

> I know Gatsby better than I know my own child. My first instinct after your letter was to let him go + have Tom Buchanan dominate the book (I suppose he’s the best character I’ve ever done—I think he and the brother in “Salt” + Hurstwood in “Sister Carrie” are the three best characters in American fiction in the last twenty years, perhaps and perhaps not) but Gatsby sticks in my heart. I had him for awhile then lost him + now I know I have him again. I’m sorry Myrtle is better than Daisy. Jordan of course was a great idea (perhaps you know its Edith Cummings [Golfer Edith Cummings was a friend of Ginevra King.]) but she fades out. It's Chap VII that’s the trouble with Daisy + it may hurt the book’s popularity that it’s a man’s book.
>
> Anyhow I think (for the first time since the play failed) that I’m a wonderful writer + it’s your always wonderful letters that help me to go on believing in myself.

The typescript does not survive. Revised galleys are at Princeton; a set of the unrevised galleys is in the Bruccoli Collection. The manuscript and specimens of the revised galleys are reproduced in A Facsimile of the Manuscript ['73].

The first batch of galley proofs was returned on 24 Jan. '25, and in February he reported to Max:

> After six weeks of uninterrupted work the proof is finished and the last of it goes to you this afternoon. On the whole its been a very successful labor:
> (1.) I've brought Gatsby to life
> (2.) I've accounted for his money
> (3.) I've fixed up the two weak chapters (VI and VII) [Gatsby's second party and the hotel confrontation]
> (4.) I've improved the first party
> (5.) I've broken up the long narrative in Chap. VIII [Gatsby's autobiography]

Before deciding on the Plaza Hotel for the setting of the confrontation between G and Tom, wrote scenes set at the Polo Grounds during a baseball game and in Central Park.

After the chapter was finished, he continued to worry that Daisy's reactions were unclear. Every chapter was revised in proof, and Chapters VI-VIII were rewritten. The most important structural alteration was shifting parts of G's history from VII and VIII to VI, thereby eliminating his autobiographical summary in VII as Perkins had recommended. (VII – The Manhattan Hotel showdown, still ended up being twice the length of all the other chapters.) The revised galleys with typed inserts reveal that the novel achieved its structural distinction during the time reworked the proof in Rome.

The Big Move: Ch1 end to Ch9 end

Master technique in *polishing his prose / immortalizing his work* is demonstrated by Nick's closing meditation, which was moved and expanded from end of ch1 to book end.

MS *.ch1 end.* pp 37-38 – Dutch Sailors

The sense of being in an unfamiliar place deepened on me and as the moon rose higher the unessential houses seemed to melt away until I was aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a fresh green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the very trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams—for a transitory and enchanted moment man must have held his breath in this presence of this continent, compelled into anaesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

And as I sat there brooding on the old unknown world I too held my breath and waited, until I could feel the motion of America as it turned through the hours—my own blue lawn and the tall incandescent city on the water and beyond that the dark fields of the republic rolling on under the night.

cf.:

Book *.ch9 end.* pp 217-218 – Dutch Sailors

Most of the big shore places were closed now and there were hardly any lights except the shadowy, moving glow of a ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon rose higher the inessential houses began to melt away until gradually I became aware of the old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors' eyes—a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for a transitory enchanted moment man

must have held his breath in the presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

And as I sat there brooding on the old, unknown world, I thought of Gatsby's wonder when he first picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn, and his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that it was already behind him, somewhere back in that vast obscurity beyond the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that's no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther… And one fine morning—

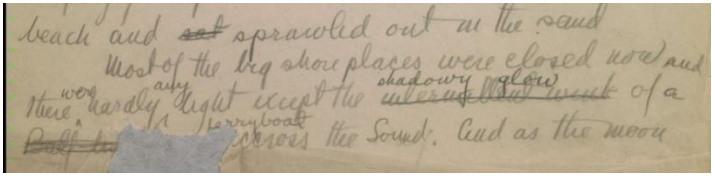
So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

..

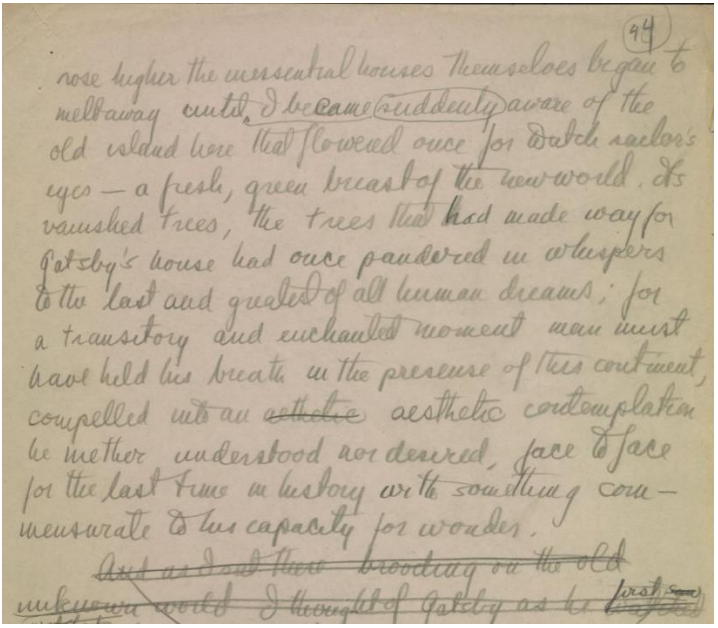
The sense of being in ~~a strange~~ an unfamiliar place deepened on me and

as the moon rose higher the inessential houses seemed to melt away until I was aware of the old ~~to~~ island here that flowered once for Dutch sailors eyes — a fresh green breast of the new world. Its vanished trees, the very trees that had made way for Gatsby's house, had once pandered in whispers ~~once with whispering leaves~~ to the last and greatest of all human dreams — for a transitory and enchanted moment man must have held his breath in this presence of this continent, compelled into an aesthetic contemplation he neither understood nor desired, face to face for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

And as I sat there brooding on the old unknown world I too held my breath and waited, until I could feel ~~became aware of~~ the ~~my~~ motion of America ~~the continent~~ as it turned through the ~~dark~~ hours — my own blue lawn and ~~the~~ the tall incandescent city on the water and beyond that the dark fields of the republic rolling on under the night.

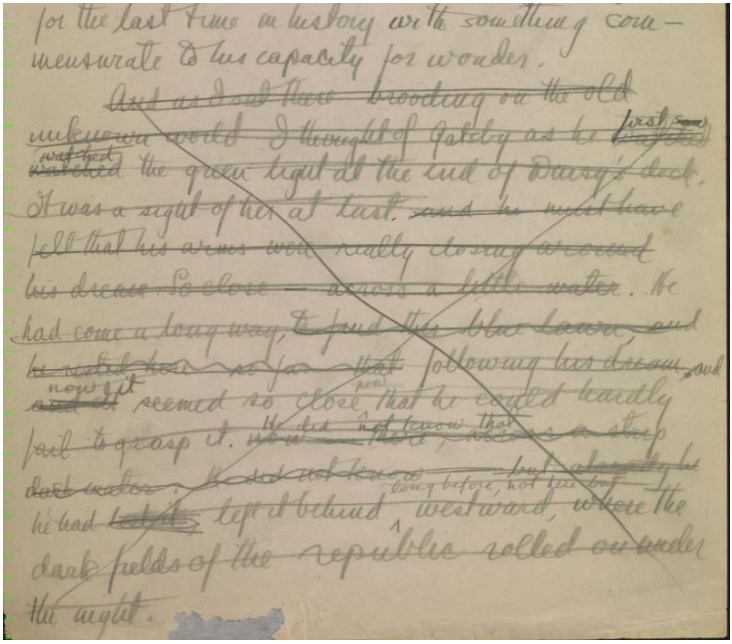


beach and ~~sat~~ sprawled out in the sand
Most of the big shore places were closed now and
there was hardly any light except the shadowy glow of a
ferryboat across the Sound. And as the moon



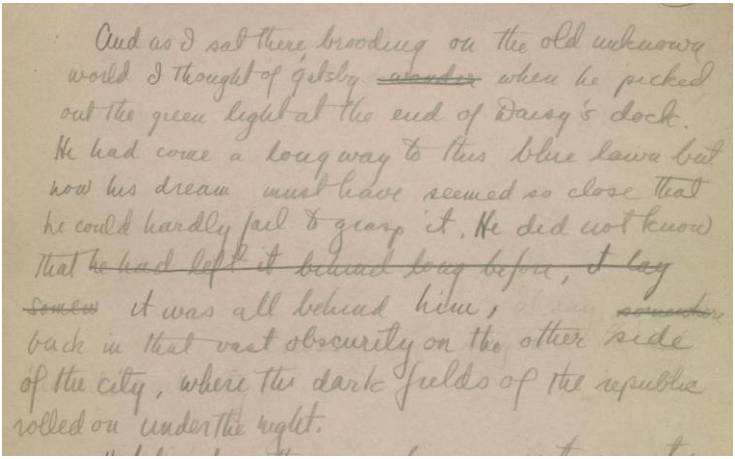
(44)

rose higher the inessential houses themselves began to
melt away until I became suddenly aware of the
old island here that flowered once for Dutch sailor's
eyes — a fresh, green breast of the new world. Its
vanished trees, the trees that had made way for
Gatsby's house had once pandered in whispers
to the last and greatest of all human dreams; for
a transitory and enchanted moment man must
have held his breath in the presence of this continent,
compelled into an ~~esthetic~~ aesthetic contemplation
he neither understood nor desired, face to face
for the last time in history with something com-
mensurate to his capacity for wonder.
~~And as I sat there brooding on the old~~
~~unknown world I thought of Gatsby as the first~~



for the last time in history with something commensurate to his capacity for wonder.

~~And as I sat there brooding on the old unknown world I thought of Gatsby as he first watched the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. It was a sight of her at last, and he must have felt that his arms were really closing around his dream. So close — across a little water. He had come a long way, to find this blue lawn, and he rested here so far that following his dream, and now it seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that he had left it behind long before, not here but westward, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.~~



And as I sat there, brooding on the old unknown world I thought of Gatsby ~~wonder~~ when he picked out the green light at the end of Daisy's dock. He had come a long way to this blue lawn but now his dream must have seemed so close that he could hardly fail to grasp it. He did not know that ~~he had left it behind long before, it lay somew~~ it was all behind him, ~~somewhere~~ back in that vast obscurity on the other side of the city, where the dark fields of the republic rolled on under the night.

While working on the proofs explored magazine serialization with Ober. He hoped to get $15,000 or $20,000, and serialization was a way to generate interest in the book before publication. The Hearst magazines had first refusal on serial rights under the ’23 option contract, but declined the

novel in December. Regarded as too strong for magazines whose readership was largely female.

Liberty editi informed Ober: “It is too ripe for us. Running only one serial as we do, we could not publish this story with as many mistresses and as much adultery as there is in it.”

In January College Humor offered $10,000, which turned down because he didn’t want to delay book publication for the five months it would take to serialize it. He was also concerned about cheapening his novel: “Most people who saw it advertised in College Humor would be sure that G was a great halfback and that would kill it in book form.”

After dispatching the revised proofs in February, moved to the Hotel Tiberio on Capri to get away from the damp winter of Rome. Met Norman Douglas, the author of South Wind.

On 7 March, cabled Max to ask if it was too late to change the novel’s title because he wanted to revert to “Gold-Hatted Gatsby” or “Trimalchio.” Max replied on 9 March: “Title change would cause bad delay and confusion.” And on the nineteenth F cabled again: CRAZY ABOUT TITLE UNDER THE RED WHITE AND BLUE STOP WHART WOULD DELAY BE.

By then it was too late.

.4.11.gat-pub. | TOC | *FN*

'25 April 10: Publication

After two months on Capri left in April for Paris. As publication date approached, became increasingly jittery. On 11 April, the day after publication, he cabled Max for any news. The best Max could do was to report on 20 April: “Sales situation doubtful excellent reviews.” Max suspected that the thin size of the 218-page novel hurt its sales. F had two explanations:

> lst The title is only fair, rather bad than good.
> 2nd And most important—the book contains no important woman character and women controll

> the fiction market at present. I don't think the unhappy end matters particularly.

This April letter to Max concluded with a depressed self-assessment:

> In all events I have a book of good stories for the fall. Now I shall write some cheap ones until I've accumulated enough for my next novel. When that is finished and published I'll wait and see.
>
> If it will support me with no more intervals of trash I'll go on as a novelist. If not, I'm going to quit, come home, go to Hollywood and learn the movie business. I can't reduce our scale of living and I can't stand this financial insecurity.
>
> Anyhow there's no point in trying to be an artist if you can't do your best. I had my chance back in '20 to start my life on a sensible scale and I lost it and so I'll have to pay the penalty. Then perhaps at 40 I can start writing again without this constant worry and interruption.

G was published at $2 in a first printing of 20,870 copies. A second printing of 3,000 copies was ordered in August, and some of these copies were still in the Scribners warehouse after passing.

At a 15 percent royalty, the first printing earned $6,261, canceling $6,000 debt to Scribners.

The reviews of G were the best for any of his books, although a few critics thought it was just a sensational story. Gilbert Seldes's outstanding Dial review did not appear until August:

> He has more than matured; he has mastered his talents and gone soaring in a beautiful flight, leaving behind him everything dubious and tricky in his earlier work, and leaving even farther behind all the men of his own generation and most of his elders.

Other receptive reviews were written by William Rose Benet in The Saturday Review of Literature, Laurence Stallings in the New York World, Herbert S. Gorman in the New York Sun, and Harry Hansen in the Chicago Daily News. Especially gratifying were the letters of congratulation that came from writers F respected: Willa Cather, Edith Wharton, and T. S. Eliot—who declared,

"In fact, it seems to me to be the first step American fiction has taken since Henry James."

HL Mencken's long review in the Baltimore Sun dismissed the story as "a glorified anecdote" but praised "the charm and beauty of the writing" as well as the social accuracy. Responded to Mencken:

"I think the smooth, almost unbroken pattern makes you feel that."

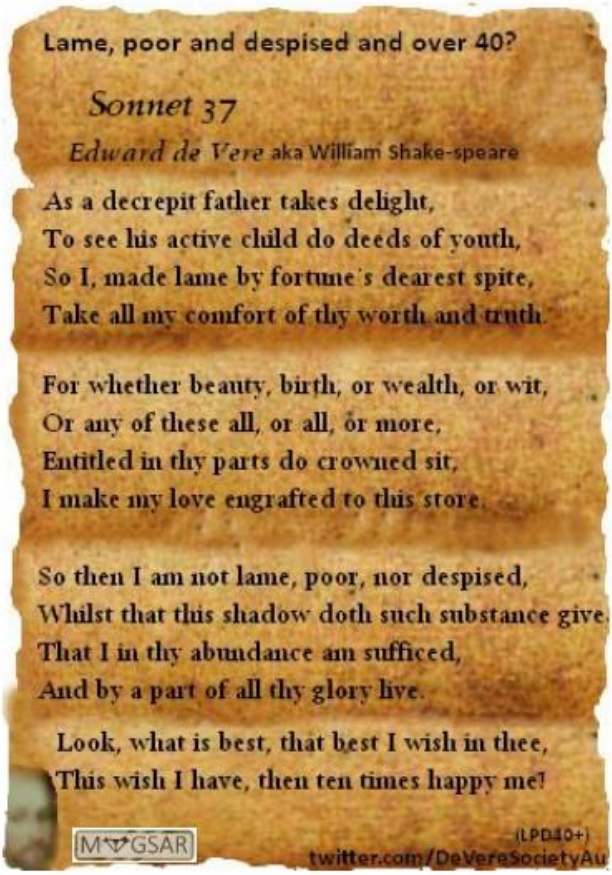
F believed that the flaw in G was the missing sequence he had told Max about in September '24. He admitted to Wilson:

> The worst fault in it, I think is a BIG FAULT: I gave no account (and had no feeling about or knowledge of) the emotional relations between G and Daisy from the time of their reunion to the catastrophe. However the lack is so astutely concealed by the retrospect of G's past and by blankets of excellent prose that no one has noticed it—tho everyone has felt the lack and called it by another name.

Much of G's *immortality* results from its investigation of the American Dream as he meditated on the New World motif. He was profoundly moved by the innocence and generosity he perceived in American history—what he would refer to as "a willingness of the heart." G becomes an archetypal figure who betrays and is betrayed by the promises of America. The reverberating meanings of the fable have never been depleted.

.~.

Sonnet 37—Twilight Years



CUT TO:

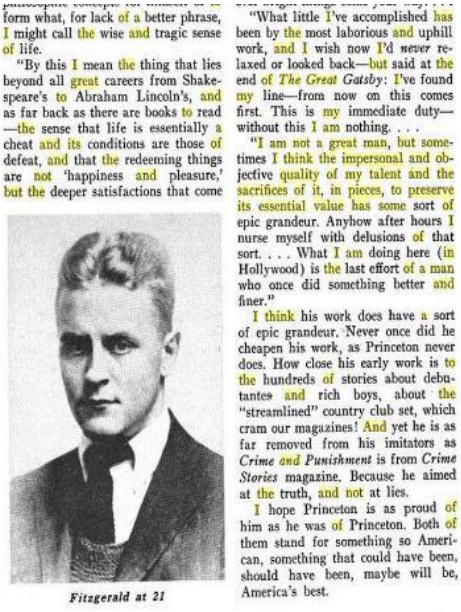
In the late ’30s made Scottie an allowance of $13.85 a week; she extracted the checks and put the rest in a drawer marked “Daddy’s letters,” determined to go through college without her father looking over her shoulder. She respected his intelligence and admired his writing style, but in the abstract only. “In the particular, he gave me claustrophobia,” she says in retrospect. “Always picking, analyzing, probing … children

need to make their own mistakes, not the ones selected for them." Scottie admits that "I knew even then that his letters were masterpieces. I wish I had shown him more appreciation, but of course I had no idea that he was going to die so soon."

.4.12.epic-g. | TOC | *FN*

Some sort of epic grandeur

Princeton Alumni Weekly '55



form what, for lack of a better phrase, I might call the wise and tragic sense of life.

"By this I mean the thing that lies beyond all great careers from Shakespeare's to Abraham Lincoln's, and as far back as there are books to read —the sense that life is essentially a cheat and its conditions are those of defeat, and that the redeeming things are not 'happiness and pleasure,' but the deeper satisfactions that come

Fitzgerald at 21

"What little I've accomplished has been by the most laborious and uphill work, and I wish now I'd *never* relaxed or looked back—but said at the end of *The Great Gatsby*: I've found my line—from now on this comes first. This is my immediate duty—without this I am nothing. . . .

"I am not a great man, but sometimes I think the impersonal and objective quality of my talent and the sacrifices of it, in pieces, to preserve its essential value has some sort of epic grandeur. Anyhow after hours I nurse myself with delusions of that sort. . . . What I am doing here (in Hollywood) is the last effort of a man who once did something better and finer."

I think his work does have a sort of epic grandeur. Never once did he cheapen his work, as Princeton never does. How close his early work is to the hundreds of stories about debutantes and rich boys, about the "streamlined" country club set, which cram our magazines! And yet he is as far removed from his imitators as *Crime and Punishment* is from *Crime Stories* magazine. Because he aimed at the truth, and not at lies.

I hope Princeton is as proud of him as he was of Princeton. Both of them stand for something so American, something that could have been, should have been, maybe will be, America's best.

> I am not a great man, but sometimes I think the impersonal and objective quality of my talent and the sacrifices of it, in pieces, to preserve its essential value has ***some sort of epic grandeur***.

Once one is caught up into the material world not one person in ten thousand finds the time to form literary taste, to examine the validity of philosophic concepts for himself or to form what, for lack of a better phrase, I might call the wise and tragic sense of life.

By this I mean the thing that lies behind all great careers, from Shakespeare's to Abraham

> Lincoln's, and as far back as there are books to read—the sense that life is essentially a cheat and its conditions are those of defeat, and that the redeeming things are not "happiness and pleasure" but the deeper satisfactions that come out of struggle.

When he was in a cheerful mood, his wit enlivened his letters to Scottie. In his note about her charge account at Peck & Peck, he wrote: "Have paid Peck + Peck + Peck + Peck + Peck."

..

'40 Mar: Enter Lester Cowan

Just when it looked like everyone had given up on Fitz, out of the blue along came independent producer Lester Cowan. He bought the movie rights to "Babylon Revisited" for $1,000 in March and hired him to write the screenplay for $500 a week, which brought him another $5,000.

Cowan, who had made My Little Chickadee with W. C. Fields and Mae West, intended to produce "Babylon Revisited" with the Columbia studios. The price for the story was low, and the weekly salary was less than half his studio rate; but he was to receive a bonus if the movie was made. Needed the money and enjoyed working on one of his best stories at home without interference. At first he was suspicious of Cowan, but they settled down to a comfortable working relationship because felt that Cowan respected him. Despite the bargain-rate salary, put his best efforts into the assignment.

When completed second draft for "Cosmopolitan," as the screenplay was titled in August '40, included this "Author's Note":

> Finally—the author wishes to acknowledge the valuable help of **Lester Cowan** in keeping the line straight and giving many valuable suggestions.

The movie was never made from this screenplay. Cowan later sold the rights to "Babylon Revisited" to M-G-M for a reported $40,000, and it was made as The Last Time I Saw Paris ('54) from a revised screenplay by Philip G. Epstein, Julius J. Epstein, and Richard Brooks. See also Candace Grissom ref.

sta-dyn

Stablemate Dynamics

These events also emphasize Stablemate Dynamics—Gatsby is the immortal masterpiece, lucky if lightning strikes once, but Babylon Revisited/Cosmopolitan ('30-40-54), The Last Tycoon ('40-41-76) & The Crack-Up/The Hours ('36-45-23) are critical instruments/beacons of F's destiny.

Take Babylon Revisited, an auto-bio set in the year after the stock market crash of '29, adapting to life after The Roaring '20s.

> "I heard that you lost a lot in the crash."
>
> "I did," and he added grimly, "but I lost everything I wanted in the boom."

The short story in The Saturday Evening Post begins with the protagonist in Ritz Bar in Paris, talking to the bartender about days when seemed not to have a single care in the world... through to the '54 film adaptation; likewise, The Crack-Up/The Hours, which now seems to have an eerie brain of its own [spins itself off from G100 into a separate book, *FN* » mcfc hrs, the sheer audacity ...and who the blazes knows what's next]—all play out a role in the apotheosis dynamics.

..

At the end of May '40 moved to an apartment at 1403 North Laurel Avenue in Hollywood, a block from Sheilah's apartment. Described it as the least expensive apartment he could live in without looking poor; the rent was $110 per month.

Scottie attended the Harvard Summer School in '40, and did not come to California for her usual visit because of the wedding of her college roommate in Lake Forest – so she never saw father again in the last year.

> Once I thought that Lake Forest was the most glamorous place in the world. Maybe it was.

The relationship between father and daughter became slightly more relaxed after her sophomore year. Acknowledged that she had earned more freedom and gradually stopped trying to interpose himself in her Vassar life. Except when she overspent her allowance, his scolding missives were replaced by letters according her partnership in family concerns. When she failed to write, he no longer threatened to dock her allowance; instead, he employed humor: "I remember once a long time ago I had a daughter who used to write me letters but now I don't know where she is or what she is doing, so I sit here listening to Puccini 'someday she'll write (Pigliano edda ciano)'." He continued to offer her advice, drawing lessons from his own self-indulgence as in this June '40 admission:

> What little I've accomplished has been by the most laborious and uphill work, and I wish now I'd never relaxed or looked back—but said at the end of Gatsby: I've found my line—from now on this comes first. This is my immediate duty—without this I am nothing.

Trying to finance working time on his novel, he prepared:

> 'A Sept 1st Schedule at the end of My 44th Year ('40)':
> Sept 1st-22nd Sure job
> 22nd-Oct 20th Possible job (to save $2000)
> Three days planning novel
> Write on it to Dec 1st possible finishing 1st draft
> Alternate Feather Fan if job is not extended.
> Or play or Phillipe. Not another story—no more stories.
> Radio one-act plays.

Through the fall of '40 reported on the progress of his novel in his weekly letters to Z: "I expect to be back on my novel any day and this time to finish a two months' job" (11 October); "I'm trying desperately to finish my novel by the middle of December and it's a little like working on 'Tender is the Night' at the end—I think of nothing else… My room is covered with charts like it used to be for 'Tender is the Night' telling the different movements of the characters and their histories" (19 October); "I am deep in the novel, living in it, and it makes me happy. It is a constructed novel like G, with passages of poetic prose when it fits the action, but no ruminations or sideshows like Tender. Everything must contribute to the dramatic movement… Two thousand words today and all good" (23 October); "The novel is hard as pulling teeth but that is because it is in its early character-planting phase. I feel people so less intently than I did once that this is harder. It means welding together hundreds of stray impressions and incidents to form the fabric of entire personalities" (2 November); "It will, at any rate, be nothing like anything else as I'm digging it out of myself like uranium—one ounce to the cubic ton of rejected ideas. It is a novel a la Flaubert without 'ideas' but only people moved singly and in mass through what I hope are authentic moods" (23 November).

While he was writing The Last Tycoon, assessed the struggle to recoup his standing in American literature:

> I want to write scenes that are frightening and inimitable. I don't want to be as intelligible to my contemporaries as Ernest who as Gertrude Stein said, is bound for the Museums. I am sure that I am far enough ahead to have some small ***immortality*** if I can keep well.

At the end of November '40 had a heart attack at Schwab's drugstore on Sunset Boulevard. Ordered to rest in bed, where he wrote for a couple of hours a day on a board.

Felt he was making a good recovery, reporting to Z on 13 December: "The novel is about three-quarters through and I think I can go on till January 12 without doing any stories or going back to the studio. I couldn't go back to the studio anyhow in my present condition as I have to spend most of the time in bed where I write on a wooden desk… The cardiogram shows that my heart is repairing itself but it will be a gradual process that will take some months. It is odd that the heart is one of the organs that does repair itself."

On 14 December, made a schedule for completing the working draft by 15 January. By writing 1,750 words per day, he expected to finish the last four chapters in 28,000 words.

Winter Solstice Exit

Friday, 20 Dec., worked on episode 17 of his novel, the meeting between Stahr and the communist labor organizer Brimmer. It gave him trouble, but he told Sheilah he was satisfied when he finished. That night they had dinner at Lyman's on Hollywood Boulevard and attended the premiere of This Thing Called Love, a comedy with Melvyn Douglas and Rosalind Russell at the Pantages Theater. While they were leaving the theater, he experienced a dizzy spell and had trouble walking to the car. He declined to see a doctor that night because Dr. Clarence Nelson was coming to examine him the next day.

Spent Saturday, 21 Dec. '40 with Sheilah at 1443 North Hayworth Avenue Hollywood. After the heart attack some six weeks earlier he had moved to her ground floor apartment from his apartment a block away at 1403 North Laurel Avenue.

lily-s

Sheilah Graham (born Lily Shiel, 15 September '1904 – 17 November '1988 | Amazon)

After period in an orphanage, writes column about being a dance girl. Marries Maj. John Graham Gillam ('25) decorated WWI officer » *Gallipoli Diary* – LibriVox. Gillam travelled to New York ('33); she follows ('34). Divorces Gillam, begins Hollywood gossip column ('36). While engaged to the Marquess of Donegall, meets recently arrived Fitz ('37).

After Fitz passes, covers war in London (interviews with Winston Churchill and George Bernard Shaw). Meets Trevor Westbrook, owns Spitfire fighter planes company. They marry ('41), two children are born, Wendy (her real father turns out to be British philosopher AJ Ayer) and Robert (real father probably actor Robert Taylor). Back to her Hollywood column, demands $5,000 a week like the movie stars she covers, radio program, a pioneer of TV Talk Show format ('50s), auto-bios on life with Fitz, incl. *Beloved Infidel* – film version ('59). Semi-retires to Florida ('71).

Sheilah Graham with Marilyn Monroe whose grandmother was Della Mae Hogan

mm-hogan

Marilyn Monroe's only sure family lineage is Hogan, under the maternal side – her grandmother Della Mae Hogan ('1876 Brunswick Missouri - '1927) daughter of Tilford Hogan.

Fitz & Sheilah | The ground floor apartment at 1443 North Hayworth Avenue in Hollywood where Fitz had the fatal heart attack

He slept late that morning. When Sheilah brought him coffee, he sat up in bed and made notes for The Last Tycoon. Then he dressed in slacks and a sweater and loafed while waiting for Dr. Clarence H. Nelson, who was due in the afternoon with a portable electrocardiograph.

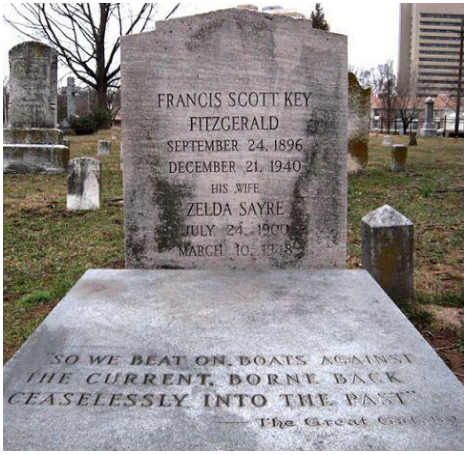
Sheilah was sending Scottie, a Vassar junior, her silver fox fur jacket and the dress she had worn to the premiere of The Westerner. Concerned about offending Scottie with hand-me-downs, Sheilah asked him to help phrase the letter. He dictated a joking message about the mortality rate of Scottie's wardrobe, with the postscript: "Your father has not been well, but he's getting better now. He hasn't had a drink in over a

year.”

Frances Kroll [Amazon], his secretary, brought the mail, which included the 9 December issue of The Princeton Alumni Weekly. Ate a late sandwich lunch and read the newspapers, predicting that the German-Italian pact would force America into the war...

Wanted to go to nearby Schwab’s drugstore on Sunset Boulevard for ice cream. Sheilah pointed out that he might miss the doctor and gave him a chocolate bar, which he ate in the living room while making notes on the '41 football prospects in The Princeton Alumni Weekly. Suddenly, she saw him start out of his chair, clutch the mantelpiece, and fall to the floor.

Having started out on the fall equinox of '96 Fitz made his exit on the winter solstice of '40 – with his boots on / pencil in hand.



..

The newspapers gave his passing prominent treatment. His obituaries combined nostalgia with a patronizing tone, as in The New York Times:

> F Scott Fitzgerald, novelist, short story writer and scenarist, died at his Hollywood home yesterday.

His age was 44. He suffered a heart attack three weeks ago.

The Times and the New York Herald Tribune accompanied their obituaries with editorials that assessed F as a failed writer.

Had 44,000 words of his novel written. His books were not out of print, as has been claimed. Six of his books were in stock at Scribners. His last royalty statement on 1 August '40 reported sales of forty copies (including seven copies of G) for a royalty of $13.13.

.~.

Aftermath

Strapped but not destitute during the last year of his life. His '40 earnings were $14,570. Apart from personal possessions, $738.16 in the bank, and $486.34 in cash, the bulk of his estate was the reduced $44,225.15 value of his life insurance policy..

In the end, owed $4,067.14 to Highland Hospital, $5,456.92 to Scribners, $802.13 to Ober (who waived $2,926 in accumulated interest on loans), and at least $1,500 to Max.

In his '37 Will F had appointed John Biggs and Harold Ober his executors, but on 10 Nov. ’40 he crossed out Ober’s name and substituted Max. Since alteration of his will raised legal problems, Ober and Max withdrew as executors in favor of Biggs.

Bunny Wilson, who agreed to donate his editorial services, recommended that The Last Tycoon be published with the “Crack-Up” essays; but Max vetoed the proposal because he felt that “The Crack-Up” had damaged his reputation. Bunny eventually published it with New Directions in ’45 and included most of the New Republic ’41 pieces, see JPB The Hours letter *FN* » 3‘h’s.

The Last Tycoon [/Great Novelist] published 27 Oct. ’41 presented the edited fragments of The Last Tycoon with

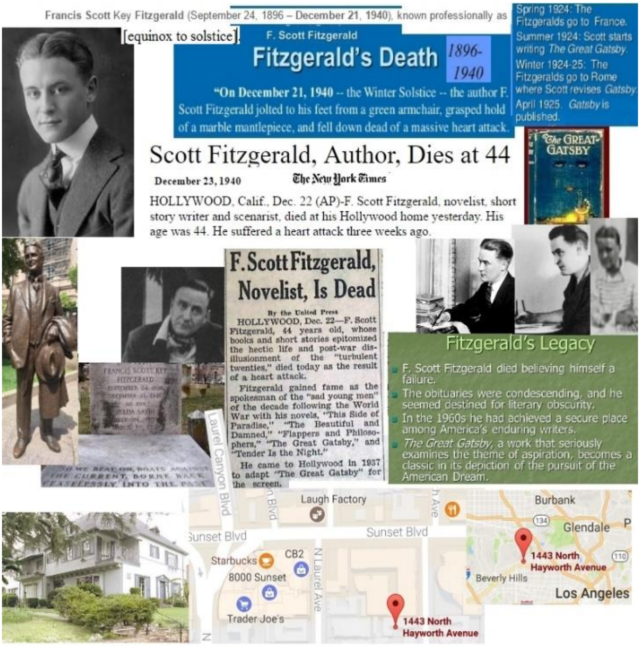
Gatsby and five stories “that seem most likely to have permanent interest” (“May Day,” “The Diamond as Big as the Ritz,” “The Rich Boy,” “Absolution,” and “Crazy Sunday”).

In his notes for the novel he wrote:

> I look out at it—and I think it is the most beautiful history in the world. It is the history of me and of my people. And if I came here yesterday like Sheilah I should still think so. It is the history of all aspiration—not just the American dream but the human dream and if I came at the end of it that too is a place in the line of the pioneers.

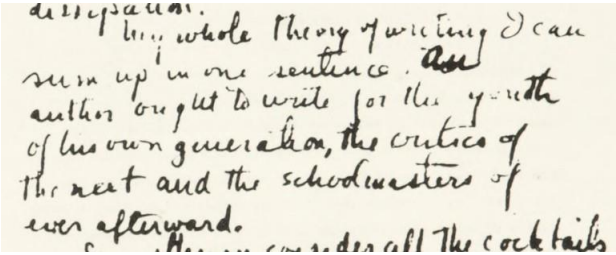
After her husband’s death Zelda wrote a tribute, it closes with these musings:

> Scott’s books were the first of their kind. If his characters didn’t have a good time, or things come out well at the end, the scene was always the arena of some new philosophic offensive, in the plush hush of the hotel lobby and the ***gala**** grandeur—gilded aspirations of a valiant and protesting age, taxis
>
>
>
> slumberously afloat on deep summer nights...
>
> His pen paid tribute to the poetic glamour of tragedy. Compelling life into something more commensurate and compassionate, ironic and spectacular and inviting.
>
> So was his life.
>
> .~.


Francis Scott Key Fitzgerald (September 24, 1896 – December 21, 1940), known professionally as
[equinox to solstice].
F. Scott Fitzgerald
Fitzgerald's Death
1896-1940
"On December 21, 1940 -- the Winter Solstice -- the author F. Scott Fitzgerald jolted to his feet from a green armchair, grasped hold of a marble mantlepiece, and fell down dead of a massive heart attack.
Spring 1924: The Fitzgeralds go to France.
Summer 1924: Scott starts writing The Great Gatsby.
Winter 1924-25: The Fitzgeralds go to Rome where Scott revises Gatsby.
April 1925: Gatsby is published.
The Great Gatsby
Scott Fitzgerald, Author, Dies at 44
December 23, 1940
The New York Times
HOLLYWOOD, Calif., Dec. 22 (AP)-F. Scott Fitzgerald, novelist, short story writer and scenarist, died at his Hollywood home yesterday. His age was 44. He suffered a heart attack three weeks ago.
F. Scott Fitzgerald, Novelist, Is Dead
By the United Press
HOLLYWOOD, Dec. 22—F. Scott Fitzgerald, 44 years old, whose books and short stories epitomized the hectic life and post-war disillusionment of the "turbulent twenties," died today as the result of a heart attack.
Fitzgerald gained fame as the spokesman of the "sad young men" of the decade following the World War with his novels, "This Side of Paradise," "The Beautiful and Damned," "Flappers and Philosophers," "The Great Gatsby," and "Tender Is the Night."
He came to Hollywood in 1937 to adapt "The Great Gatsby" for the screen.
Fitzgerald's Legacy
F. Scott Fitzgerald died believing himself a failure.
The obituaries were condescending, and he seemed destined for literary obscurity.
In the 1960s he had achieved a secure place among America's enduring writers.
The Great Gatsby, a work that seriously examines the theme of aspiration, becomes a classic in its depiction of the pursuit of the American Dream.
Laurel Canyon Blvd
Laugh Factory
Sunset Blvd
Starbucks
CB2
8000 Sunset
Trader Joe's
N Laurel Ave
1443 North Hayworth Avenue
Burbank
Glendale
Beverly Hills
Los Angeles

.4.15.imm-jpg.

Immortality at last! [jpg]



With apotheosis, seeds in this sea-wind live

We shall promise what we can give

For uncouth GI plebes can restore Jimmy Gatz

And resurrect Jay Gats[by]

(So that you can write,

"I have been extravagantly admired again!";)

Bright, bright. The shore here has eternal light.

Fitz! We exult you to your immortal right!

.G100 '23-'25.s16b ».

.5555.5.1.FastNav.

: %n | | Top

~1 | ~2 • ~h • ~t • ~p • ~g • ~v • ~d | ~3 | ~4 | ~5 | h sum

» simply 3'n's [cf. 4'n's > MSCD] or var. anytime.

• Alt., '%' pre/suffix with letter/no., ex.: 0-5=FN, [%]n=here!, ~t=top, ~s=toc, ~c=ch, ~h=Hrs, ~m=MainRef., ~1-5=Pt.1-5

• Similarly, with '-', ex.: [-]sum=ch or Hrs summary; ch[-]=ch browse (1-9), bk[-]=bk browse (by pgno.)

• cf. *sans* %/- just s[16]=stanza16

• MS (manuscript) / holograph / autograph = draft (handwritten pencil, typescript incl. inserts, pencil galley corrections)
• 'book' or 'bk' = ref. published book 1st Edition '25, 218pp
• jpg = image

• middle *-* hyphen not shown below, insert for

• The Hours: to *FN* to a specific stanza s# [to differentiate: s[#{spc}]

..

.0.Front.Matter.nnn0%0. | Top

.0.0.Title. *3't's*

.0.0a.Epitaph. *epi[-]t*

.0.0b.Dedication. *dedic to*

.0.1.Preface. *pre face*

.0.2.Contents. *4'c's*

.1.Intro.nnn1%. | ~2 • ~h • ~t • ~p • ~g • ~v • ~d | ~3 | ~4 | ~5 |

.1.0.**PT1 TRANSG INTRO**. *4'1's*

.1.1.Lester Cowan. *lest c1*

.1.1a.Credit GIs. *cred gi*

.1.1b.GOAT. *goat n*

.1.1c.TransG Intro. *transg i*

.1.2.**The Hours** *3'h's* | h sum | mcfc hrs

s[1] • s[2] • s[3] • s[4] • s[5] • s[6] • s[7] • s[8] •

s[9] • s[10] • s[11] • s[12] • s[13] • s[14] • s[15] • s[16] •

.1.3.Main Ref Links. 3'm's

.1.4.Scottie FSF Papers to Princeton Saga. *sco prin*

.2.MS.nnn2%. | | Top

.2.0.**PT2 MS EVOL & *ANAL*. *4'2's***

.2.1.Chapters Evol. *ch e*

.2.2.Structure Evol *struc e*

.2.3.**Book Chapters:** [ave. 22pp/ch (ch7 double)]

Note: There's some kind of Party in every chapter!

ch-sum %c

ch[-]1 | ch 2 | ch 3 | ch 4 | ch 5 | ch 6 | ch 7 | ch 8 | ch 9 | bk end

I. Nick/F:West Egg » Lunch Party(1) East Egg: Daisy Tom TransG*ish* Jordan *ch 1* [bk1]

II. AshHeaps: G+M»T, N: Manhattan Orgy/Party(2) » TransG Nick+McKee *ch 2* [bk27]

III. G-Party(3) - Enter Gatsby *ch 3* [bk47]

IV. G-Party(4) | Klip*springer* (Gatsby's live-in whore-boy) | Wolfshiem *ch 4* [bk73]

V. **'The Reunion:G+D'** Party(5) (exact book center!) *ch 5* [bk98]

VI. Gatsby+DanCody bio | G-Party(6) with T & D *ch 6* [bk117]

VII. 'Manhattan Showdown-Party(7)' | Daisy kills Myrtle *ch 7* [bk135]

VIII. Quasi-Wake/Party(8) Wilson murders G *ch 8* [bk178]

IX. Funeral Wake/Party(9) & "Mr Gatz? He dead." | Apotheosis *ch 9* [bk196]

Book End. *bk end* [bk218]

Chapters jpg

..

.2.Bk-PgNos.nnn2s%. | | Top

Book (1st Ed. '25) page nos summary

1 ch1 | 2 which they express them | a

11 I'm p-paralyzed with happiness | 21 I suppose she talks |

27 ch2 | 31 all right | 41 just last year |

47 ch3 | 51 my host, but the two | 61 one group | 71 witness admitted |

73 ch4 | 81 I'm going to make | 91 way that every young girl

98 ch5 | 101 went to Coney | 11 1 think he revalued |

117 ch6 | 121 Cody sober | 131 did you notice Daisy's

135 ch7 | 141 we drank in long | 151 that would dart...life

161 I found out... | 171 Daisy's home |

178 ch8 | 181 didn't see why | 185 they're a rotten crowd |

191 I know he said

196 ch9 | 201 the point of collapse | 211 he took off his glasses

217 the laughter, faint ... bottom half Dutch sailors

218 in history with something commensurate (60% of pg to last line)

.2.ch.Highlights.nnn2h%. | | Top

.2.3a.h.ch1. Daisy: “I always watch for the longest day in the year” *solstice consc*

.2.3b.h.ch2.TransG Nick+McKee. *n mck*

.2.3c.h.ch3. *sun earth*

.2.3d.h.ch3 end. Trim.Cut: TransG Nick: “**seek no love in a woman**” *no woman*

.2.3e.h.ch7.“Her voice is full of money”. *jpg money*

.2.3f.h.ch.9.Orgasmic/Orgastic. *o org*

..

~1 | ~2 • ~h • ~t • ~p • ~g • ~v • ~d | ~3 | ~4 | ~5

.2.Timeline.nnn2t%. {3'n'st or just t[%] }

.2.4.t. Timeline *fsf TL*

.2.5.t. Timeline *bk TL*

.2.6.t. Great Neck house *g n*

.2.7.t.9pp. Letters *let max*

.2.8.t. Ring Lardner Proofreader *ring proof*

.2.9.t. **Villa Marie** *v m*

.2.5.t.3pp var. letters '24-25 *let var1*

.2.11.t.2pp. Review *facs Budd*

.2.12.t.1p. Princeton *info ms*

.2.13.t.3pp. Princeton Digit. Autograph *prin ms*

.2.14.t.2pp. Marvel of Compression *marv comp*

.2.15.t.3pp. Daisy packs her bags ZLeader *trim sat*

.2.16.t.1p. alt Daisy packs bags Pierpont *trim bags*

.2.EarlyPro.nnn2p% |

.2.17.p.2pp. Secure Reputation Benet *ep benet*

.2.18.p.13pp. Wescott ep *wesc*

.2.19.p.1p. Credit GIs *ep gi*

.2.20.p.16pp. Eble *goat ebl1*

.2.21.p..5pp. Cowley *ep cowley*

.2.22.p.4pp. Trilling *ep tri*

.2.23.p.5pp. Kazin *ep kaz*

.2.24.p.3pp. Troy *ep troy*

..

~1 | ~2 • ~h • ~t • ~p • ~g • ~v • ~d | ~3 | ~4 | ~5

.2.TransG.analysis.nnn2g% | | Top

.2.25a.g.6pp. Wasiolek *g[-]wasio*

.2.25b.g.2pp. Fraser *g fra*

.2.26.g.14pp. Mugsar *g mug* | *nmck 237* | *man 239* #tmisas

[Sumerian TransG cover » *g eshdam*]

.2.27.g.1p. Capote's *TransG* Screenplay Furlich *g capo*

.2.28.g.1p. Petronian Brothel Maclean *g brothel*

.2.29.g.1p. Pink Suits Froehlich *g froe*

.2.30.g.4pp. Bitched Onderdonk *g bit*

.2.Var.nnn2v%. |

.2.31.v.3pp. Francis Scott Tripleganger & GOAT. Ellis *var fst*

.2.32.v.2p. Thale *var hero1*

.2.33.v.2pp. Hero2 Lynn *var hero2*

.2.34.v.9pp. Immortality Anderson *var imm*

.2.35.v.1p. Resting Place Mangum *var rest*

.2.36.v.3pp. Passion RWLid *var passi*

.2.37.v.4pp. Eble *var ebl2*

.2.38.v.4pp. Decadence Murray *var dd*

.2.39.v..5pp. East & West Ornstein *var ew*

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.2.Daughter.nnn2d%. |

.2.40.d. Letters incl. Scottie letter to director *let sco dir*

.2.41.d. Gatsby Screenplay: Capote v Coppola *cop jpg*

.2.42.d.1p. Printing Terminology *print t*

.2.43.d.1p. NY Locations *ny loc*

.2.44.d.2pp. The Hours Letter to JPB *let jpb*

.2.45.d.8pp. Letters var.: JPB, Bunny

fr: Edith Wharton, TS Eliot, Wolfe *let var2*

.2.46.d.17pp. Father-Daughter – Last Year *let dad*

.2.47.d.2pp. Epitaph *let epi*

.2.48.d.1p. Parenting *dad dau*

.2.49.d.2pp. Financials *info fin*

.2.50.d.1p. Ur-Gatsby *info ur*

.3.Cugat.nnn3% |

.3.0. **PT3 CUGAT BOOK COVER** ***4'3's***

.3.1. Roy Blankenship saves paintings *rb cugat*

.3.2. Celestial Eyes Scribner *cel eyes*

[*cov r*]

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.4.Bio.nnn4% | | Top

.4.0. **PT4 F REL BIO** ***4'4's***

.4.1. Timeline *bio TL*

.4.2. '22 Sep – Prelim *22 pre*

.4.3. Move to Great Neck *mov ny*

.4.4. '23 Conrad LongIs *23 con* [*conrad jpg*]

.4.5. '23 Gerlach *old sp*

.4.6. Chapter Sources *ch s*

.4.7. '24 Apr: The Plan » France *gat fr*

.4.8. '24 Sep: Novel Completion *24 compl*

.4.9. '25 Revision *25 rev*

.4.10. Big Move: ch1 end to ch9 end *big mov*

.4.11. '25 Apr 10 Publication *gat pub*

.4.12. Some sort of epic grandeur *epic g*

.4.13. '40 Mar: Enter Lester Cowan *lest c2*

.4.14. '40 Dec 21 Solstice Exit *sols ex*

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.4.15. FSF Immortality at last! *imm jpg*

.5.End.Matter.nnn5% |

.5.1. FastNav *3'n's*

.5.2. About Author/Editor *au ed*

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g-links

Gatsby Links

#GreatGatsby100

Main Album » photos.app.goo.gl/f2GfDBoEnvcZL7rN9

Nick/F-McKee-TransG [#tmisas] »
photos.app.goo.gl/LdK3euWw2ohgM1Je7

Francis Cugat's preliminary paintings for the book cover »
photos.app.goo.gl/icvLHNLYPqfEKSRu5

Comments » youtu.be/-qopXciv6Lg

Home/Updates/Downloads/Additional Ref. »

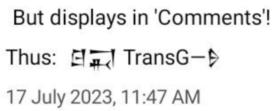
tinyurl.com/GreatGatsby100

.Gatsby End.

🧑‍💻display-%woes

□□ TransG—□

GatesMikro$oft*Werd* can’t
[but displays in ‘Comments’ on some apps]
/ Be$oz*AZkdp* can’t,
but PageBrin*GoogleDocs* can
display Sumerian cuneiform ?!



□□ TransG—> [alt.]

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Ed. Peter Hogan & Tara Hogan

12023CT

A
MAGSAR
PRODUCTION

The hunt is up, the hunt is up.
The masters of art and doctors of divinity,
Have brought this realm out of a good unity.
– John Hogan, 'ill May Day' Uprisings '1537

FF400 FastNav | | Top

• Book Short & Extended Descriptions • Tagline & Trailers

• Introduction • Chapter 1: The Hyphen • Chapter 2: The Mask

• Chapter 3: The Daughter / FF Producer

FF400 Preface

This First Folio 400th Anniversary Special Edition is the culmination of work over a decade. Now its time has come. Of course, for Susan de Vere, it has taken a lot longer. She deserves to be finally recognized. And the Strato Sham exposed.

Book Short Description

Shakespeare's First Folio 400th Anniversary '1623 – '2023 Susan de Vere Producer—who was not only the wife of the official dedicatee, but also a critically important though forgotten, proto-feminist, and the true 'Shakespeare's Daughter'. She was the key driver of the production of the First Folio over a 2-year period (with only a break for a pregnancy) all the way to the very first recorded sale on December 5th, '1623.

The Formula

If you don't have the time for endless convoluted books and websites we've simplified it for you 'less is more', in effect the 'Shakespeare Authorship Question Solved' with *Einsteinian* simplicity:

H + M + D = S

Our *'Hyphen + Mask + Daughter = Shakespeare'* formula confirms Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford as the true author of the Shake-speare works.

You've heard 'purported' experts say that Edward de Vere as Shakespeare is absurd.

"Why anyone is drawn to de Vere's cause is the real mystery…" said one in a New York Times OpEd.

Well, if you see with your own eyes smoke coming from the ***Hyphen*** on the cover of SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS ('1609); the ***Mask*** on the cover of the First Folio ('1623); and then the 'Smoking Gun' lying next to the ***Daughter*** who produces

that First Folio – Ben Jonson was in love with Susan de Vere, Countess of Montgomery, wife of Philip Herbert one of the "INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN" First Folio dedicatees, to boot; there's no "mystery" anymore.

It's easier to grasp where the waters can't be muddied by the 'Stratfordian Sham Industry' – peer into the crystal clear waters of the ***Evolution of the English Sonnet***:

• The 'Father of the English Sonnet', Henry Howard Earl of Surrey was married to the 15th ***Earl of Oxford***'s daughter, Frances ***de Vere***.
• The next landmark in the Evolution is the 'Hekatompathia' sonnets of 1582 produced by his nephew Edward de Vere 17th ***Earl of Oxford***.
• Even 'Stratos' have to agree that 1-17 of SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS are about marrying off Edward de Vere's daughter.

Thus, they have a big problem trying to fit their Stratford guy into the picture. How they can do that, is the real "mystery". Why would Vere use Guillem Shaksper, whose successful businessman's Will mentions nothing about Plays or books.

Especially as, if you replace the fatherly tone of the wooing of the prospective groom to marry his daughter, with some concoction that Shaxsper had a relationship with the 'fair youth', then it appears Shake-speare was homosexual.

In contrast, Vere was the one "made lame by fortune's dearest spite" in Sonnet 37 which is a classic linchpin connecting him from the Sonnets through to the Plays, like a main circuit cable – in the Quarto version of 'King Lear' [Act IV, Scene 6 (213-221)] he confirms to us that it's on his brain with "A most poor man, made lame by fortune's blows". So much so that his wife, Elizabeth Trentham (the 2nd most forgotten proto-feminist and prime shaker in history) had to buy their house in Hackney where s.37 lame, poor and despised Vere was marginalized from society, with nothing

else to do but write, before 'purportedly' exiting the stage in 1604 (his grave has never been found).

And it's not that the 'GRAND POSSESSORS' allowed many of Vere' works to come to light only after 1604, it's that so many were reworks of much earlier pieces, like 'Rome***u***s and Juliet' of 1562, 'Ur-Hamlet' and the 'King Leir' version with the happy ending. To fit the Stratford *Johnny come lately* into writing the final versions it repeatedly makes the greatest writer in history look like the greatest 'plagiarist' in history.

Ironically these snob experts are adamant that only university professors with lifetime employment (dependent on maintaining the status quo) have the intelligence required to make conclusions about the man Shake-speare. And so they conclude the heretics can only be snobs for being able to see that the Earl fits perfectly into the Sonnets but not the grain merchant.

And these elitist academes, that are entrusted with our children's education would have it that the use of a pseudonym and frontman was unheard of at the time. They will decide what history our children are fed (think about all this the next time the school demands more money for these turkeys). But we spotlight all the documented Vere 'collaborations' with 'assistants' like John Lyly – 'Euphues' 1580 (the first English novel), Anthony Munday – 'Amadis de Gaule' saga 1590s-1619, all the way to Mary Sidney Wroth – 'The Countess of Montgomery's (/ Susan de Vere's) Urania' 1621, the first English prose by a woman – which set afloat Susan's message in a bottle to posterity.

And the Stratos would also have it that we are deluded if we can see Vere and his contemporaries had great respect for 'Pallas Athena', Greek goddess of wisdom and civilization as patron of Elizabethan Theater ***shaking her spear at ignorance***.

.%fff.

FF400 FastNav

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• Introduction

• Chapter 1: The Hyphen (hyp[-]hen)

• Chapter 2: The Mask (ma[-]sk)

• Chapter 3: The Daughter – First Folio Producer (s[-]dv)

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•• Title Page

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• *The Shakespeare Identity Problem solved with Einsteinian simplicity*

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• Pallas Athena – Shake a Spear at Ignorance

• Elizabeth Trentham – Shakespeare's Wife (eliz[-]t)

• Strato Dover Wilson unwittingly confirms Edward de Vere wrote Sonnets

• Evolution of the English Sonnet

• John Hogan annoys Henry VIII 1537

• Lame, poor and despised – Sonnet 37

• Shake-Speare Hackney-Stratford-EastLondon

• 'Silexedra' – Vere's 1580s Writing Inc.

- "He hath many good parts in him" – Vere's Letters
- Vere's Tempest Prosperous Gale Letter to Cecil 1603
- Vere's Merchant of Venice Letter to Lok, Hogan
- Immortality Obsession
- 'Shake-Scene' = 'Theater-Scene'

• Where are Vere's Plays?

- Pseudonyms were, and are common • What's in a name?

• Charles Dodgson aka Lewis Carroll and Oxford

•• **Chapter 2: The Mask** (ma[-]sk)

•• **Chapter 3: Susan de Vere – Shakespeare's Daughter & First Folio Producer** (s[-]dv)

- Family, Marriage & Children
- Susan de Vere – Herbert Family Portrait
- Direct Descendants of Vere/William Shakespeare
- Wilton Estate Shakespeare 'SHADOW' Statue
- **First Folio Production** (f[-]f)
- The Smoking Gun
- "No, no Mr Jaggard, this is not the picture I want"
- 'Grand Possessor'
- Vere & Cervantes Collab. on Amadis - inspired Don Quixote
- Susan de Vere's Message in a Bottle to Posterity

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- King Lear Aethiopian Historie Dedication to Vere 1569
- *Theater in Education (TIE)*
- Home School / University • Teacher-Student Exercises • Put on a Play • How to make a parrot sonnet
- Theater Channel
- Movie/TV Series/Play Synopsis
- Elizabeth Trentham – Shakespeare's Wife – *"Unto my dombe man yearlie during his life to be paid..."* (eliz[-]t)

• D.A.P. Score – Impostor Calculator
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[EndFF400]

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Tagline & Trailers

The Shakespeare Identity Problem solved with *Einsteinian* simplicity

H + M + D = S

The Hyphen, The Mask & The Daughter

See trailers for our multi-media project at our Youtube Channel

Summary - 21s

No, no Mr Jaggard - 43s

Combined - 6m

Act I: The Hyphen - 2m5s

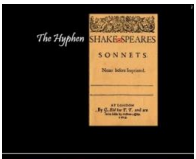
Act II: The Mask - 38s

Act III: The Daughter - 2m25s

< youtube.com/user/susandevere1587 >

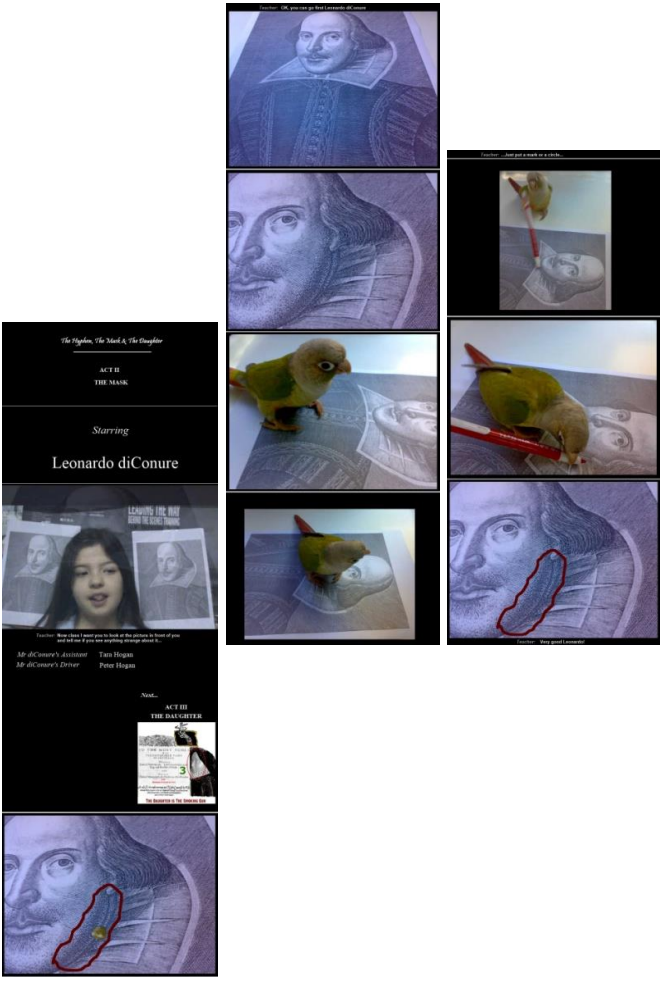
Act I: The Hyphen Trailer (11.8Mb, 2m5s)

< youtube.com/watch?v=25Lic8Uj12c >
Includes the 'Evolution of the English Sonnet' where the waters can't be muddied by 'Stratos' thus confirming Vere as Shakespeare beyond doubt.
[The stills follow – full size at our Homepage.]



Act II: The Mask – starring Leonardo diConure (4.7Mb, 38s)

< youtube.com/watch?v=LOCtoNDMpB0 >



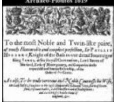
Susan de Vere – Shakespeare's Daughter – Act III (15Mb, 2m25s)

< youtube.com/watch?v=GSujGcn6zu0 >

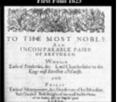
SUSAN DE VERE - PRODUCER OF THE FIRST FOLIO

It was always planned that the families of Edward de Vere / Shakespeare and Mary Sidney-Herbert / astute literary editor (in particular of her brother Philip Sidney's works) would be bound together with the 1604 marriage between Susan de Vere (17) and Philip Herbert (20), who with his brother William, were the First Folio's "Incomparable Paire of Brethren" and between them all, controllers of Theatre / Media for many years as they appropriated the powerful office of Lord Chamberlain.

Archaeo-Ploutos 1619 | **First Folio 1623**


To the most Noble and Twin-like paire, of truely Honourable and compleat perfection, Sir PHILLIP HERBERT, Knight of the Bath ... King JAMES ... Lord Baron of Shurland, Earle of Montgomery ...

As also, To the truly vertuous and Noble Countesse his Wife ...


TO THE MOST NOBLE AND INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN.

WILLIAM Earle of Pembroke, &c. Lord Chamberlaine to the Kings most Excellent Majesty.

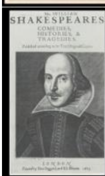
AND

PHILIP Earle of Montgomery, &c. Gentleman of his Majesties Bed-Chamber. Both Knights of the most Noble Order of the Garter, and our singular good LORDS.

It was not known until relatively recently (1990) that in 1619 William Jaggard is wooing Susan de Vere during the production of 'Archaeo-Ploutos' to win the contract to be the printer of The BIG ONE - her father's Collected Works - the First Folio. Jaggard knows she is the 'Grand Possessor'. The deal done, not long after, work began on the mammoth task of bringing it all together, editing and typesetting. The work would drag on for several years until publication in 1623. Delays caused by Susan's trauma over the poor health of her children (especially the pressure for an heir who finally came in 1621) and that of the ageing printer himself. (His son Isaac would finish the job.)

The Susan de Vere - Henry Herbert family portrait in the Cube Room of Wilton House. Top left, the children that died in infancy.

"No, no, Mr Jaggard, this is not the picture I want... It looks too real, too much detail, I just want something simple with a hint that there is something behind... That's it. I want it to look like a mask... You need to be able to see a firm line along ...the edge of the mask."



"...That's it. Clearly a mask. Even better with the reversed arm."

Susan de Vere's Message in a Bottle

The key here is the translation saga of "Amadis de Gaule" from the early 1590s - Edward de Vere + Anthony Munday 'collaboration' to 1619 Susan de Vere + Anthony Munday 'collaboration'.

(Around the same time William Jaggard is wooing Susan de Vere to win the First Folio contract)

Now for us, the fascinating plot - "Amadis de Gaule" is about the star crossed love of King Perión of Gaul and Elisena of England, resulting in the secret birth of Amadis. Abandoned at birth on a barge in England, the child is raised by the knight Gandales in Scotland. Amadis then goes on the adventure to find out his true origins.

Susan de Vere - the 'GRAND POSSESSOR'

Munday's 1619 "Amadis de Gaule" dedication is another confirmation of Susan de Vere as the 'grand possessor' of the Shake-speare manuscripts and source books:

"...by the helpe of that worthy Lady, I have had such Bookes as were of the best editions..."

The Countesse of Montgomeries URANIA

The "Amadis de Gaule" theme / message is also reinforced around 1619 when the Susan de Vere (the Countess of Montgomery) / Mary Sidney-Wroth 'collaboration' begins on "The Countess of Montgomery's Urania" eventually published in 1621 - the first extant prose romance by an English woman - causing considerable scandal. As inexplicably the mandatory pen-name was not used.

(And may have been another reason for the suspension of First Folio production in 1621)

In the roman à clef Urania / Susan learns that the couple who reared her from childhood are not her actual parents. After many obstacles in the climax Urania finds out about her royal heritage.

"Ben Jonson fell in love with Susan de Vere"

Susan de Vere was clearly the 'grand possessor' and producer of the First Folio. Even more formidable in those days of male dominated society with official credit for such a major publication went to her husband. In fact Philip Herbert "pretended to no other qualifications than to understand horses and dogs very well" and "did not delight in books of poetry, but exceedingly loved painting and building."

Susan also had a close relationship with Ben Jonson one of the editors of the First Folio. She appeared in more of Jonson's Masques than anyone else." His "Masque of Blackness" was written for her 'Twelfth Night' revels wedding to Philip Herbert.

"Susan de Vere was clearly a beautiful and entrancing person. Ben Jonson fell in love with her..."

Ben Jonson's Preface to the First Folio:

...Looke how the ***fathers face***
Lives in his issue, even so, the race
Of Shakespeares minde, and manners brightly shines
In his well torned, and true-filed lines:
In each of which, he seemes to ***shake a Lance***,
As brandish't at the eyes of ***Ignorance***.
Sweet swan of ***Avon!***

(The River Avon runs through Susan's home in Wiltshire.)

'Stratties' often note that Jonson was a successful playwright despite a limited education. But as he was so popular, several of his manuscripts are still in existence - there are none for their Stratford guy, Gulielm Shaksper. Not even a letter!

Ben Jonson's poem to Susan de Vere Countess of Montgomery

Were they that nam'd you, prophets? did they see,
Even in the dew of grace, what you would be?

Or, because some scarce think that story true,
To make those faithful did the Fates send you.

Were you advanced, past those times, to be
The light and mark unto **posterity**?

Susan de Vere's epitaph is thus apt by someone who knew her well, some say it was also composed by Ben Jonson:

In thy name there is a tomb
If the world can give it room
For a Vere and Herbert's wife
Outspeaks all tombs, outlives all life.

Westminster Abbey's Shakespeare "Temples" Statue

In 1743 Henry Herbert, 9th Earl of Pembroke (1693-1750) responded to the Westminster Abbey Shakespeare statue, with the Stratford guy added at the bottom, with one for his ancestral Wilton estate – he would have been well aware that his great great... grandmother Susan de Vere was the 'grand possessor' and First Folio producer of her father's works. He used the same sculptor, Peter Sheemakers, and made his intention clear with a poignant variation in what text was to go on the scroll and the particular word the finger would point to.

Henry Herbert's Shakespeare "SHADOW" Statue at the Wilton Pembroke ancestral estate

Quixotic Edward de Vere

Meanwhile, over in Spain we have Miguel de Cervantes, born around same time as Vere. Cervantes spends quite a big chunk of his life in the military, then suddenly in his late 50s after having no literary success previously, whatsoever, at the exact same time as Vere 'exits the stage' in England, in July of 1604 Cervantes sold the rights of a "Amadis de Gaule" inspired story called "Don Quixote of la Mancha" to a publisher (it eventually comes out in January, 1605) and suddenly has his first ever hit, and a classic in the history of literature.

With a plague raging in London, and already feeling Quixotic - lame (Quixote means 'thigh' - right where Vere had an old wound), poor and despised, Edward de Vere premeditated everything - all those years of developing his 'exit' story inspired by Amadis, faking his death.

...You can just imagine the sly old Vere retiring to sunny Spain and fooling his last years with yet another perfect 'collaboration' partner, this time with local hoax, Miguel Cervantes, who had just got out of jail and was broke.

Edward de Vere and Miguel de Cervantes
The meeting of a 'collaborator'
Vere 'reportedly' dies July 1604
Cervantes sells Amadis-inspired Don Quixote to publisher July 1604

'Don Quixote' windmill on title page of Susan de Vere's "Message in a Bottle"

The quarto publication of "A Midsummer Nights Dream" Title Page had the same 'Post Tenebras Lux' (Light After Darkness) motto of the Protestant alliance / the Rosicrucians like Vere (founded in late medieval by the German Rosenkreuz, of Hamlet's Rosencrantz) on the printer's device as appeared on the Cervantes crest on the title page of "Don Quixote".

Susan was her father's youngest and favourite, mirroring Edward de Vere's fascination with the story of the legendary King Leir of ancient Briton and his favourite daughter Cordelia (on which Vere based his 2 versions of "King Lear/Leir" - the 1594 one had a happy ending; and note the same 4-letter rhyming surname; and the family structure was exactly the same: 3 daughters, 1 son, and 1 illegitimate son). Leir was eventually exiled from Britain and fled with Cordelia's help to Gaul. Leir had faith that his daughter Cordelia would somehow, oneday restore his throne.

All this clearly shows that Susan de Vere was sending us across the 400 years of ignorance ocean a message in a bottle

Susan de Vere
1587 - 1629

Considering that there is more shelf space in any book store or library and more movies on Shakespeare than any other subject, that makes Susan de Vere the most important person in history. Yet she has been totally rubbed out of the picture by the elitist snobs of the Stratford Sham Industry. Until we came along there was no book, no Wikipedia page, no documentary, no movie, about this very resourceful woman, who despite the social constraints of the time, shrewdly figured out a way to send us the ultimate 'message in a bottle'.

Still unpublished before Susan de Vere's *First Folio* and otherwise lost to posterity, were:

- *Macbeth*
- *Hamlet* (3rd version)
- *The Comedy of Errors*
- *The Taming of the Shrew*
- *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*
- *As You Like It*
- *Twelfth Night*
- *All's Well That Ends Well*
- *Measure for Measure*
- *Henry VI, Part I*
- *King John*
- *Henry VIII*
- *Julius Caesar*
- *Anthony and Cleopatra*
- *Timon of Athens*
- *The Winter's Tale*
- *The Two Noble Kinsmen*
- *Cymbeline*
- *Coriolanus* and last but not least
- *The Tempest*

Edward de Vere's 27 April 1603 letter to Robert Cecil (son of Burghley and now Secretary of State). In the second half of the letter we see that he is deeply affected by the recent death of Queen Elizabeth, and now feels like he is in the tempest shipwreck that England now is, looking for a "prosperous gale".

...I cannot but find a great grief in myself to remember the mistress which we have lost, under whom both you and myself from our greenest years have been in a manner brought up and, although it hath pleased God after an earthly kingdom to take her up into a more permanent and heavenly state wherein I do not doubt but she is crowned with glory, and to give us a prince wise, learned and enriched with all virtues, yet the long time which we spent in her service we cannot look for so much left of our days as to bestow upon another, neither the long acquaintance and kind familiarities wherewith she did use us we are not ever to expect from another prince, as denied by the infirmity of age and common course of reason.

In this common **shipwreck** mine is above all the rest who least regarded though often comforted of all her followers, she hath left to try my fortune among the alterations of time and chance, either without **sail** whereby to take the advantage of any **prosperous gale** or with **anchor** to ride till the **storm be overpassed**.

Your assured friend and unfortunate brother in law,
E. Oxenford

"No, no Mr Jaggard this is not the picture I want" (4.8Mb, 43s)

< youtube.com/watch?v=gNKUuVl1nbA >

HMD Trailers Combined **(36Mb, 6m)**

< youtube.com/watch?v=W755hS5Qq-k >

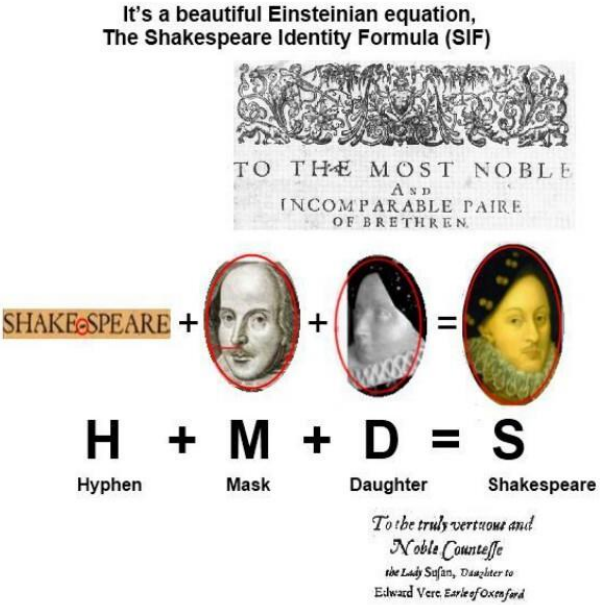
Introduction

If you don't have the time for endless convoluted books and websites we've simplified it for you 'less is more', in effect the '*Shakespeare Authorship Question Solved*' – the next in the '*For Dummies*' series even.

In a fast-paced Internet world of 20 second social media bytes the user wants *Einsteinian* simplicity.

Shakespeare Identity Formula H+M+D=S

It's a beautiful *Einsteinian* equation,
The Shakespeare Identity Formula (SIF):
H + M + D = S
Where H = Hyphen, M = Mask, D = Daughter
S = Shakespeare



In our *multi-media* (Youtube / Play / Streaming) production we will identify the smoke that leads to the smoking gun confirming Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, is William Shakespeare. The snobs of the Stratford Sham Industry scoff that's an absurd proposition. But apparently it's not absurd that there is no evidence their man, Guillem Shaxper, couldn't even write – no manuscripts, no letters, no mention of Plays in his grain merchant Will. In contrast the 3 dead giveaways show Edward de Vere fits perfectly.

I. *The Hyphen*

Smoke. Right there on the front cover of the *Sonnets* it's in your face:
SHAKE-SPEARE = *Pallas Athena = "Shake a Spear at Ignorance".*

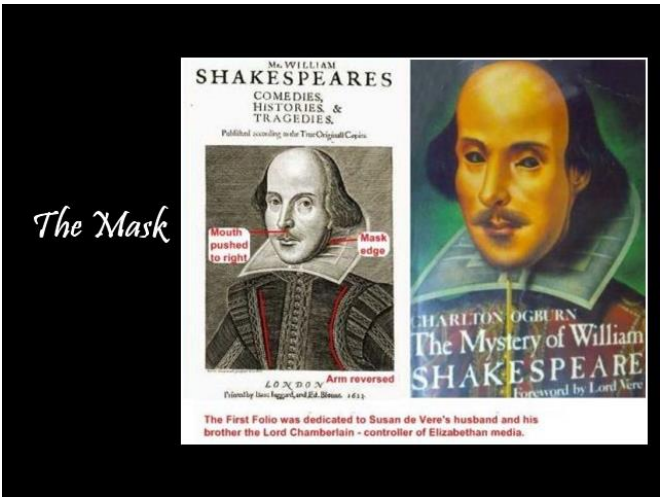
Yes indeed, the spear-shaped 'pen is mightier than the sword' or in modern times the pen becomes an *iPad* keyboard thus now 'The Internet is mightier than the Establishment'.

No longer is it a case of being force-fed by elitist academics with lifetime employment and book contracts with dinosaurs.

If your child attends one of their institutions it's time for action against such snobbery, let them get up in front of parents and declare they really believe the Stratford guy is not a frontman. Then demand the School Board fire them. Time for some new blood.

Anyway, *Athena* was the Greek goddess of Theater. The roots of Theater can still be seen in the city named after her, Athens, Greece – the *Acropolis.*

II. *The Mask*



More smoke – the mask edge line speaks for itself.

III. *The Daughter*

The smoking gun. The First Folio Producer was Edward de Vere's daughter, Susan – "The Most Slighted Woman In History". She was the 'GRAND POSSESSOR' of her father's manuscripts; editing the First Folio with her mother-in-law, Mary Sidney Herbert and Fulke Greville; expediting publication; and she needed to get her brother Henry out of the Tower.

In particular, our research into Susan de Vere's 'collaboration' with Mary Sidney Wroth on *The Countess of Montgomery's Urania* (1621) the pivotal use of Edward de Vere's (and in turn his collaboration with Anthony Munday) work on *Amadis de Gaule* going back to the 1590s until the 1619 publication, also produced by Susan just before work began on printing the First Folio.

Can you believe this pioneering feminist so critical to the very existence of the complete Shake-speare canon we enjoy today has been overlooked by the *elitist academe historians.* Not surprising really, since history is full of dead white males. And who keeps fabricating the history taught to our children, you guessed it, white males. From Susan de Vere to Lise Meitner and Rosalind Franklin all have been airbrushed out of the picture.

> [There were actually 3 daughters so the formula could also be'D' cubed, *thus HMD3=S*
> The family structure is exactly the same as 'King Lear' and its earlier version 'King Leir' with the happy ending.*]*

Evolution of the English Sonnet

For over 400 years Stratos have been able to keep the waters muddied when it comes to questioning the true authorship of the Shakespeare works.

But to their mortification there is one area where the waters are crystal clear when it comes to identifying Edward de Vere as the true author, namely the '*Shake-speare's Sonnets*'.

It's not just that a lot of people don't know about the 'hyphen'.
Everyone thinks Shakespeare invented the Sonnet. In fact, the 'Father of English Sonnet' was the Earl of Surrey and he was married to Frances *de Vere*.

The next landmark in evolution of English Sonnet was "*Hekatompathia*" (1582 some 100 love sonnets) and that has Vere's *Silexedra* fingerprints all over it (that's even confirmed by astronomers, with his first known description of the Milky Way as discrete stars even before Galileo).

The next milestone comes with the early 1590s publication of Philip Sidney's Sonnets (after his premature death – he would never have dared to publish under his own name during his lifetime; they were generally shared privately). Sonnets became all the rage in the 1590s. This is a time when 'lame, poor and despised' Vere needs to marry off his daughter well. The first 17 Shake-speare Sonnets are about this very subject. Unwittingly Strato J. Dover Wilson confirms Vere as the author, as like his colleagues he can't figure out how to fit Guillem Shaxper the Stratford grain merchant into the picture. Why would Vere use Shaksper to write them, especially given there was fierce rival between Vere and Sidney (e.g. the infamous 'tennis match'). And of course, the Sonnets first turned up in Hackney – where Vere lived out his years before 'exiting the stage' – just when Elizabeth Trentham (*Shakespeare's Wife*) is selling the house in 1609.

..

History is largely fabricated by elitist snob white males like Shakespeare Birth Place Trust chairman, Stanley Wells.

You don't read that the first great civilizations: the *Sumerians* (Iraq – writing, the wheel, law, oldest extant flood story with arc…), *Indus Valley* (India – the number system no less…) and *Egyptians* (the calendar commandeered by you know who, so now we have an international year counter that glorifies a religion…) …that they were all black.

The '*Lawrence of Arabia*' sham based on history only 100 years back was easy to perpetrate right from the get-go with Lowell Thomas' first shows of 1919. Not even in their own country is anyone interested that it was really the Australian Light Horse that conquered the Ottomans – even the Australian War Memorial promotes the Lawrence myth. David Lean's movie (about to enjoy it's 50th anniversary in 2012) leaves them out completely. BBC publications have Lawrence taking Damascus.

What chance have you got with 400 years when it's only 50 years back to when Rosalind Franklin had her work on the

DNA Helix plagiarized by Crick and Watson. They went on to fame and fortune, she died of cancer at barely 38. Alone and shafted.

No blacks and females, like Susan de Vere, taking their rightful high place in history thank you very much…

Just what are we teaching our children?
In any library or book store there are more books on Shakespeare than any other subject including religion figureheads, same goes for movies.

What was needed was akin to high tech satellite computer imaging identification. From a distance of 400 years we needed to be able to zoom-in on the right fish in the Elizabethan pond. We needed to simplify things like Einstein's dumped wife, Mileva Marić, who was a brilliant mathematician, where he wasn't.

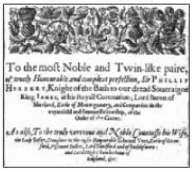
The *Stratos* thought that would be impossible.

Sonnet: The Hyphen, The Mask & The Daughter

Smoke! The *Hyphen* in SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS [Grunt.]
'Evolution of English Sonnet' fathered
By Henry Earl of Surrey, married aunt
Frances de Vere – nephew Edward inspired.

"No, no Jaggard! Not this picture, too fine.
That's it! Like a *Mask* it must raise alarm.
Down the edge, you need to see a clear line.
Excellent, even better with reversed arm."

Philip & Susan & Jaggard
Archaeo-Ploutos 1619



One of "Incomparable Paire of Brethren",
Married to Susan de Vere, the *Daughter.*
Ben Jonson fell in love with our Susan.
In his masques, she appeared more than any other.

"My father, Edward de Vere, is Shakespeare."
The Hyphen, The Mask & The Daughter. [Leer.]

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Chapter 1: The Hyphen

.hyp-hen.

In this Chapter:

• Hyphen Trailer

• Pallas Athena = Shake a Spear at Ignorance

• Elizabeth Trentham – Shakespeare's Wife

• Strato Dover Wilson unwittingly confirms Edward de Vere wrote Sonnets

• Evolution of the English Sonnet

• Lame, poor and despised – Sonnet 37

• 'Silexedra' – Vere's 1580s Writing Inc.

• "He hath many good parts in him"

• Vere's Tempest Prosperous Gale Letter to Cecil 1603

• Vere's Merchant of Venice Letter to Lok, Hogan

• Immortality Obsession

• 'Shake-Scene' = 'Theater-Scene'

• Pseudonyms were, and are common • What's in a name?

• Charles Dodgson aka Lewis Carroll and Oxford

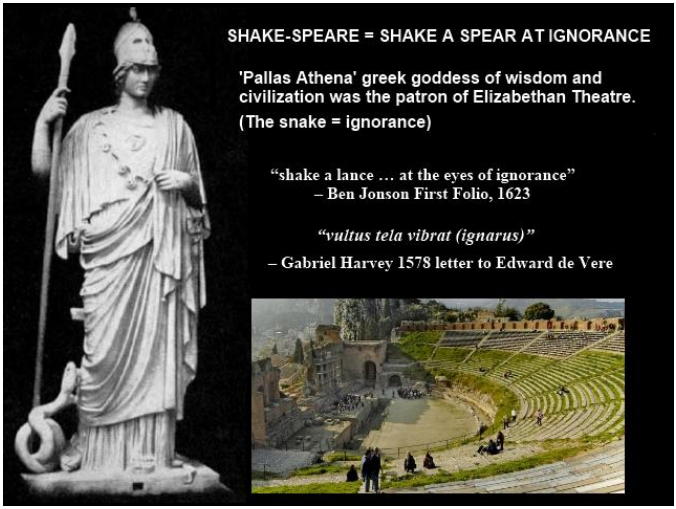
The pseudonym "Shake-speare" was often hyphenated in print – a dead giveaway that it was a front for someone else, e.g. on publication of SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS, 1609.

Trailer: *Act I: The Hyphen* at our Youtube Channel:
< youtube.com/watch?v=25Lic8Uj12c >

Pallas Athena = Shake a Spear at Ignorance

"shake a lance … at the eyes of ignorance"
– Ben Jonson First Folio, ’1623
"*vultus tela vibrat (ignarus)*"
– Gabriel Harvey ’1578 letter to Edward de Vere

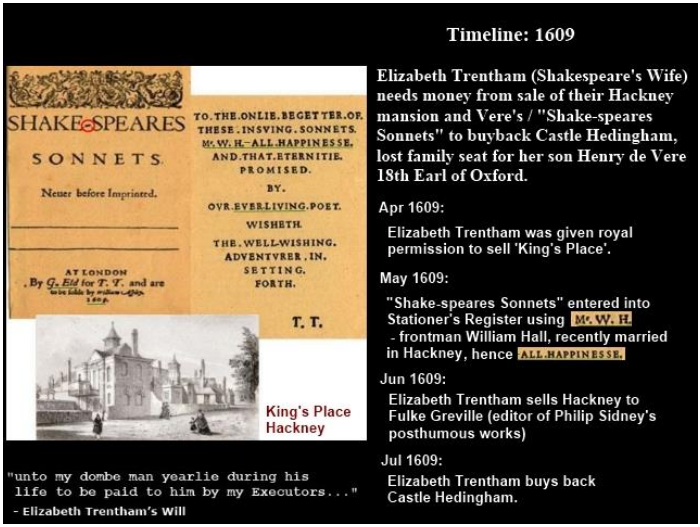
The Elizabethan respect for Pallas Athena (Minerva) Greek goddess of wisdom and civilization, and thus patron of the theater was basically her 'shaking a speare at ignorance'. From *Gesta Grayorum*, an account of the Saturnalia private plays of the Gray's Inn law fraternity of the Honourable Order of the Knights of the Helmet of Athena (Edward de Vere was a member since ’1562) to the ’1604 court masque *The Vision of the Twelve Goddesses* in which the new Queen Anne's preference was for playing Pallas Athena rather than the obvious role of Juno, queen of the gods (Susan de Vere was Flora, goddess of spring).



The *Sonnets* published in ’1609 are really the simplest way-in to see that Edward de Vere is William Shakespeare (and conversely a major headache for Stratos).

Elizabeth Trentham – Shakespeare's Wife

Elizabeth Trentham was obsessed with restoration of the Vere family seat of Castle Hedingham in Essex for their son Henry, now the 18th Earl of Oxford.



In '1591, *Vere, a la* King *Lear* (note the rhyme), had signed Castle Hedingham over to his (then young) 3 daughters in trust as a result of pressure from William Cecil, Lord Burghley (their grandfather).

By '1607 this *dispossession* grates on Elizabeth Trentham, Henry is now 14 and needs to take his rightful place in society.

The 3 daughters have married well and don't need Castle Hedingham.

Elizabeth was going to need a lot of money to buy out the daughters (and their husbands) more than the proceeds from the sale of King's Place (it had been the scene of Henry VIII reconciliation with daughter, Mary; then it has a series of owners, including William Herbert, 1st Earl of Pembroke) in Hackney – where Vere spent his twilight years before 'exiting the stage' writing new works and revising old ones.

Elizabeth Trentham was also going to have to sell some of her husband's works too.

She had access to expert advice on the literary market through Susan de Vere's mother-in-law, Mary Sidney Herbert (mother of the "INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN") and her 'close' friend Fulke Greville. Both edited Philip Sidney's works for publication after his death, including *Astrophel and Stella*, being an important landmark in the Evolution of the English Sonnet.

Despite their individual loyalties Fulke Greville and Edward de Vere go way back at least 30 years to the early '1570s. Once when their fireworks antics in Warwick (Fulke's hometown in Stratford on Avon) got out of hand and they had to teamed up to rescue some villagers from burning houses.

In '1608 they test the market since no Shakespeare work has been published since Vere's 'purported' death in 1604 after averaging 2 publications each year since he settled down with Elizabeth in the early '1590s. Indeed Robert Brazil (1955-2010) notes that where before the marketing slogan for the latest Shake-spear publication was often "improved" or "newly augmented", use of such wording in Prefaces stopped after '1604.

These Plays were mainly reworks and included King Lear ('1608 – revision of '1594 – the happy ending version).

And *Troilus and Cressida,* '1608 [revision of *A History of Agememnon and Ulysses '1584*; and '1599 (and almost in '1603)].

The Preface contains a strange salutation:
A never writer to an ever reader. An obvious pun,
An E. Vere writer to an E. Vere reader.

It goes on to mention the GRAND POSSESSORS of the Shake-speare works following Vere's purported death 5 years earlier.

And it's the same printer as the Sonnets, the one and only, George Eld.

Shake-speare Plays would not be enough.
They know they are going to need something special to really wow the market.

They all know about Vere's Sonnets that were passed around these literary families for years (just like Philip Sidney's were).

In the meantime, Elizabeth Trentham is having King's Place cleaned and made ready for sale.

On 1 April ’1609 Elizabeth Trentham was given royal permission to sell King's Place.

Next they use William Hall as their frontman in getting the Sonnets published – Stationer's Register 20 May ’1609 – Hall also 'procured' *A Four-Fold Meditation,* 1606 – for same printer as Sonnets, viz., George Eld – Hall had with connections to Vere through Anthony Munday, Hall's cousin; he was mixed up Munday's/Vere's *The Mirror of Mutability* ’1579 also dedicated to Vere – back in their Silexedra-Bishopsgate early days – Hall a probable 'hanger-on' followed Vere to King's Place.

Fulke Greville was then only too happy to make up the difference – Kings Place is then straight away in June sold by Elizabeth Trentham to him for £4,980.

Immediately, after all this on July 8, ’1609, Countess Elizabeth Trentham signed papers that brought Castle Hedingham back into the de Vere family.

So either side of the publication of the Sonnets its all happening among the GRAND POSSESSORS at Hackney:
We have them procured by a Hackney man, Hall who had been recently married in Hackney, hence:

Mr. W.H. ALL HAPPINESSE *(which can also be read as* Mr. W. HALL HAPPINESSE *on your recent marriage)*

And we have the man that edited Philip Sidney's work, Fulke Greville (very much connected to the Veres and Sidney-Herberts, but no record connects Greville to any Guillem

Shaxper even though they are both from Stratford) in the thick of it.

A couple of years ago there was a news report – The Telegraph – "Tomb could end riddle of Shakespeare's true identity" – about Fulke Greville's expensive tomb in Warwick where some Stratos thought there might be the only extant Shakespeare manuscripts – they seem to have lost interest on finding out about the Edward de Vere connection to Hackney.

> [Rupert Murdoch is also very much connected to our project through 'Hackney' not just because it is where Edward de Vere wrote SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS, but because that's where the word 'hack' originates – over-used horse or coach especially for hire (they were paddocked and stabled there in the N.E. London borough of Hackney in the old days, the same spot has been converted for the 2012 Olympic Games) – hence, 'hackneyed'; 'hack writer, and to more recently, to 'hack' into someone's mobile phone!]

And of course, the standard eulogy phrase OUR EVER-LIVING POET clearly tells us the poet was now dead – Edward de Vere having made his exit 5 years earlier (Guillem Shaksper is still living for another 7 years to '1616).

Even Stratos agree there were no Sonnets written later than '1604, the year de Vere purportedly died.

A nice and simple place to start is Sonnet 37.

> [Vere was "...lame, poor and despised..." – something the Stratford businessman was not – just quietly this exposes the 'Elitist' whine from Stratos (who are mainly hypocritical elitists themselves – professors with lifetime employment and juicy book contracts perpetuating the Stratford Sham Industry) turning it on its head – Vere used to hang out with commoners at his Silexedra writers' haunt, Shaksper in contrast seems to have been a frustrated elitist, even trying to buy a family coat of arms, one of the few documents, apart from his businessman Will that exists, none link him to playwriting with the varying illegible signatures indicating he was illiterate.]

It then plugs like a main circuit cable straight into the Plays – King Le*ir* (c. '1594) / and the later King Le*ar* *Rework.*

> [The earlier King Leir had the happy ending – this reworking habit, one of many, being an example and reminder that it is not

that Edward de Vere died in 1604 before the production and publication of some of his Plays, but rather that so many were based on earlier versions written at Silexedra and listed anonymously or under the name of one of his secretaries in the 'Stationer's Register' at a time when authors had little recognition or copyright, some were put on in the 1580s and early 1590s before Guillem Shaxper of Stratford is even heard of in London's shake-scene ("will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfuls of tragical speeches" – Vere's whine at Edward Alleyn, the real "upstart Crow") – that's why so many of the Plays taking the sham view appear to be plagiarized, a classic example being the Stratos trying to explain away the earlier versions of Hamlet, which they relegate to *Ur*-Hamlet.]

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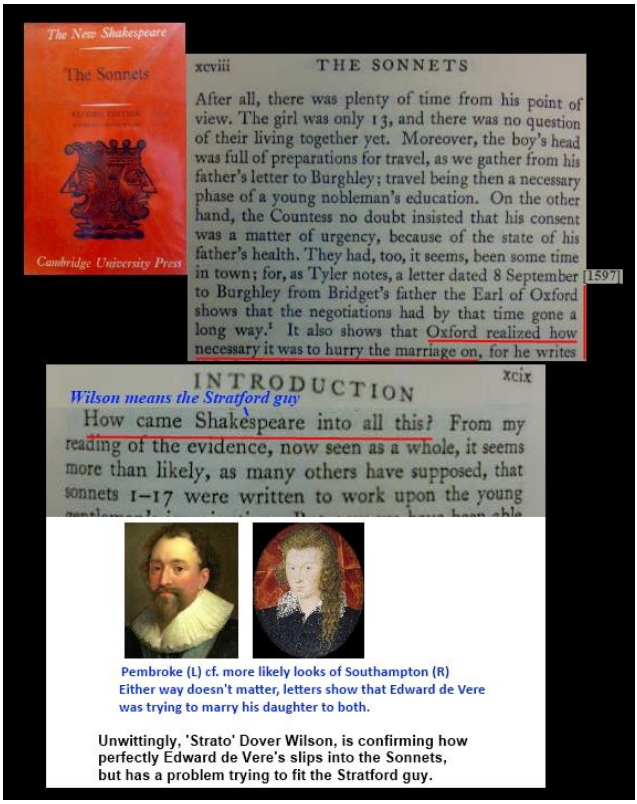
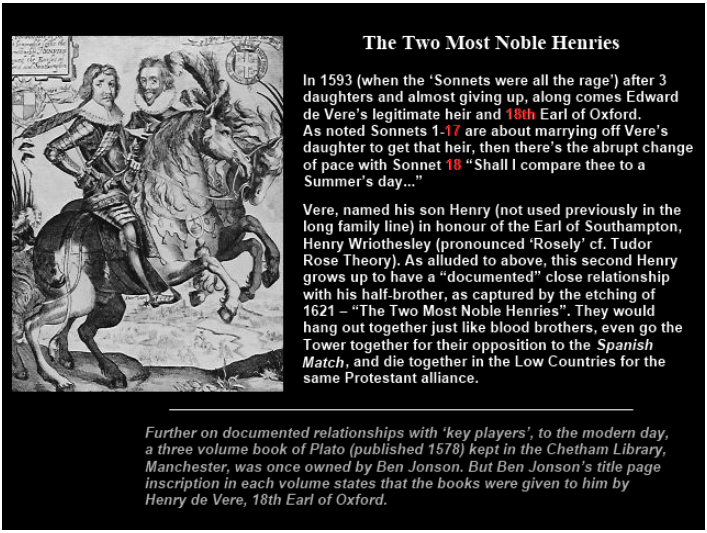
Strato Dover Wilson unwittingly confirms Edward de Vere wrote Sonnets



Even other Stratos agree Sonnets 1-17 are more likely addressed to the more handsome Southampton with his feminine looks. And Edward de Vere was more of a 'father' figure to Southampton.

We also know that Henry Wriothesley, pronounced 'Rosely' (cf. Tudor Rose Theory), would later hang out with Vere's son Henry like they were blood brothers, as captured in the "*Two Most Noble Henries*" engraving.



Unwittingly, John Dover Wilson, is confirming for us that Edward de Vere wrote the Sonnets.

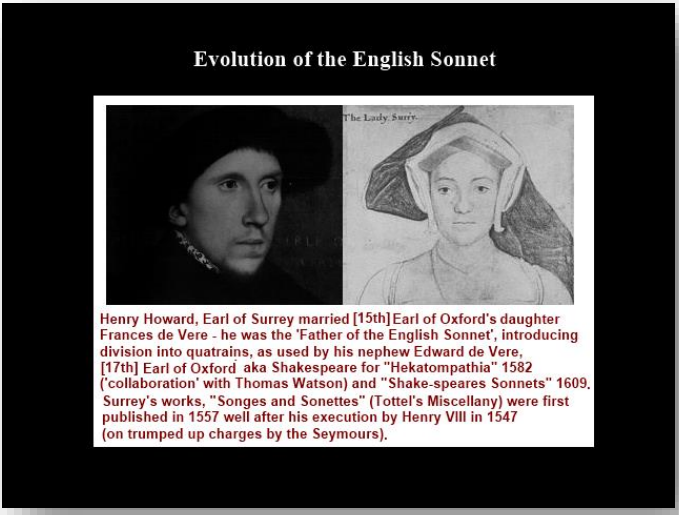
He refers to extant letters from him that date to just the right time (there are none at all from Guillem Shaksper because he was illiterate).

And Wilson also spotlights for us that Vere was very keen to push marriage of his daughter (no doubt because he was "lame, poor and despised" at the time):

> "…Oxford realized how necessary it was to hurry the marriage…"

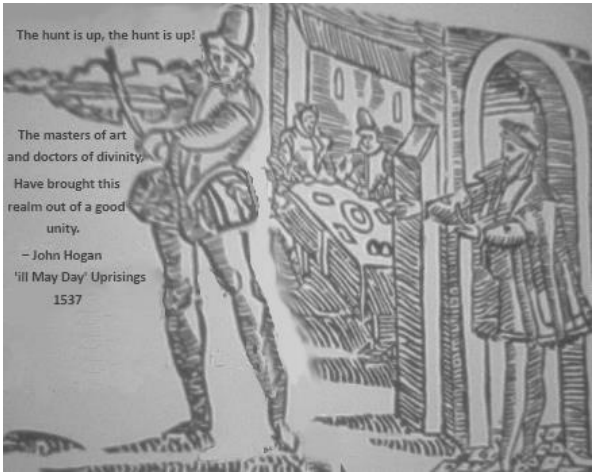
In a hurry enough for Vere to write the Sonnets to suck up to Southampton big time.

And we know particularly from J. Thomas Lōney's approach to the investigation that Vere had the capability to write the complex Sonnets, so why would he bother with the Stratford guy.
That's why when the Stratos try to fit Shaksper in here, without the fatherly link to Southampton, they raise the spectre that Shakespeare must have been homosexual.



'Sir Thomas More' – Vere's Anachronistic Homage to Uncle (Surrey)

Even strato W.W. Gregg (’1911 editor) dates the Sir Thomas More Play earlier to the ’1580s. That's a big problem for Stratos, but what has really cornered them is that the Play features the "Poet Earl", our Henry Howard Earl of Surrey even though he was too young to be fitted in. Vere wanted it to be a homage to his uncle who had so much influence over him. Frances Vere passing on the manuscripts of those pioneering sonnets, Vere wanted to be just like him. Surrey was also a hothead, wrote seditious Plays, favoured an ancestral coat of arms suggestive he should be King, all making it easier for the rival Seymours to trump up charges leading to his beheading at at barely 33 in ’1547 (eerily Vere was born soon after). Vere particularly wanted to bring in the "*ill May Day*" uprisings.



Robert Hutchinson in '*House of Treason – Rise and Fall of a Tudor Dynasty*' (’09) notes, "Richard Wharton was a servant at Surrey's household at Kenninghall, the Howard family seat in Norfolk. Wharton had tipped off the Duke of Suffolk (Charles Brandon) in May ’1537, about a seditious play, performed on May Day, about how a King should rule".

> (n94 p. 340; see also T.H. Swales, 'Opposition to the Norfolk Monasteries, Norfolk Archaeology', vol. 33 ’62-6, pp. 260-1)

Vere seems to have dictated the Play to various *Silexedra* assistants and got peeved by the heavy censoring ("Mend!" everywhere) ordered by Edmund Tilney, in his capacity as Master of Revels (later unofficially replaced by George Buc, who is eventually awarded the title in his own right all the way to 1621 when he goes mad, during the production of the First Folio, then it's kept closely in the family with the appointment of kinsman Henry Herbert) to water down the seditious theme.

> [It's a shame Erasmus' prophetic wide reaching influence on adherents was not included in Vere's Play 'Sir Thomas More' (then again, maybe he was, and that was also butchered by Tilney) especially since Thomas More begged Erasmus to publish and promote his 'Utopia' (’1516, which More comes up with after having Erasmus as a houseguest so he could suck his brain) on the Continent so he could be the famous 'man for all seasons' (which is really Erasmus). Guess they couldn't have known... you see it was Erasmus – originally from Rotterdam, but soon becomes the ultimate proto 'hippie',

bumming his way round Europe – who decides to take a subjective radical communal (for the first time it's "congregational" instead of "ecumenical") hippie - love everybody - get spaced out on it, approach to translating the bible (’1514-22). Then inadvertently Tyndale (pseudonym for Hitchens) puts that take into his bible (’1526), which winds up in the 'King James version' (’1611) which is pretty much the one they use today. A comedy of errors really. Ironically, conservatives / evangelicals that are really into the bible will never know that just like people are fans of say John Lennon, they are intrinsically deepdown diehard fans of Erasmus' personal liberal hippie philosophy, which has nothing to do with the intention of the editors who first decided they needed to pull together a book some 1900 years ago, a century after its setting, with the emphasis on plagiarizing austere Zoroastrianism (appropriately they invented the perfect devil motif, Angra Mainyu, 600 years earlier, Judaism didn't have one). If civilization had fair dinkum laws against plagiarism, that don't just favour the Establishment, then the corporations that flog the bible would be force to add on the front cover, "Erasmus' Bible". Instead the main author has been shafted, remaining generally unknown to the user. Just think of the royalties Erasmus' beneficiaries / trust have been cheated out of over the last 500 years – the fatcats who have gotten rich on Erasmus' blood sweat and tears...]

John Hogan Annoys Henry VIII 1537

'House of Treason - Rise and Fall of a Tudor Dynasty' Robert Hutchinson 2009 p117:

Doncaster [that] he bore me any grudge. But, as yo
better we agree, the better the king shall be served.
'Some lewd persons do not yet cease to speak ill of us, as you shall perceive by a prophecy framed of late.'[56]

Despite Norfolk's earlier boasts that he had crushed sedition in East Anglia, there were still worrying signs of unrest and agitation. Cromwell received a report later that month of an itinerant fiddler called John Hogan who was going around Norfolk, drawing the crowds with his witty, tuneful treasons. In the butcher's home at Diss, on the 'Thursday after Ash Wednesday' he sang a ditty mentioning Norfolk, his son Surrey and the Earl of Shrewsbury. When he finished, a cautious soul called John James told him:

> Beware how you sing this song in Suffolk. [Hogan] asked [him] why, for he had sung it twice before my lord of Surrey at Cambridge and at Thetford Abbey at which Thomas Beck replied if he had sung before [Surrey] he would have set him by the feet for slandering him.

Hogan steadfastly maintained that if the Duke of Suffolk had allowed the Lincolnshire rebels to 'join the Northern men, they would have brought England to a better stay [state] than it is now'.[56]

Henry's patience had long since ebbed away. The king, who loathed even the thought of negotiating with rebellious subjects, now demanded blood. Norfolk was the man to wreak pitiless retribution on the north. On 22 February, Henry sent him a chilling instruction: he must now impose martial law in the north and mercilessly slaughter all traitors.

> You shall cause such dreadful execution upon a good number of the inhabitants, of every town, village and hamlet that have

n56 - LPFD (Letters, Papers, Foreign & Domestic Henry VIII) vol. 12. pt i, p.45:

The hunt is up, the hunt is up.
The masters of art and doctors of divinity,
Have brought this realm out of a good unity,
Three nobleman have taken this to stay:
My Lord of Norfolk, Lord Surrey,
And my Lord of Shrewsbury.
The Duke of Suffolk might a made
England merry.

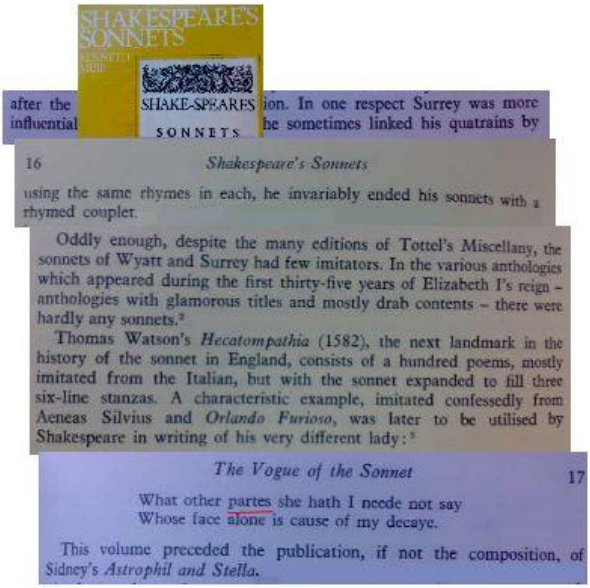
- John Hogan, 1537

At this same time as the Thomas More homage to his *Uncle Poet Earl*, Vere is working on some sonnets himself.

Hekatompathia

Another Avonian, Kenneth Muir, notes in the history of the sonnet that after the work of Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, known as the 'Father of the English Sonnet' – just happens to be the uncle of Edward de Vere – not much happened for some

time until along came "*Hekatompathia – Passionate Centurie of Love*" in ’1582 – supposedly by Thomas Watson (also one of the Silexedra motley crew) but guess who the *dedication* is to, and who has his finger prints all over it (you guessed it again, Edward de Vere – in ’1582 Vere was 32, Shaxper 18 and some 10 years away from coming to London). Indeed C.S. Lewis thought the erudite appended notes were more interesting than the sonnets. Oh, and need we say, no works were ever dedicated to the Stratford guy.



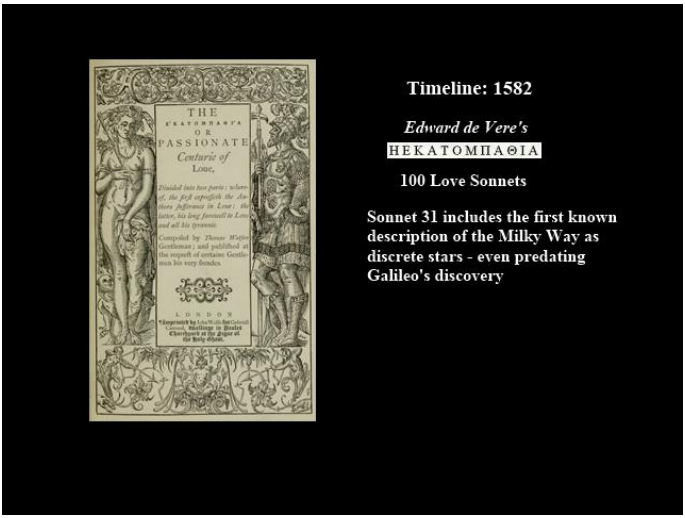
In his introduction on the history of the English sonnet Strato Kenneth Muir spotlights the importance of Vere's uncle Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey and Hecatompathia of 1582 (Vere was 32, Shaxper 18 and some 10 years away from coming to London) which has Vere's finger prints all over it (as John Pain Collier noted as early as 1849) as is made clear by its dedication, "To The Right Honourable My Very Good Lord Edward de Vere..."

*Note: Muir even highlights the usage of "partes" (attributes) which again crops up in Vere's letter of 8 September 1597 about Pembroke (William Herbert) marrying his daughter, *"he hath many good parts in him"*. And again in Sonnet 37.

And Mark Anderson further notes (to p182):
Eric Lewin Altschuler and William Jansen ("Poet describes stars in Mily Way before Galileo," Nature 428 [April 8, 2004] 601) point out that Watson's Sonnet 31 is the first known description of the Milky Way as discrete stars - even predating Galileo's discovery of the same.

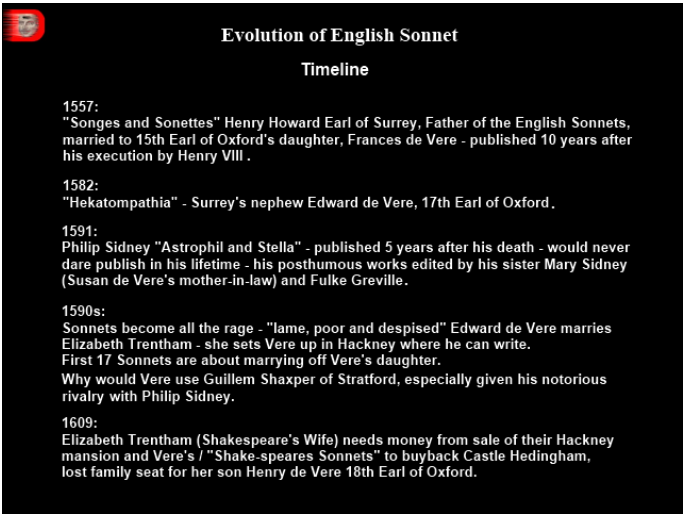
Hekatompathia's Sonnet 31 (of some 100 love sonnets) with notes can be found at Astronomy & Geophysics:

"The *Hekatompathia* is a collection of 100 love sonnets, mostly 18 lines long, dedicated to Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford. The sonnets of *Hekatompathia* have always been most highly regarded, and are considered a model and forerunner for Shakespeare's sonnets. The *Hekatompathia* sonnets are typically preceded by prefatory material and quotes from classical sources. The author or authors of the prefatory material is not known for certain, but Watson and/or Oxford seem the likely choices.



…the oldest description of the discrete nature of the stars of the Milky Way, preceding Galileo's discovery by nearly 30 years. The description is in lines 3–4 of Sonnet 31 of *Hekatompathia* ('1582)."

> That can not tell how many starres appeare
> In part of heav'n, which Galaxia hight



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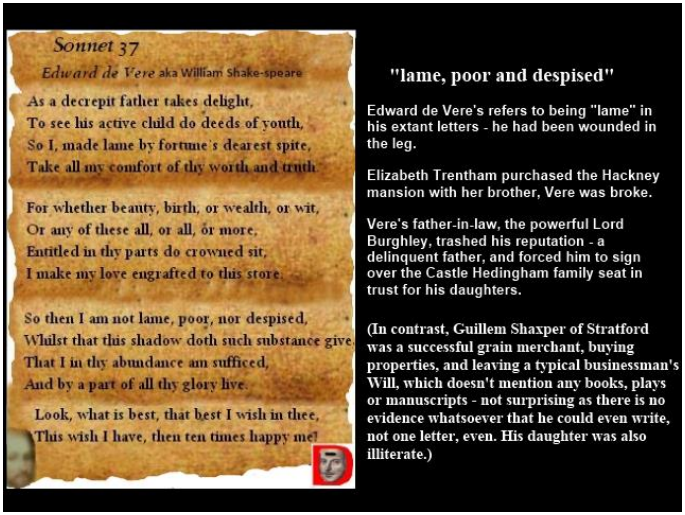
Lame, poor and despised – Sonnet 37



May be you can relate to it, to Edward de Vere aka Shakespeare's *Sonnet 37*, even in the modern day *–Lame, poor and despised* (because you have been 'dispossessed') fits perfectly with Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford (in contrast, there is no evidence Shaxper was lame, but he was a successful businessman/grain merchant, and he seems to have only been

despised by his wife, who he bequeathed his "second best bed" in his Will):

• Firstly, we have to note for us fellow *LPDs* that most scholars date *Sonnet 37* to the mid 1590s when Vere/Oxford found himself over 40!

• Oxford was *'lame'* since sustaining a leg injury in the 1582 fray with Sir Thomas Knyvet over the honour of his niece Anne Vavasour.

• The street fighting between Oxford's and Knyvet's servants, including some deaths, resemble the Montague/Capulet dynamics in *Romeo and Juliet*.

• Vere's letter of 25 March, '1595 to Lord Burghley:

> "When Your Lordship shall have best time and leisure if I may know it,
> I will attend Your Lordship as well as a **lame** man may at your house."

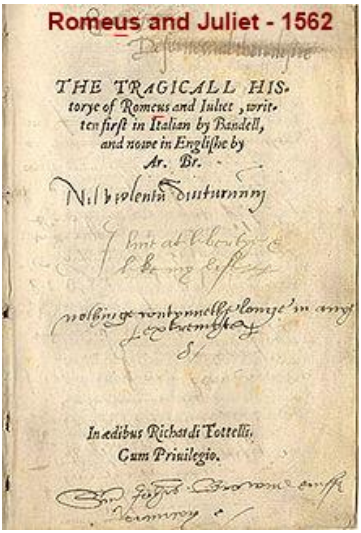
Sonnet 37 in King Lear

'…In the Sonnets (for instance, Sonnet 37 includes almost the very same phrase: "So I, made ***lame*** by ***fortune***'s dearest spite") the bard portrays himself several times as lame; Oxford, in his letters several times refers to his lameness or infirmity); in the Quarto version of King Lear [Act IV, Scene 6 (213-221)], Edgar describes himself to Gloucester as: "A most ***poor*** man, made ***lame*** by ***fortune***'s blows"…'
Brief Chronicles Vol. II (2010)
briefchronicles.com

And just a bit more on King Lear: as with most of his plays, it was clearly a rework – likely at King's Place, Hackney, during the Elizabeth Trentham *Prospero/Tempest* like 12 year exile from 1592 to Vere's purported death in 1604 [see Vere's Tempest Letter] – of Vere's earlier *The True Chronicle History of King Leir,* registered in 1594; *Lear/Leir* [you can see the initial attraction of the name in the rhyme, especially with his preoccupation with being lame, and both surnames have 4 letters, Leir/Lear = L(ame V)ere; not to mention Tamburlaine

= Timur the Lame] had 3 daughters (and an illegitimate son) so did Vere; and both signed over their major estates to their daughters (Vere under pressure from Burghley, their grandfather); and there are clear parallels between Susan de Vere and *Cordelia* – Mark Anderson, p354 – the telltale 'nothing' lines re the de Vere family motto (*Vero Nihil Verius* = nothing truer than truth) in King *Leir* (c. ’1594) / King Lear *Redux* and John Davies’ masque in Francis Davison’s *Poetical Rhapsody* 1608; Warren Hope’s Lear’s *Cordelia, Oxford’s Susan & Manningham’s Diary*; and Nathaniel Baxter’s (was in Italy with Vere, also friend of Philip Sidney) poem *Ourania* about her father to Susan: "*Vera Nihil Verius Susanna Nihil Castius*" (Nothing truer than truth, nothing chaster than Susan).

William Farina notes that a key source of *King Leir / Lear* and Philip Sidney’s *Arcadia* is *An Aethiopian Historie* by Heliodorus, translated by Thomas Underdowne in ’1569 (reprinted many times). He dedicated his book to 19 year old Edward de Vere (in contrast, as we keep noting not one book was dedicated to Stratford businessman Guillem Shaksper). Underdowne’s fascinating dedication is reproduced in the Appendix.



Those reworks by the way, stem all the way back to when Vere was 12 in ’1562 and wrote "The Tragical History of

Romeus and Juliet" under the pen name Arthur Brooke, not to mention the problem Stratfordians have with the earlier version of *Hamlet* penned with one of Vere's many *Silexedra* (Fisher's Folly) 'secretaries' in the 1580s, Thomas Kyd – *The Spanish Tragedy* fits in here as well; and that connotes *The Spanish Maze* and *The Tempest* [Roger Stritmatter and Lynne Kositsky shakespeare-oxford.com... pdf]; a young Christopher Marlowe followed Thomas Watson to the haunt and out of that collaboration came the ultimate monument in Play form to Vere's obsession with being lame – *Tamburlaine* (aka Timur the Lame); heck, might as well throw in that "Eva Turner Clark is probably right in opining that *The Merchant of Venice* was first acted at court, on 2 February, '1580, by the Lord Chamberlain's servants, under the title of *The History of Portio (Portia) and Demorantes* – that last word being, perhaps, a mistranscription for *The Merchants*"; could go on like this forever…

• Vere had become just about bankrupt (in contrast, Shaksper of Stratford continued to be a successful businessman, and that's about all we can be sure of!) including having lost a small fortune on the *North-West Passage* venture to Michael Lok, cf. Shy-lock, *Merchant of Venice*. [See also Vere – Hogan Letter 21 May '1578]

• Vere to Burghley, 13 July '1581 letter "…a shadow they can make a substance…" cf. Sonnet 37 "this shadow such substance give".

• The author of Sonnet 37 uses the word "*parts*" to refer to a person's attributes or qualities. Vere in a September 8th '1597 letter to Burghley uses that word in the same way, "hath many good parts in him". The letter is about marrying off his daughter, the subject of several Sonnets. As noted even Stratfordians concede these *Shakespearean* Sonnets are about de Vere's daughter. *[See the full letter here.]*

• Sonnet 37 in *Love's Labour's Lost* around the same time Vere is wooing Southampton to marry daughter in Sonnets 1to17:

To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father

Part of Berowne's (Vere's alter ego) complaint "not to see ladies" (I.i.48) directly from the Gray's Inn Saturnalia revels (privately staged Plays) – *Gesta Grayorum* '1594. Vere was a member of this law fraternity. The '1921 editor of Gesta Grayorum knows he has a problem trying to fit Shaxper into this esoteric *Order of Knighthood of the Helmet* (of Pallas Athena).

• In '1597 de Vere moved to **King's Place Hackney** (also known as Brooke House, where BSix College now stands, interestingly it's affiliated with Pembroke College of University of Oxford – motto "Bridging Centuries"; Hackney is next to the East London hamlet of **Stratford**; and was also the site of the '2012 London Olympic Games). Vere would live here until he made his exit in '1604. It was purchased under the names of Elizabeth Trentham and her brother Francis, Edward being broke. At this time 4 year old Henry de Vere – his only son and heir after 3 daughters – was running around in his study. Elizabeth sold King's Place in '1609. In that same year a William Hall (*Mr W.H.*) of Hackney no less (Hall also 'procured' A Four-Fold Meditation '1606 – same printer as Sonnets, viz. George Eld) was used as the frontman for publishing the Sonnets… "OUR.EVER.LIVING.POET" is a tribute to a genius who has already made his exit (*Shaksper* d. '1612) and become immortal.

shakespearehackneystratford.wordpress.com - Google Maps

Even diehard Avon-Stratfordians agree the Sonnets are very much about the Earl of Southampton, Henry Wriothesley (pron. 'Rosely'). *Prince Tudor or Tudor Rose theory* even suggests he was the illegitimate son of Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford and Queen Elizabeth. Later we will show that Susan de Vere add considerable weight to the idea.

Then in ’1593 suddenly after 3 daughters and almost giving up, along comes his legitimate heir and ***18***th (cf. abrupt change of pace with Sonnet ***18*** "Shall I compare thee to a Summer’s day?") Earl of Oxford, who he may well have named Henry (not used previously in the long Vere line; ’1593-’1625) in honour of Southampton. As alluded to above, this second Henry grows up to have a "*documented*" close relationship with

his *half-brother*, as captured by the etching of ’1621 – "*Two Most Noble Henries*". They would go the Tower together for their opposition to the *Spanish Match*, and die together in the Low Countries for the same Protestant alliance.

Also note the Henry de Vere was released from the Tower straight after his sister Susan has the *First Folio* put out in December ’1623 when rivals Charles and Buckingham did their aboutface.

..

Complexity of the English Sonnet

The structure of a sonnet is highly complex and mathematical. There are 14 lines in a sonnet. The first 12 lines are divided into 3 quatrains with 4 lines each. In the 3 quatrains the poet establishes a theme or problem and then resolves it in the final 2 lines, called the couplet. The rhyme scheme of the quatrains is abab cdcd efef. The couplet has the rhyme scheme gg. Each sonnet line consists of 10 syllables. The syllables are divided into 5 pairs called iambic feet.

Obviously, this composition requires a highly educated author, especially in Elizabethan times when 80% of the population was illiterate. (There is no evidence Guillem Shaksper, or any of his family, could write.)

sonNET thirTY sevEN

As A / de CRE / pit FA / ther TAKES / deLIGHT
To SEE / his ACT / ive CHILD / do DEEDS / of YOUTH,
So I, / made LAME / by FOR / tune's DEAR / est SPITE,
Take ALL / my COM / fort OF / thy WORTH / and TRUTH. [4

For WHE / ther BEAU / ty, BIRTH, / or WEALTH, / or WIT,
Or AN / y OF / these ALL, / or ALL, / or MORE,
En TIT / led IN / thy PARTS, / do CROWN / ed SIT,
I MAKE / my LOVE / en GRAFT /ed TO / this STORE. [8

So THEN / I AM / not LAME, / poor, NOR / des PISED,
Whilst THAT / this SHAD / ow DOTH / such SUB / stance GIVE
That I / in THY / a BUN / dance AM / suff ICED,
And BY / a PART / of ALL / thy GLOR / y LIVE. [12

Look WHAT / is BEST, / that BEST / I WISH / in THEE.
This WISH / I HAVE, / then TEN / times HAP / py ME. [14

Sonnet 37

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made **lame** by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth. 4

For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store. 8

So then I am not **lame**, **poor**, nor **despised**,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed,
And by a part of all thy glory live. 12

Look what is best, that best I wish in thee.
This wish I have; then ten times happy me. 14

..

'Silexedra' – Vere's '1580s Writing Inc.

Silexedra at Fisher's Folly of Bishopsgate was Edward de Vere's little writing production house full of his early band of *frontmen*.
This period lasted into the '1580s then he settles down with Elizabeth Trentham and only uses the perfect-match *patsy*, Guillem Shaksper, for his *Shake-a-spear* epithet.

The Silexedra motley crew included:
• John Lyly – *Euphues* – the 'first English novel' ('1580) with *dedication to Vere*;
• Anthony Munday – "Robin Hood" contribution, Munday also links into William Hall, "Mr. W.H." of the Sonnets dedication;
• Robert Greene – "Menaphon: Camilla's Alarm to Slumbering Euphues in his Melancholy Cell at *Silexedra*" (for some reason the full title including the allusion to 'Silexedra' is always left out by Stratos!) and its Preface by Thomas Nashe/aka Francis Bacon, "[Vere] will afford you whole Hamlets, I should say handfuls of tragical speeches", and Shake-scene = Theater-scene – Edward de Vere's whine at Edward Alleyn, the real "upstart crow";

• Thomas Kyd – *The Spanish Tragedy* ("Hieronymo's mad againe" – the line chosen by TS Eliot for the end of The Waste Land);
• Thomas Lodge – "Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacy, Found After His Death In His Cell At *Silexedra*" (based on *As You Like It*);
• Thomas Watson (we already came across him in the Evolution of the English Sonnet). Watson brought along a young Christopher Marlowe, leading to "Tamburlaine the Great", aka 'Timur the Lame'…

For more on *Silexedra* see Mark Anderson's '*Shakespeare by Another Name*',
pp 229-232 / n514.
See also Charles Beauclerk's '*Shakespeare's Lost Kingdom*' p.148.

Note spelling Variations:
Silixsedra, Silexsedra, Silexedra

Quotes

*Euphues and his England, '*1580 – John Lyly [aka Edward de Vere – he appears to tire of the name and kills him off by the late 1580s when the name Lyly suddenly disappears off the face of the earth, "...dead of late ... doth rather choose to sit in idle cell..."]
elizabethanauthors.org/euphues-england-02.htm

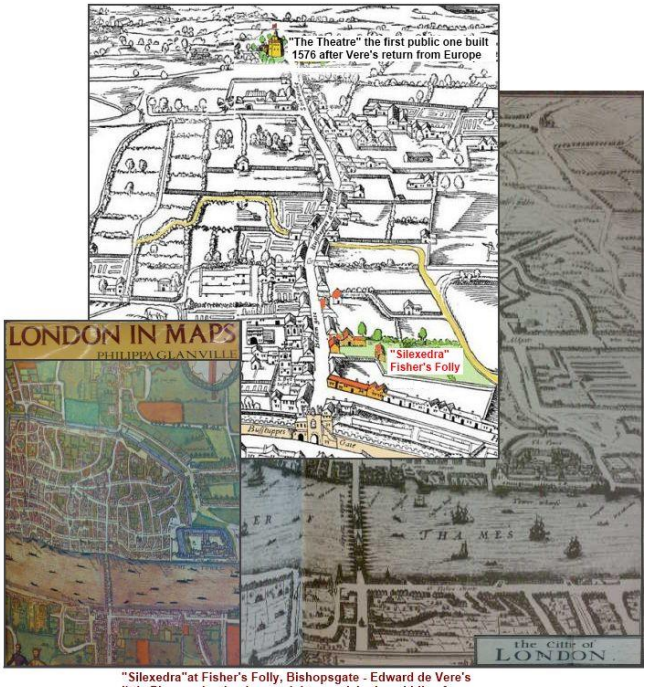
> "…This Letter dispatched, Euphues gave himselfe to solitarinesse, determining to sojourne in some uncauth place, until time might turne white salt into fine sugar: for surely he was both tormented in body and grieved in mind.
>
> And so I leave him, neither in Athens nor els where that I know: But this order he left with his friends, that if any newes came or letters, that they should direct them to the Mount of *Silixsedra*, where I leave him, either to his musing or Muses.
>
> Gentlemen, Euphues is musing in the bottome of the Mountaine *Silexsedra*, Philautus marryed in the Isle of England: two friendes parted, the one living in the

delightes of his newe wife, the other in contemplation of his olde griefes…"

Anne Cornwallis' Shakespeare Notes from Fisher's Folly

Stratos have a particularly hard time explaining how Anne Cornwallis, who lived at Silexedra after Vere, came to have Shakespeare transcripts – see the Charles Wisner Barrell piece here:
sourcetext.com/sourcebook/library/barrell/21-40/26earliest.htm

Silexedra / Fisher's Folly was located right smack in the middle of the fledgling London Theater district, indeed just south of 'The Theater', the first public theater built in London in '1576. Just happens to be the year Vere returned from his exploratory tour of Europe, which was then way ahead of England.



"Silexedra"at Fisher's Folly, Bishopsgate - Edward de Vere's little Play production house right smack in the middle of London's fledgling theatre district.

Silexedra in the oldest surviving map of London by Franciscus Hogenberg.[only discovered in '1962]

It can be found on modern maps at Devonshire Square, Bishopsgate.

< Google Maps >

"He hath many good parts in him" – Vere's Letters

Stratfordians look even more ridiculous when further proof of Willie Shaksper's illiteracy is clear from the simple fact that there are no extant letters in his hand.

In contrast, many letters by Edward de Vere's have survived. An excellent compilation of his letters can be found here:
oxford-shakespeare.com/oxfordsletters.html

Some pertinent examples

• *"hath many good parts in him"* (cf. Sonnet 37 "Entitled in thy *parts…*") about marrying off his daughter, the subject of Sonnets 1-17. As noted, even Stratos concede these *Shakespearean* Sonnets are about de Vere's daughter.

> *Oxford to Burghley, 8 September '1597:*
> My very good Lord, I have perused these letters which, according to your Lordship's desire, I have returned. I do perceive how both my Lord and Lady do persever, which doth greatly content me for Bridget's sake, whom always I have wished a good husband such as your Lordship and myself may take comfort by. And

as for the articles which I perceive have been moved between your Lordship and them, referring all to your Lordship's wisdom and good liking I will freely set down mine opinion, according to your Lordship's desire.

My Lord of Pembroke is a man sickly, and therefore it is to be gathered he desireth in his lifetime to see his son bestowed to his liking, to compass which methinks his offers very honourable, his desires very reasonable; again, being a thing agreeable to your Lordship's fatherly care and love to my daughter, a thing which, for the honour, friendship and liking I have to the match, very agreeable to me, so that all parties desire but the same thing. I know no reason to delay it but, according to their desires, to accomplish it with convenient speed. And I do not doubt but your Lordship and myself shall receive great comfort thereby, for the young gentleman, as I understand, hath been well brought up, fair conditioned, and hath many good **parts** in him. Thus, to satisfice your Lordship I have, as shortly as I can, set down my opinion to my Lord's desires; notwithstanding, I refer theirs, and mine own, which is all one with theirs, to your Lordship's wisdom. I am sorry that I have not an able body which might have served to attend on her Majesty in the place where she is, being especially there whither, without any other occasion than to see your Lordship, I would always willingly go.

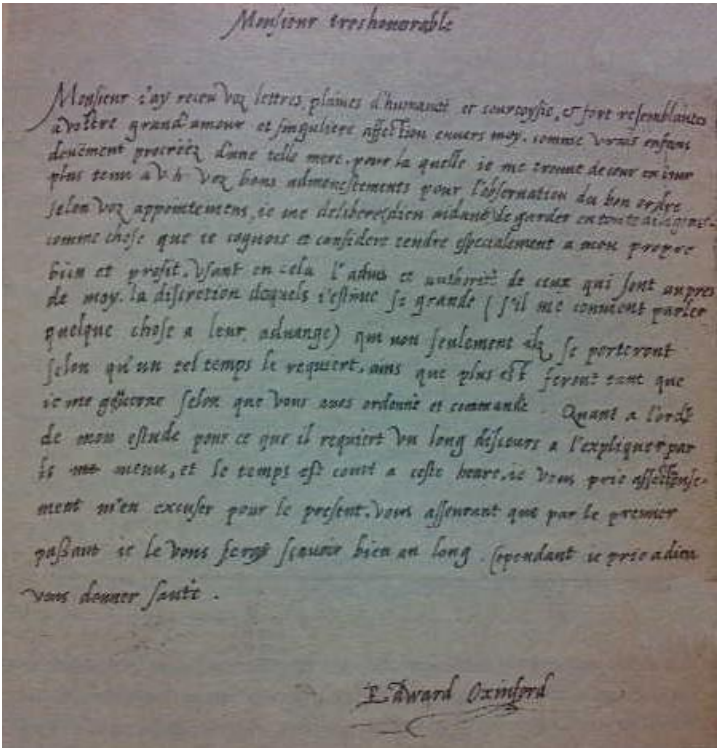
September 8th, '1597.

Your Lordship's most assured.

Edward Oxenford

*To the right honourable, my very good Lord, the Lord Treasurer of England.

Oxford's '1563 letter in French to Burghley (William Cecil) when Vere was just 13 years of age. The literal translation which follows is from William Plumer Fowler's Shakespeare Revealed in Oxford's Letters (Portsmouth, New Hampshire: Peter E. Randall, c.1986, pp.1-2).


Monsieur treshonorable

Monsieur i'ay receu voz lettres plaines d'humanité et courtoysie, & fort resemblantes a vostre grand'amour et singuliere affection enuers moy. comme vrais enfans dueument procreez d'une telle mere. pour la quelle ie me trouue de iour en iour plus tenu a v. h. voz bons admonestements pour l'obseruation du bon ordre selon voz appointemens, ie me delibere (dieu aidant) de garder en toute diligence comme chose que ie cognois et considere tendre especialement a mon propre bien et profit, vsant en cela l'aduis et authorite de ceux qui sont aupres de moy. la discretion desquels i'estime si grande (s'il me conuient parler quelque chose a leur aduange) qui non seulement ilz se porteront selon qu'un tel temps le requiert, ains que plus est seront tant que ie me gouuerne selon que vous aues ordonne et commande. Quant a l'ordre de mon estude pour ce que il requiert vn long discours a l'expliquer par le menu, et le temps est court a ceste heure. ie vous prie affectueusement m'en excuser pour le present. vous asseurant que par le premier passant ie le vous feray sçauoir bien au long. cependant ie prie a dieu vous donner sante.

Edward Oxinford

Transcript of above:

Monsieur treshonorable

Monsieur i'ay receu voz lettres, plaines d'humanite et courtoysie, & fort resemblantes a vostre grand'amour et singuliere affection enuers moy. comme vrais enfans dueument procreez d'une telle mere. pour la quelle ie me trouue de iour en iour plus tenu a v. h. voz bons admonestements pour l'obseruation du bon ordre selon voz appointemens, ie me delibere (dieu aidant) de garder en toute diligence comme chose que ie cognois et considere tendre especialement a mon propre bien et profit, vsant en cela l'aduis et authorite de ceux qui sont aupres de moy. la discretion desquels i'estime si grande (s'il me conuient parler quelque chose a leur aduange) [sic] qui non seulement ilz se porteront selon qu'un tel temps le requiert, ains que plus est seront tant que ie me gouuerne selon que vous aues ordonne et commande. Quant a l'ordre de mon estude pour ce que il requiert

vn long discours a l'expliquer par le menu, et le temps est court a ceste heure, ie vous prie affectueusement m'en excuser pour le present. vous asseurant que par le premier passant ie le vous ferai scauoir bien au long. Cependant ie prie a dieu vous donner sante.

Edward Oxinford

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English Translation:

My very honorable Sir

Sir, I have received your letters, full of humanity and courtesy, and strongly resembling your great love and singular affection towards me, like true children duly procreated of such a mother, for whom I find myself from day to day more bound to your honor. Your good admonishments for the observance of good order according to your appointed rules I am resolved (God aiding) to keep with all diligence, as a thing that I may know and consider to tend especially to my own good and profit, using therein the advice and authority of those who are near me, whose discretion I esteem so great (if it is convenient to me to say something to their advantage) that not only will they comport themselves according as a given time requires it, but will as well do what is more, as long as I govern myself as you have ordered and commanded. As to the order of my study, because it requires a long discourse to explain it in detail, and the time is short at this hour, I pray you affectionately to excuse me therefrom for the present, assuring you that by the first passer-by I shall make it known to you at full length. In the meantime, I pray to God togive you health.

Edward Oxinford

Transcript by Nina Green

oxford-shakespeare.com/BritishLibrary/BL_Lansdowne_6-25_f_79.pdf

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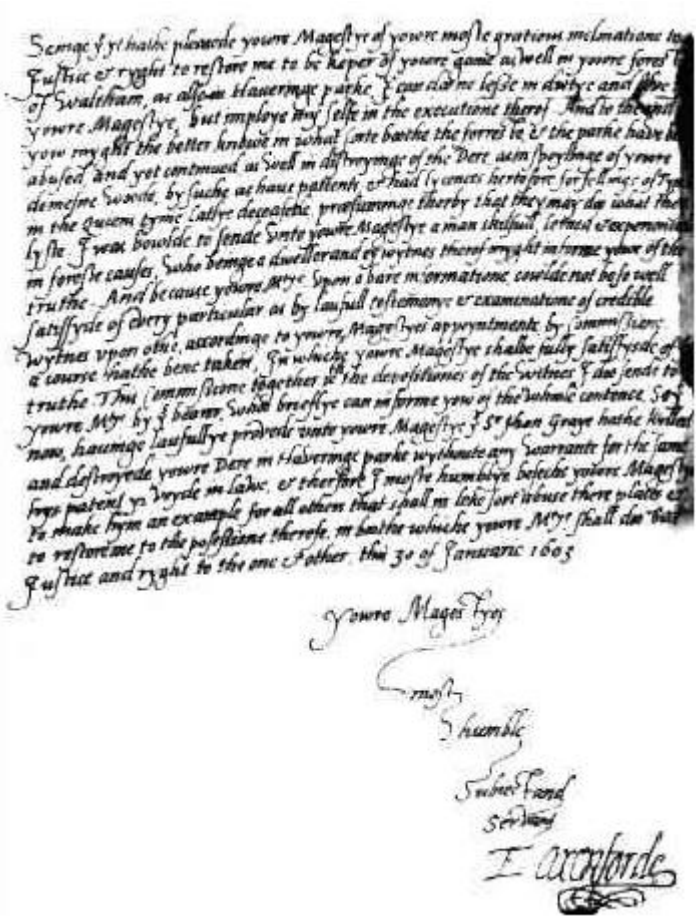
Oxford's Letter to King James 30 January '1603:



Transcript of above:

> Seeing that it hath pleased your Majesty of your most gracious inclination to justice & right to restore me to be keeper of your game as well in your forest of Waltham, as also in Havering Park, I can do no less in duty and love to your Majesty but employ myself in the execution thereof. And to the end you might the better know in what sort both the forest & the park have been abused, and yet continued, as well in destroying of the deer as in spoiling of your demesne wood by such as have patents & had licences heretofore for felling of timber in the Queen's time

lately deceased, presuming thereby that they may do what they list, I was bold to send unto your Majesty a man skilful, learned & experienced in forest causes, who being a dweller and eye-witness thereof might inform you of the truth. And because your Majesty upon a bare information could not be so well satisfied of every particular as by lawful testimony & examination of credible witness upon oath, according to your Majesty's appointment by commission a course hath been taken in which your Majesty shall be fully satisficed of truth. This commission, together with the depositions of the witness, I do send to your Majesty by this bearer, who briefly can inform you of the whole contence. So that now, having lawfully proved unto your Majesty that Sir John Gray hath killed and destroyed your deer in Havering Park without any warrant for the same, his patent is void in law, & therefore I most humbly beseech your Majesty to make him an example for all others that shall in like sort abuse their places, & to restore me to the possession thereof, in both which your Majesty shall do but justice and right to the one & other. This 30 of January 1603.

Your Majesty's most humble subject and servant.

E. Oxenforde.

..

Vere's Tempest Prosperous Gale Letter to Cecil 1603

"Edward de Vere died too early to have written The Tempest?"
But even some Stratos date The Tempest much earlier to 1603.

The research of Roger Stritmatter and Lynne Kositsky confirms the earlier dating: shakespearestempest.com

And the Play's lone, obscure reference to the Bermudas is more likely to the Mediterranean, or even a suburb of London, not the New World.

Below is Edward de Vere's 27 April '1603 letter to Robert Cecil (son of Burghley and now Secretary of State). As we get into the second half of the letter we see that he is deeply affected by the recent death of Queen Elizabeth, and now feels like he is in the tempest shipwreck that England now is, looking for a "prosperous gale" (in contrast, there are no letters in existence for Guillem Shaksper, Elizabeth Trentham's "my dombe man", because he was clearly illiterate):

> Sir Robert Cecil: I have always found myself beholding to you for many kindnesses and courtesies, wherefore I am bold at this present, which giveth occasion of many considerations, to desire you as my very good friend and kind brother-in-law to impart to me what course is devised by you of the Council & the rest of the Lords concerning our duties to the King's Majesty, whether you do expect any messenger before his coming [to King's Place] to let us understand his pleasure, or else his personal arrival to be presently or very shortly. And, if it be so, what order is resolved on amongst you, either for the attending or meeting of his Majesty for, by reason of mine infirmity, I cannot come among you so often as I wish, and by reason my house is not so near that at every occasion I can be present, as were fit, either I do not hear at all from you or, at least, with the latest, as this other day it happened to me, receiving a letter at nine of the clock not to fail at eight of the same morning to be at Whitehall, which, being impossible, yet I hasted so much as I came to follow you into Ludgate, though through press of people and horses I could not reach your company as I desired, but followed as I might.
>
> I cannot but find a great grief in myself to remember the mistress which we have lost, under whom both you and myself from our greenest years have been in a manner brought up and, although it hath pleased God after an earthly kingdom to take her up into a more permanent and heavenly state wherein I do not doubt but she is crowned with glory, and to give us a prince wise, learned and enriched with all virtues, yet the long time which we spent in her service we cannot

look for so much left of our days as to bestow upon another, neither the long acquaintance and kind familiarities wherewith she did use us we are not ever to expect from another prince, as denied by the infirmity of age and common course of reason.

In this common shipwreck, mine is above all the rest who, least regarded though often comforted of all her followers, she hath left to try my fortune among the alterations of time and chance, either without sail whereby to take the advantage of any prosperous gale or with anchor to ride till the storm be overpassed.

There is nothing therefore left to my comfort but the excellent virtues and deep wisdom wherewith God hath endued our new master and sovereign Lord, who doth not come amongst us as a stranger but as a natural prince, succeeding by right of blood and inheritance, not as a conqueror but as the true shepherd of Christ's flock to cherish and comfort them.
Wherefore I most earnestly desire you of this favour, as I have written before, that I may be informed from you concerning these points and thus, recommending myself unto you, I take my leave.
Your assured friend and unfortunate brother-in-law,
E. Oxenford

*To the right honourable my very good brother-in-law Sir Robert Cecil, Principal Secretary.
Cecil Papers 99/150: Oxford to Cecil, 25, 27 April '1603

oxford-shakespeare.com/oxfordsletters... – Nina Green

..

Apart from an ailing Vere himself, just before he made his 'exit', many scholars also believe that the Prospero character was, as usual, a composite – partly based on Dr John Dee (1527 – 1609), and we know that they knew each other.

"On his return from Italy, de Vere boasted to friends that he would have been made the Duke of Milan for his valiance on the battlefield were it not for one of Queen Elizabeth's

agents. One of de Vere's colleagues in '1575 was a nobleman – Prospero Fattinanti", the new duke in Genoa during its struggles with Milan.
generallyeclectic.ca/shakespeareplays-the_tempest.html

See also Mark Anderson p92, researched from Prospero Fattinanti: Claudio Costantini
La Repubblica di Genova, Noemi Magri translation.

And on Anderson's website:
Shake-speareAtlas.kmz – An Atlas of Edward de Vere's Life
(File Format: KML Document – Google Maps)

"One of the top Genoese officers was a man about to be created Duke of Genoa, named *Prospero Fattinanti*. The Tempest's protagonist is an exiled Duke of Milan …"
shakespearebyanothername.com/Shake-speareAtlas.kmz

(There is no record of Shaksper travelling outside of England.)

Even orthodox scholars (like Gary Schmidgall) agree a major source for *The Tempest* was *Primaleon of Greece* – these 3 books were a collaboration with Vere's secretary Anthony Munday (not to mention their hand in giving the Robin Hood story a revamp). Munday dedicated 2 of the books to Oxford, and one to his son Henry de Vere.
We will also come to Munday's later relationship with 'The Daughter' – Susan de Vere.

..

Vere's Merchant of Venice Letter to Lok, Hogan

Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford Letter to Commissioners for voyage to ***Meta Incognita,***
21 May '1578:

> To my very loving friends Mr [Michael] Lok, Mr [Edmund] Hogan, & others the Commissioners for the voyage to Meta incognita ['Boundary Unknown' – re Northwest Passage].
> After my very hearty commendations, understanding of the wise proceeding & orderly dealing for the

continuing of the voyage for the discovery of Cathay by the north-west which this bearer, my friend Mr Frobisher, hath already very honourably attempted, and is now eftsoons to be employed for the better achieving thereof, and the rather induced as well for the great liking her Majesty hath to have the same passage discovered as also for the special good favour I bear to Mr Frobisher, to offer unto you to be an adventurer therein for the sum of one thousand pounds or more, if you like to admit thereof, which sum or sums, upon your certificate of admittance, I will enter into bond shall be paid for that use unto you upon Michaelmas Day next coming.
Requesting your answers therein, I bid you heartily farewell from the court, the 21 of May, '1578.
Your loving friend,
Edward Oxenford

The National Archives SP 12/149/42(15) f.108v 1
oxford-shakespeare.com/oxfordsletters...
- Nina Green

Like many of the mercers of the time Edmund Hogan lived in Hackney, as Vere would later, and had relatives in Norfolk like him as well.
Vere invested heavily in Martin Frobisher's voyages to the Canadian Arctic, known at the time as *Meta Incognita*.
In the above letter Vere is offering to invest £1000 in Frobisher's third voyage, to be secured by a bond due on 29 September '1578.
A useful source of information on the three Frobisher voyages is *Inuit and Englishmen; The Nunavut Voyages of Martin Frobisher* at civilization.ca/cmc/exhibitions/hist/frobisher/frint01e.shtml
Also see *Voyages Of Martin Frobisher, In Search Of A Passage To Cathay* by George Best '1578 available at the *Internet Archive* archive.org/stream/cihm_03952/cihm_03952_djvu.txt

Trade, plunder, and settlement: maritime enterprise and the ...

Northwest with Frobisher and Davis 169

Kenneth R. Andrews

final list of stockholders for the first voyage numbered eighteen: eight eminent courtiers (Burghley, Walsingham, Leicester, Warwick, Sussex, Philip Sidney, Thomas Randolph and Edmund Hogan), six leading Muscovy men, and five others. But the total stock amounted to only £875, which fell far short of the gross outlay of £1613 19s. 3d. and Lok paid the difference out of his own pocket. He even paid Frobisher's debts 'to clere him out of England one the voyage'.

...the final list of stockholders for the voyage numbered eight eminent courtiers (Burghley, Walsingham, Leicester, Warwick, Sussex, Philip Sidney, Thomas Randolph and Edmund Hogan)...

p. 169 Trade, Plunder and Settlement: Maritime Enterprise and the
Genesis of the British Empire, 1480-1630, Kenneth R. Andrews. ’99
amazon.com/Trade-Plunder…

..

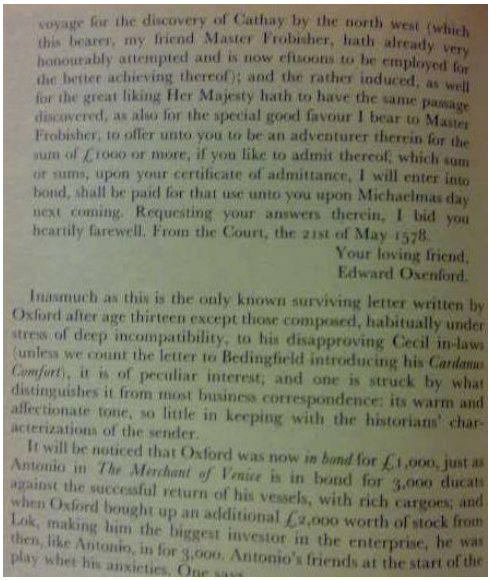
> Lok was openly slandered by Capt. Frobisher:
> "thus to be, a false accountant to the Company,
> **a cozener of my Lord of Oxford*,**
> no venturer at all in the voyages,
> a bankrupt knave."

'East Indies: November ’1578', Calendar of State Papers Colonial, East Indies, China and Japan, Volume 2: ’1513-’1616 (’1864), pp. 43-44.
British History Online british-history.ac.uk/

*This line is invariably left out by Stratfordian Historians; a *cozener* is a conartist – Lok conned Edward de Vere into taking his £2000 share thus bringing up Vere’s total exposure to £3000.
cf. *Merchant of Venice’ Shylok* 3000 ducats.

Charlton Ogburn considered this ’1578 letter to be one of two (the other being his letter in French at just age 13) most significant surviving Vere letters and noted:

"It will be noticed that Oxford was now in bond for £1,000 just as Antonio in *The Mechant of Venice* is in bond for 3,000 ducats against the successful return of his vessels, with rich cargoes, and when Oxford bought up an additional £2,000 worth of stock from Lok, making him the biggest investor in the enterprise, he was then, like Antonio, in for 3,000."



voyage for the discovery of Cathay by the north west (which this bearer, my friend Master Frobisher, hath already very honourably attempted and is now eftsoons to be employed for the better achieving thereof); and the rather induced, as well for the great liking Her Majesty hath to have the same passage discovered, as also for the special good favour I bear to Master Frobisher, to offer unto you to be an adventurer therein for the sum of £1000 or more, if you like to admit thereof; which sum or sums, upon your certificate of admittance, I will enter into bond, shall be paid for that use unto you upon Michaelmas day next coming. Requesting your answers therein, I bid you heartily farewell. From the Court, the 21st of May 1578.

Your loving friend,
Edward Oxenford.

Inasmuch as this is the only known surviving letter written by Oxford after age thirteen except those composed, habitually under stress of deep incompatibility, to his disapproving Cecil in-laws (unless we count the letter to Bedingfield introducing his *Cardanus Comfort*), it is of peculiar interest; and one is struck by what distinguishes it from most business correspondence: its warm and affectionate tone, so little in keeping with the historians' characterizations of the sender.

It will be noticed that Oxford was now *in bond* for £1,000, just as Antonio in *The Merchant of Venice* is in bond for 3,000 ducats against the successful return of his vessels, with rich cargoes; and when Oxford bought up an additional £2,000 worth of stock from Lok, making him the biggest investor in the enterprise, he was then, like Antonio, in for 3,000. Antonio's friends at the start of the play whet his anxieties. One

Immortality Obsession

Vere was into 'immortality' (e.g. Sonnet 81) – positive his works would survive – all the time and effort involved in writing 154 complex Sonnets (14 lines, 5 pairs of alternated vowels each line with concluding couplet – his uncle Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey father of the English Sonnet) … wouldn't Vere make sure they survive to get published by:
a) specifying their safeguard in his Will, which gets deliberately suppressed (Southampton arrested, briefly, the night of his death, 24 June '1604)
b) having faith in his offspring, especially Susan and/or
c) Mary Sidney's editing and her Herbert boys (Lord

Chamberlain controller of Theater and publications)
d) faking his own death [*a la "Amadis de Gaule" in 3. The Daughter section*] because of constant hassles with creditors – "lame, poor and despised".

Sonnet 81

Or I shall live your epitaph to make,
Or you survive when I in earth am rotten;
From hence your memory death cannot take,
Although in me each part will be forgotten.

Your name from hence immortal life shall have,
Though I, once gone, to all the world must die:
The earth can yield me but a common grave,
When you entombed in men's eyes shall lie.

Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read,
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse
When all the breathers of this world are dead;

*You still shall live—such virtue hath my pen—
Where breath most breathes, even in the mouths of men.*

..

'Shake-Scene' = 'Theater-Scene'

In the '1592 *Groatsworth of Wit* by Vere/Robert Greene Stratos take the obscure allusions to the upstart crow, shake-scene, and "O tiger's heart wrapped in a woman's hide", Henry VI Part III: 1.4.137 – as the first printed reference to idea of William Shakespeare as the great playwright. Many like Daryl Pinksen have shown the "upstart crow" (a rant which Greene had included in earlier works) more likely refers to Edward Alleyn, who was the actor speaking the lines in the play at the time, and married to Philip Henslowe's (the famous impresario) daughter.

Pseudonyms were, and are common

Back in Elizabethan times nobleman, and women, had to be very careful about publishing under their real names, most used at least one, sometimes several pseudonyms. It has been a common practice throughout the history of writing and publishing.

The reasons vary, in Elizabethan times being a playwright was not the high social status it is today; if you said something that offended the monarchy you could be at best ostracized, at worse, lose your head.

They would use a made up pen-name or the name of one or more of their 'assistants' or 'collaborators', especially when sending some one off to the *Stationer's Register*. Copyright law was almost non-existent for the author, control of the Play and most of the money went to the *Impresarios* like Philip Henslowe, so using some else's name was not a problem. All works had to be registered, especially as they might need to be censored. Plays were controlled by the *Master of Revels* and the *Lord Chamberlain*. And that essentially meant the Herberts. At the time of the First Folio it was the sons, William and Philip (Susan de Vere's husband) with their mother, Mary Sidney, overseeing everything.

Elizabethan commentators did make explicit hints that Edward de Vere was a lot more than a nobleman and did use a pseudonym.

> "The best for comedy amongst us be Edward Earl of Oxford."
>
> – Francis Meres, in *Palladis Tamia* '1598

Henry Peacham's put out "*The Compleat Gentleman*", '1622 with its exhaustive list of Elizabethan poets. At top of list "Edward Earle of Oxford", but no mention of *Shakespeare* as if to do so would be a redundancy. In the words of Louis P. Bénézet, "Could the inhabitants of Lilliput ignore Gulliver?"

> In the time of our late Queene Elizabeth, which was truly a golden Age (for such a world of refined wits, and excellent spirits it produced, whose like are hardly

> to be hoped for, in any succeeding Age) above others, who honoured Poesie with their pennes and practise (to omit her Maiestie, who had a singular gift herein) were **Edward Earle of Oxford**, the Lord Buckhurst, Henry Lord Paget; our Phoenix, the noble Sir Philip Sidney, M. Edward Dyer, M. Edmund Spencer, M. Samuel Daniel, with sundry others; whom (together with those admirable wits, yet liuing, and so well knowne) not out of Ennuie but to auoid tediousnesse, I overpasse. Thus much of Poetrie.

Even King James I' reference to *lame poor and despised* Edward de Vere as "Great Oxford" could be referring to nothing else than his Shakespeare work, especially the propaganda value of his Histories.

Where are Vere's Plays?

The key point here is that with all these allusions to how good Vere's Plays were, where are they, what happened to them, why weren't they entered in the 'Stationer's Register' under his name? The answer ...they are the Shakespeare Plays.

What's in a name?

(*Romeo & Juliet* II.ii)

» Oliver Cromwell = Oliver Williams
» Mark Twain = Samuel Clemens
» Lewis Carroll = Charles Dodgson
» Voltaire = François-Marie Arouet
» George Eliot = Mary Evans
» Ellis Bell = Emily Bronte
» Joseph Conrad = Józef Korzeniowski
» George Orwell = Eric Blair
» Ayn Rand = Alisa Rosenbaum
» Harold Robbins = Harold Rubin
» Tom Stoppard = Tomas Straussler (one of the scriptwriters of 'Shakespeare in Love' – subject to plagiarism allegations, after lacklustre audience testing Harvey Weinstein had to reshoot several key scenes.)
» Lee Child = Jim Grant
» Woody Allen = Allen Konigsberg
» Tennessee Williams = Thomas Lanier
» Claire Avery = sisters Mari Hilburn and Michelle Poché

These are some of Edward de Vere's pen-names, *Silexedra* 'collaborators' & 'frontmen':

» Arthur Brooke (Romeus & Juliet 1562)
» Thomas Watson (Hekatompathia Sonnets 1584)
» John Lyly (Euphues 1580s)
» Anthony Munday (Robin Hood – dispossessed Earl; Amadis de Gaule 1590s)
» Robert Greene (of Edward Alleyn Shake-scene means Theater-scene)
» Thomas Kyd (The Spanish Tragedy early version of Hamlet 1580s)
» William Shake-speare

Charles Dodgson aka Lewis Carroll and Oxford

Just about everything we are fed as children has a lot more to it. There's a lot more to the classic children's story, Lewis Carroll's *Alice in Wonderland.*

People have trouble grasping that Edward de Vere, the Earl of Oxford, had to use another name. It was unthinkable for *Charles Dodgson* to use his real name given his social standing, and also it would be an invitation to guess who the characters of his story are based on – that it was very much about Oxford (the place, but a fitting coincidence of the name).

Like our Oxford, Dodgson was also a *Rosicrucian* (rose + cross) – the love of looking for the answers in the physical universe and then hiding the interpretations in your work (*Rosencrantz* in Hamlet).

And would Dodgson's work have made it possible for a lot of people to make lots of money out of it in modern times if the general public knew more about what made him tick, including his nude child photography?

David Day has identified a whopping 7 layers to Dodgson's work, which he relates to modern video games, to boot.

Chapter 2: The Mask

.ma-sk.

More smoke. The second variable of our H+M+D=S *Shakespeare Identity Formula* telling us we have a *frontman* on our hands is the *First Folio Mask* by Martin Droeshout.

Trailer: *Act II: The Mask – starring Leonardo diConure* at our Youtube Channel: youtube.com/watch?v=LOCtoNDMpB0

As it was to many great cultures before, including the Greeks, the mask was quite symbolic to Elizabethans, especially when private Plays were put on. Susan de Vere appeared in more of Ben Jonson's "Masques" than any other woman.

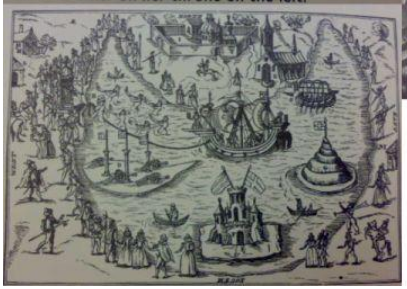
Stratos try to play it down, implying that the First Folio producer (viz. Susan de Vere) supposedly used an inept craftsman, but just take a look at Droeshout's other works:

And what about the design for the Collected Works of Ben Jonson published in ’1616:

THE
WORKES
OF
Benjamin Jonson

..

MASQUES. The *masque* was a magnificent and costly entertainment, enjoyed only by the court and a few noble households. It was a play which included music, singing and formal dancing. It took place against beautiful scenery built and painted by famous architects and artists. The parts in the masque were played by the lords and ladies themselves. In the opposite picture, the masquers are proceeding up the stairs to entertain their friends in the banqueting hall. After the defeat of the Spanish Armada in 1588, masques performed on water became very popular. The ~~opposite~~ picture below shows a masque given in honour of Queen Elizabeth in 1591. You can see her on her throne on the left.



Masques

Chapter 3: Susan de Vere – Shakespeare's Daughter & First Folio Producer

"The Most Slighted Woman In History"

.s-dv.

In this Chapter:

- Trailer
- Introduction
- Family, Marriage & Children
- Susan de Vere – Herbert Family Portrait
- Direct Descendants of Vere/William Shakespeare
- Wilton Estate Shakespeare 'SHADOW' Statue
- First Folio Production
- The Smoking Gun
- "No, no Mr Jaggard, this is not the picture I want"
- 'Grand Possessor'
- Vere and Cervantes Collaboration on Amadis-inspired Don Quixote
- Susan de Vere's Message in a Bottle to Posterity
- Footnotes & References

Trailer: *Act III: Susan de Vere – Shakespeare's Daughter* at our Youtube Channel: youtube.com/watch?v=GSujGcn6zu0

Susan de Vere, Countess of Montgomery was the Producer and 'GRAND POSSESSOR' of the *First Folio* (*'*1623) the collected works of 'William Shake-speare', the pen-name of her father Elizabethan courtier, poet, and playwright Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford.

Considering that there is more shelf space in any book store or library and more movies on Shakespeare than any other subject, that makes Susan de Vere the most important person in history. Yet she has been totally rubbed out of the picture by the elitist snobs of the Stratford Sham Industry. Until we came along there was no book, no Wikipedia page, no documentary, no movie, about this very resourceful women, who despite the social constraints of the time, shrewdly figured out a way to send us the ultimate 'message in a bottle'.

Still unpublished before Susan de Vere's *First Folio* and otherwise lost to posterity, were:

» Macbeth
» Hamlet *(3rd version)*
» The Comedy of Errors
» The Taming of the Shrew
» The Two Gentlemen of Verona
» As You Like It
» Twelfth Night
» All's Well That Ends Well
» Measure for Measure
» Henry VI, Part I
» King John
» Henry VIII
» Julius Caesar
» Anthony and Cleopatra
» Timon of Athens
» The Winter's Tale
» The Two Noble Kinsmen
» Cymbeline
» Coriolanus*, and last but not least*
» The Tempest

..

Family and Early Years

Lady Susan was born on 26th May '1587 the youngest daughter of Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford and Anne Cecil, the daughter of statesman William Cecil, Lord Burghley, Queen Elizabeth's powerful chief advisor.

Susan had two older sisters, Lady Elizabeth and Lady Bridget. She also had an illegitimate half-brother, Edward. Following the death of Anne Cecil on 5 June '1588, a year after her birth, Susan and her sisters remained in the household of their maternal grandfather, Burghley where they received an excellent education. In '1591, Elizabeth's father married Elizabeth Trentham who gave birth to a son Henry in '1593, who would later succeed as 18th Earl of Oxford.[1] (Thus the exact same family structure as *King Leir* '1594 and the later version, *King Lear*, without the happy ending).

Marriage & Children

Shortly after the *purported* death of her father, Susan at just 17 was matched with Philip Herbert (just 20 himself; ’1584-’1650) to safeguard her father’s works through the guiding hand of Philip’s literary mother Mary Sidney Herbert (she had done likewise for her brother Philip Sidney’s contribution to the Evolution of the English Sonnet after his premature death in ’1586).

Philip was then made 1st Earl of Montgomery because of his marriage into the Vere/Shakespeare family. (Philip was later made 4th Earl of Pembroke, a year after Susan’s death.) Philip Herbert and his older brother William Herbert, 3rd Earl of Pembroke were the "INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN" to whom the First Folio was 'officially' dedicated.

The wedding was set for 27 December ’1604 to line up with royal Twelfth Night revels which would include Susan performing in 'The Masque of Blackness' composed by her close friend Ben Jonson for the court of the new King James (Queen Elizabeth died in ’1603).

Children

Surviving into adulthood:

» Lady Anna Sophia Herbert, married Robert Dormer, 1st Earl of Carnarvon and had issue.

» Sir Charles Herbert (c. ’1619 - ’1635) to settle feud with Buckingham (see *Spanish Match* below) married his daughter Mary Villiers, had no issue.

» Philip Herbert, 5th Earl of Pembroke (c. ’1621 - ’1669).

» Hon. James Herbert (c. ’1623 - ’1677) of Kingsey, Buckinghamshire.[2]

Death

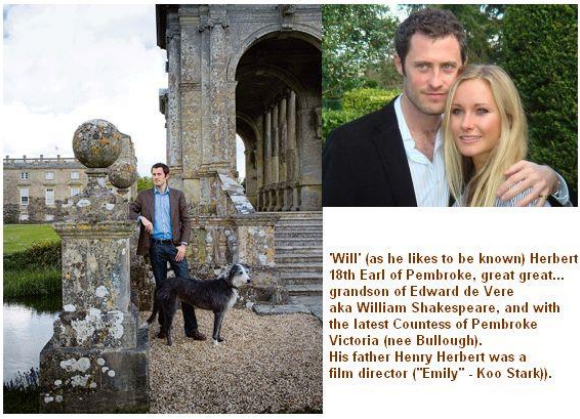
Susan "dyed of the smallpox on the Court att Whitehall" on 29 January ’1629 (aged 41) and was buried in Westminster Abbey, London.

Susan de Vere – Herbert Family Portrait

Susan had 10 children (7 boys and 3 girls) to Philip, 3 died in infancy (shown in the clouds); far right, Anna Sophia (in blue, and husband, Robert Dormer); Charles (15 years old, left, red) has been matched with Mary Villiers (13, foreground, silver – brings a £25,000 dowry to the marriage 'contract', but he dies shortly after this portrait); the younger brother Philip (also reddish hair, in gold); and far left, the 3 youngest boys.[3]

Direct Descendants of Vere/William Shakespeare

From Susan de Vere via her son Philip Herbert, 5th Earl of Pembroke, we have direct descendants of Edward de Vere all the way down to the present day to William Herbert, 18th Earl of Pembroke (b. 18 May ’1978).
worldroots.com/brigitte/royal/plantagenet/williamherbertdesc1506.htm



'Will' (as he likes to be known) Herbert
18th Earl of Pembroke, great great...
grandson of Edward de Vere
aka William Shakespeare, and with
the latest Countess of Pembroke
Victoria (nee Bullough).
His father Henry Herbert was a
film director ("Emily" - Koo Stark)).

One wonders if *Will*, as he calls himself, comprehends that he is the Great great great great… grandson of William Shakespeare. In a way he has more of an obligation than anyone to respect the true deeds of this particular ancestor.

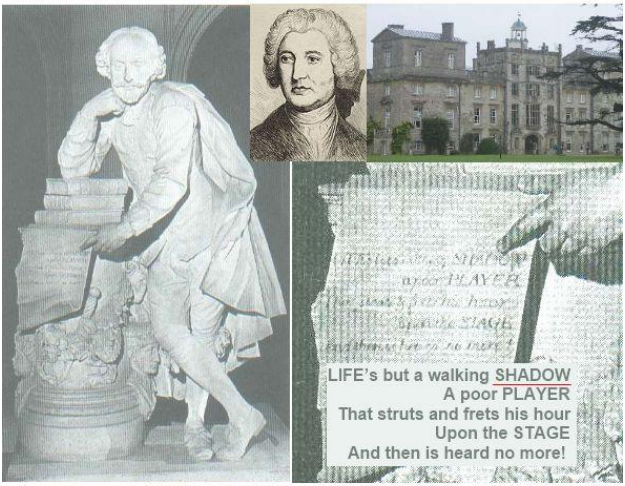
Perhaps somewhere in one of the old dusty storage rooms of his large Wilton (*already a tourist attraction, even more so after our Book – see* Wilton House Tours) mansion is his great, great, great… grandfather's little portable desk with his *Shake-speare* manuscripts inside (mentioned in one of Edward de Vere's letters to Burghley). Unfortunately though, in ’1647 there was a major fire which destroyed most of the house, having to be rebuilt by Inigo Jones (who also designed some of Ben Jonson's elaborate masques).

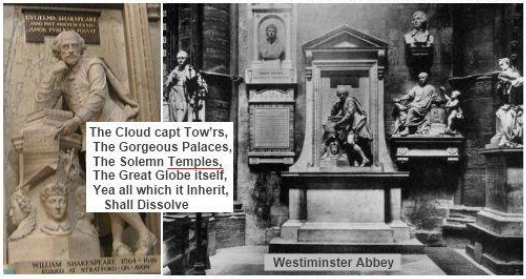
Remember too, that King's Place Hackney where Edward de Vere spent his last years (*in England*) was also owned by William Herbert, 1st Earl of Pembroke – see Elizabeth Trentham.

[Captain James Cook's famous ship, the 'HMS Endeavour', was originally 'MS Earl of Pembroke', built in ’1765 and named after the 10th Earl of Pembroke (Henry Herbert ’1734 - ’1794).]

Wilton Estate Shakespeare 'SHADOW' Statue

Henry Herbert's Shakespeare "SHADOW" Statue at the Wilton Pembroke ancestral estate





In 1743 Henry Herbert, 9th Earl of Pembroke (1693-1750) responded to the Westminster Abbey Shakespeare statue, with the Stratford guy added at the bottom, with one for his ancestral Wilton estate – he would have been well aware that his great great... grandmother Susan de Vere was the 'grand possessor' and First Folio producer of her father's works He used the same sculptor, Peter Sheemakers, and made his intention clear with a poignant variation in what text was to go on the scroll and the particular word the finger would point to.

The Susan de Vere - Philip Herbert family portrait in the Cube Room of Wilton House

At the entrance to the ancestral Pembroke estate at Wilton is an 'almost' exact replica of the memorial of the Westminster Abbey one in Poet's Corner. It was commissioned by Henry Herbert, 9th Earl of Pembroke (one of the 'architect earls') in ’1743 in direct response to the one that went up in Westminster Abbey. Both were sculpted by Peter Sheemakers. This is around the time when the Stratford Sham Industry started to take off, especially with the popularity of the new Shakespeare acting sensation, David Garrick.

The subtle difference is the text on the scroll, in Westminster Abbey Shakespeare is pointing to the word "Temples" and the rather innocuous inscription on the scroll reads:

> The Cloud capt Tow’rs,
> The Gorgeous Palaces,
> The Solemn Temples,
> The Great Globe itself,
> Yea all which it Inherit,
> Shall Dissolve.

In stark contrast, at Wilton, you can see Henry Herbert wanted something that blatantly indicated there was a "**SHADOW**" – taken from *Mac-beth* [son of Elizabeth] the scroll reads:

> LIFE’s but a walking **SHADOW**
> A poor PLAYER
> That struts and frets his hour
> Upon the STAGE
> And then is heard no more!

First Folio Production

Susan de Vere was clearly the 'GRAND POSSESSOR' and Producer of the First Folio.
In those days of male dominated society official credit for such a major publication went to her husband. However, as the late Josephine A Roberts notes, Philip Herbert's biographer, the Earl of Clarendon, claimed scornfully that he "pretended to no other qualifications than to understand horses and dogs very well"; and John Aubrey in *Brief Lives* noted of Philip that he "did not delight in Books of Poetry: but exceedingly loved Painting and Building".

Ben Jonson fell in love with Susan

Susan also had a close relationship with Ben Jonson, one of its editors. She appeared in more of Jonson's *Masques* than anyone else.[4,5] As noted, 'Masque of Blackness' was written for her Twelfth Night wedding to Phillip Herbert.

And that wedding was set not long after the mother-in-law Mary Sidney Herbert reputedly enticed the knew King James to visit Wilton with the note "the man Shakespeare is here". Edward de Vere and Mary had been trying to ensure perpetual literary guardianship with marriages between their children since the '1590s when another daughter Bridget de Vere was affianced to her older son William Herbert (which is even confirmed by Strato Dover Wilson re Vere's 8 September '1597 letter).

"Susan de Vere was clearly a beautiful and entrancing person. Ben Jonson fell in love with her and wrote her the most subtly erotic poems…"
p.180, *Earls of Paradise*, Adam Nicholson, '08.
amazon.co.uk/Earls-Paradise-Adam-Nicolson/dp/000724052X

of 1603, James made him a Knight of the Bath (which meant what it said: each candidate was given a purifying bath the evening he was knighted) and in Whitehall on 27 December 1604, Sir Philip was married to a girl he had fallen in love with, Susan de Vere, daughter of the Earl of Oxford and sister of the Bridget de Vere William had turned down in the 1590s. She was clearly a beautiful and entrancing person. Ben Jonson later fell in love with her and wrote her the most subtly erotic of poems. One of the shortest books of the Apocrypha describes the beautiful Susanna, as righteous as she was desirable, who liked to walk in her husband's garden. Two old judges, gazing on her face, had their 'lust inflamed toward her' and 'desired to have to do with her'. She refused them and in revenge they tried to have her executed, claiming they had seen her 'with a young man'. Only when the young prophet Daniel asked the two judges what sort of tree she had been lying under, 'companying together' with the young man, and one of the judges answered 'Under a mastick tree' and the other 'Under an holm tree' was she released and the two judges executed in her place. From the story – and Jonson's poem – emerges a world of irresistible desire and ineffable purity:

CIV.—TO SUSAN COUNTESS OF MONTGOMERY.

Were they that nam'd you, prophets? did they see,
Even in the dew of grace, what you would be?
Or did our times require it, to behold
A new SUSANNA, equal to that old?
Or, because some scarce think that story true,
To make those faithful did the Fates send you,
And to your scene lent no less dignity
Of birth, of match, of form, of chastity?
Or, more than born for the comparison
Of former age, or glory of our own,
Were you advanced, past those times, to be
The light and mark unto posterity?
Judge they that can: here I have raised to show,
A picture, which the world for yours must know,
And like it too: if they look equally:
If not, 'tis fit for you, some should envy.

Apt lines from Ben Jonson's poem to Susan de Vere:

Were they that nam'd you, prophets? did they see,
Even in the dew of grace, what you would be?

...

Or, because some scarce think that story true,
To make those faithful did the Fates send you,

...

Were you advanced, past those times, to be
The light and mark unto posterity?

...

(See also Epigrams and The Forest – Ben Jonson, edited by Richard Dutton, p 68)

"A three volume book of Plato (published, 1578) in the Chetham Library, Manchester was once owned by Ben Jonson. But Ben Jonson's title page inscription in each volume states that the books were given to him by Henry de Vere, 18th Earl of Oxford"[6].

Henry was Susan's half brother (his mother being Elizabeth Trentham), he had been imprisoned in the Tower for his opposition to the *Spanish Match* (Prince Charles marriage into Catholic Spain) in ’1621 along with Southampton (the *Fair Youth* of the Sonnets being cajoled into marriage with Elizabeth de Vere). But Henry's stay was prolonged due to his refusal to marry into the family of parvenu Buckingham (who had more than the ear of King James).

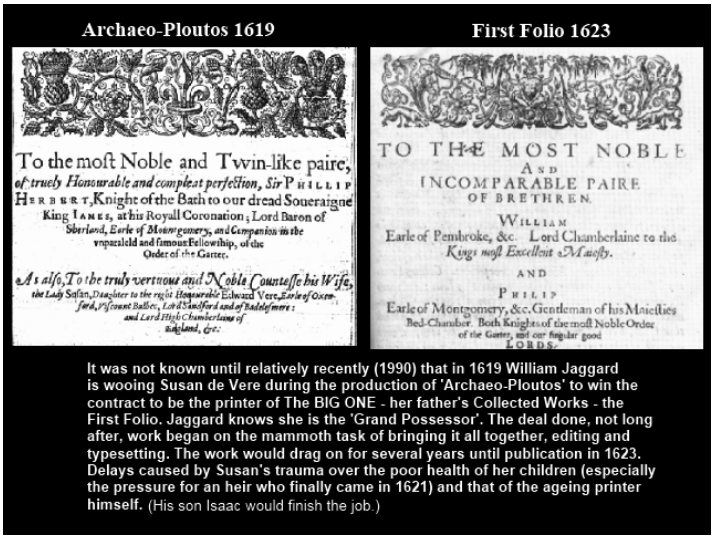
Susan would use the publication of the collected works of her father, '*Shake-speare', not only to ensure his legacy but also to help her brother*. The First Folio was finally published by the Jaggard firm in November ’1623, with the first recorded purchase being December 5. Straight after on December 30, Henry was released from the Tower.[7] Susan seems to have used the positive vibe that would be created by the publication of the Shake-speare canon, with it's emphasis on the good ol' days, especially the defeat of the Spanish Amarda, thus reinforcing the aboutface by Charles and Buckingham to a militant stance with Spain (effectively the end of the reign of James I). Then Henry back in favour was matched with Cecil's great granddaughter, Diana Cecil. The hurried marriage taking place just two days later on 1 January ’1624 (all prompting Francis Bacon in his fall from disgrace to besought Henry's favour in an obsequious letter).

Archaeo-Ploutos

Previously in ’1619 when he was hoping to win the contract to print what became the First Folio, William Jaggard began wooing Susan and her husband with the *dedication* to *Arxaio-Ploutos* (the Ancient Treasury publication employs many of the same typographical devices which appeared four years later in the Shakespeare Folio):

"To the most Noble and Twin-like paire, of truly Honorable and compleat perfection: Sir Philip Herbert… Earle of Montgomery…
As also, To the truly vertuous and noble countess his wife, the lady Susan, daughter to the Right Honourable Edward Vere, Earle of Oxenford…"[8]

Roger Stritmatter notes in '*Susan Vere, William Jaggard and the ’1623 Shakespeare Folio'* that this fact was only unearthed in ’90 (much to the chagrin of Stratos) before that "this concrete 1619 link between Susan Vere and the Jaggard firm was not known to students of the authorship question". shakespeare-oxford.com/?p=62 [9]



It was not known until relatively recently (1990) that in 1619 William Jaggard is wooing Susan de Vere during the production of 'Archaeo-Ploutos' to win the contract to be the printer of The BIG ONE - her father's Collected Works - the First Folio. Jaggard knows she is the 'Grand Possessor'. The deal done, not long after, work began on the mammoth task of bringing it all together, editing and typesetting. The work would drag on for several years until publication in 1623. Delays caused by Susan's trauma over the poor health of her children (especially the pressure for an heir who finally came in 1621) and that of the ageing printer himself. (His son Isaac would finish the job.)

The Curious Coincidence

According to Stratos W. W. Greg and Charlton Hinman, at Jaggard's printing-press, by a curious coincidence, sometime before 21 October, ’1621, work on the First Folio was unaccountably suspended, and it was not resumed for a period estimated at twelve or thirteen months i.e. Oct/Nov ’1622. This 'downtime' period would coincide perfectly with the pregnancy and birth of Philip Herbert (later 5th Earl of Pembroke). Susan has a particularly traumatic time with her infant children, exacerbated by the pressure for a male heir.

Charlton Hinman also notes, that the First Folio "would call for a considerable outlay of capital, would take a long time to produce and would hardly, when finished, be in great popular demand. It would be too expensive ...quick returns could not be expected on a large folio priced at one pound a copy."

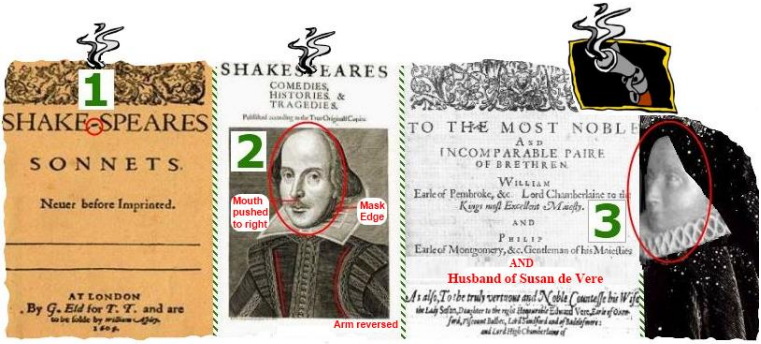
So, the First Folio was subsidized by Susan de Vere i.e. not produced for profit but rather her personal motive, her father's legacy and playing her part in ensuring Vere/Shakespeare's obsession with immortality.

Ben Jonson's Preface to the First Folio

> …Looke how the fathers face
> Lives in his issue, even so, the race
> Of Shakespeares minde, and manners brightly shines
> In his well toned, and true-filed lines :
> In each of which, he seemes to shake a Lance,
> As brandish't at the eyes of Ignorance.
> Sweet swan of Avon!

"Father's [/Edward de Vere's] face Lives in his issue [daughter, Susan de Vere – cf. Sonnet 37]". And the lines about the Greek goddess Pallas Athena – mainly thought of at the time as the patron of theater, being the goddess of wisdom and civilization, the opposite of ignorance, thus 'shake a spear at ignorance' >>> Shake-speare – come just before the reference to the River Avon which also runs through Susan's home in Wiltshire (it would be more likely Jonson is sucking up to Susan, rather than the matriarch, Mary Sidney, who had died sometime earlier in '1621).

The Smoking Gun



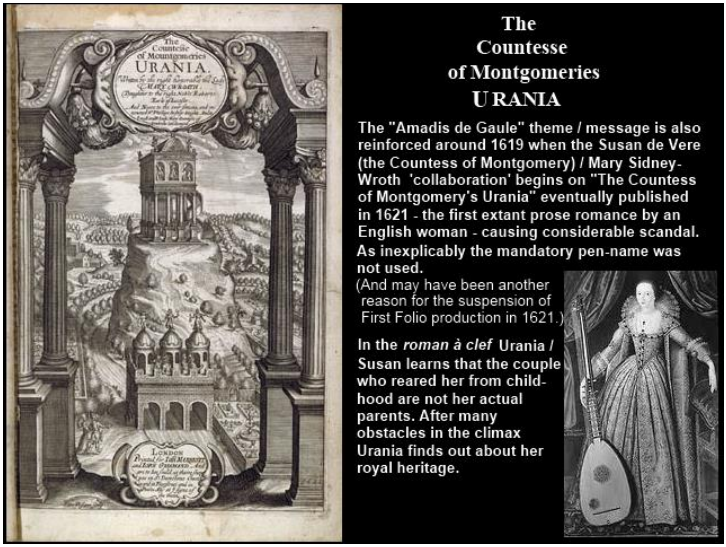
THE HYPHEN THE MASK THE DAUGHTER IS THE SMOKING GUN

You can see how the beautiful Shakespeare Identity Formula whiffs its way to the 'smoking gun' – first we have the 'smoke' coming from the *Hyphen* …mmm "didn't know about any hyphen", then, more 'smoke' coming from behind the *Mask* on the front of the First Folio, …"didn't know about *any mask either, someone is trying to tell us something*", and who just happens to be behind the production of the First Folio …The 'smoking gun' is the *Daughter*. "*Well, I certainly didn't know Vere's daughter keeps popping up from the Sonnets to the First Folio*".

"No, no Mr Jaggard, this is not the picture I want"

In Popular Culture

King Lear, as with most of Edward de Vere's plays, was clearly a rework – likely at King's Place, Hackney, during the Elizabeth Trentham *Prospero/Tempest* like 12 year exile from *'*1592 to Vere's exit in *'*1604 – of Vere's earlier *The True Chronicle History of King Leir,* registered in *'*1594; *Lear/Leir* had 3 daughters so did Vere (the rhyming 4 letter surnames); and both signed over their major estates to their daughters (Vere under pressure from Burghley, their grandfather); and there are clear parallels between Susan de Vere and *Cordelia* – Mark Anderson, p354 – the telltale 'nothing' lines re the de Vere family motto (*Vero Nihil Verius* = nothing truer than truth) in King *Leir* (c. *'*1594) / King Lear *Redux* and John Davies' masque in Francis Davison's *Poetical Rhapsody '*1608; Warren Hope's Lear's *Cordelia, Oxford's Susan & Manningham's Diary*; and Nathaniel Baxter's (was in Italy with Vere, also friend of Philip Sidney) poem *Ourania* about her father to Susan: "*Vera Nihil Verius Susanna Nihil Castius*" (Nothing truer than truth, nothing chaster than Susan).



The Countesse of Montgomeries URANIA

The "Amadis de Gaule" theme / message is also reinforced around 1619 when the Susan de Vere (the Countess of Montgomery) / Mary Sidney-Wroth 'collaboration' begins on "The Countess of Montgomery's Urania" eventually published in 1621 - the first extant prose romance by an English woman - causing considerable scandal. As inexplicably the mandatory pen-name was not used.

(And may have been another reason for the suspension of First Folio production in 1621.)

In the *roman à clef* Urania / Susan learns that the couple who reared her from child-hood are not her actual parents. After many obstacles in the climax Urania finds out about her royal heritage.

'GRAND POSSESSOR'

Susan de Vere and Mary Sidney-Wroth's 'collaboration' on *Urania* was heavily influenced by the saga of the translation and publication of *Amadis de Gaule* by Anthony Munday (remembering he was the cousin of Mr. W.H. – William Hall of the Hackney based Shake-speare Sonnets).

Munday was either working for, or as another frontman for his longtime boss Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford. There are no more plays and novels, like the *Robin Hood* contribution, published under Anthony Munday's name after ’1604, the year of Edward de Vere's exit. After that Munday suddenly declines to only ceremonial pageant poetry, and seems to have returned to his father's drapery trade. Having started out as an actor before becoming Edward de Vere's 'assistant' (aka *Lazarus* + *Piot* = lame nobleman to be raised from the dead + magpie frontman) one doubts Munday ever learnt adequate French to be attributed solely with the translation of *Amadis* (along with similar themed *Palmerin / Primaleon* stories, also sources for *The Tempest*). To make it all too obvious, "*The Downfall and The Death of Robert Earl of Huntington*" ’1598, was the first to introduce the idea of Robin Hood as a dispossessed Earl, rather than a yeoman; and in the ’1601 quarto version 'Lord Salisbury' becomes 'Aubrey de Vere, [2nd] Earl of Oxford', and switches back and forth between the two identities. [There is also 'Earl of Oxford' anachronistic 'nepotism' on the part of the author in Henry VI Part 3 ("Valiant Oxford", V.i.1 – John de Vere, 13th Earl of Oxford.]

The Amadis translations go back to the ’1590s, publication was in ’1619. Coupled with *Arxaio-Ploutos* mentioned above these were deliberate anachronistic (the craze for chivalric romances had long passed) primers leading into the publication of the First Folio which was intended to follow straight after, but was unexpectedly delayed.

Now for us, the fascinating plot - Amadis de Gaule is about the star-crossed love of King Perión of Gaul and Elisena of

England, resulting in the secret birth of Amadis. The abandoned royal baby set adrift on the seas is rescued and raised by the knight Gandales in Scotland. Susan pointedly orders that this pivotal motif features on the title page.

Unusual Amadis title page not the knight on horse instead Susan de Vere specifically orders scene of abandoned royal baby adrift on the seas rescued and raised by the knight Gandales.

Incest and Agency p174 - Maureen Quilligan - Google Books

Inclusion of the "plot" on a title page is a romance device—the title page to Anthony Munday's *Amadis de Gaule*, for instance, features a scene taken from the romance: mariners on a royal ship lift a coffin from the waves (Figure 15). As the makeup of the *Amadis* page suggests, however, this vignette of the plot is presented in a very different manner; framed by the architectural structure, the Wroth scene becomes more than merely a foretaste of the story.

19

Amadis de Gaule ***Book One, Chapter Two***

Gandales the knight finds Amadis afloat in a Chest

Now began the breake of day to appeare, and the little infant followed his fortune, now throwne heere, then there, according as the boystrous waves pleased: but by the will of the highest, who (when he pleaseth) makes impossibilities easie, caused it so to fall out, that at the same time as this was done, a Scottishe Ship sayled on the Sea, wherein was a Gentleman named Gandales, who from little Brittaine sailed with his wife into Scotland, she having beene lately delivered of a sonne called Gandalin. The morning was both calme and cleere, wherefore Gandales might easilye perceive the Chest floting on the waves, which he presently sent out for, thinking it to be some matter of great value: then the Mariners casting forth a Skiffe, made toward the Cofer and tooke it up: when they had brought it to Gandales, he got open the cover; and beholding the goodly infant within, as also the rich clothes wherein it was wrapped, he suspected that it came from no meane place, as he gathered by the ring and the good Sword. So taking it in his armes. he was filled with such

Ed. Helen Moore - Google Books

Amadis then goes on the adventure to find out his true origins.

And Amadis' *The Arch of Loyal Lovers on the Firm Island* is the source for Urania's *Throne of Love*, and its *Unaccessible Rock* comes from Amadis' fight against the monster Endriagus who was born of incest.

Also, just like Edward de Vere/Shake-speare, some think that Enrique of Castille – who lived for 4 years in the court of Edward I of England – was the true author of the original *Amadis de Gaula* Spanish epic but due to his high office it would have been a problem to declare his authorship.
(The *Amadis de Gaula* plotline also inspired Miguel de Cervantes' *Don Quixote*, 1605.)

Munday's '1619 Amadis dedication is a confirmation of Susan de Vere as the GRAND POSSESSOR of the *Shake-speare* manuscripts and source books:

> "…by the helpe of that worthy Lady, I have had such Bookes as were of the best editions…"

All in the same way the First Folio '1623 is also 'officially' dedicated to her husband Philip Herbert, but Susan is obviously behind the production.

Pamphilia's cabinet & Edward de Vere's Portable Writing Desk

Bernadette Andrea notes Urania's friend Pamphilia retreats to her chamber "taking a little Cabinet with her"; this cabinet contains her collected works, she "being excellent in writing". She reads her verse, writes some more, re-reads what she has written, and "then tooke shee the new-writ lines, and as soone almost as shee has given them life, shee likewise gave them burial".

We know Edward de Vere had such a cabinet – his letter to Robert Cecil, 6 September ’1596:

> "The writing which I have is in the country, for I had such care thereof as I carried it with me in a little desk [containing his collected works]"

Vere and Cervantes Collaboration on Amadis-inspired Don Quixote

Sure is a lot of Jungian synchronicity going on here. Here we have Edward de Vere/Munday playing around with the *Amadis de Gaule* Spanish story translation since the early ’1590s – he clearly relates to the parallels with his own life, as confirmed by his daughter Susan in her collaboration with Mary Sidney Wroth above – bastard son, incest, also Amadis absents himself from *Britain* [yep, this influential Spanish story has a setting in *Vereland*]… then the amazing synchronicity: Vere *purportedly* dies 24 June ’1604 (remember that’s the old calendar still used in England) = 4 July ’1604 modern Calendar already adopted in Spain.

Christopher Paul has done extensive research on the mystery surrounding Edward de Vere’s purported death in July ’1604 – regular letter writers mention nothing, there’s no record of a funeral

and the grave has never been located.
M*easure for Measure* was performed for the Court the night before the wedding of Susan de Vere and Philip Herbert on 27 December ’1604. The leading character in this play is the "old fantastical duke of dark corners," who goes undercover at the beginning of the play not to reveal himself again until the final act. The noble friar asks Lucio what news he has of the missing Duke, he replies:

> "Some say he is with the Emperor of Russia, others he is in Rome… It was a mad fantastical trick of him to steal from the state and usurp the beggary he was never born to."

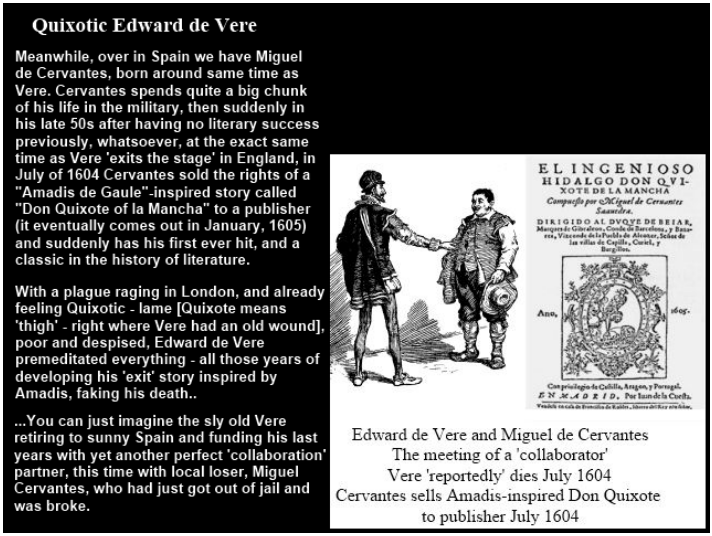
Meanwhile, over in Spain we have Miguel de Cervantes, born around same time as Vere. Cervantes spends quite a big chunk of his life in the military, then suddenly in his late 50s (when most people are dead in that era) after having no literary success previously, whatsoever, at the exact same time as Vere 'exits the stage' in England, in July of ’1604 Cervantes sold the rights of a *Amadis de Gaule*-inspired story called *Don Quixote of la Mancha* to the publisher-bookseller Francisco de Robles (it eventually comes out in January, ’1605) and suddenly has his first ever hit, and a classic in the history of literature.

With a plague raging in London, and already feeling Quixotic – lame [*Quixote* means 'thigh' – right where Vere had an old wound], poor and despised, Edward de Vere premeditated everything – all those years of developing his exit story inspired by Amadis, faking his death – the timing could not be a coincidence, straight after the "shipwreck" caused by the death of Queen Elizabeth and the ascendance of James I...

[Any chance of "*Edward VII*" as he had now stopped signing his letters as,

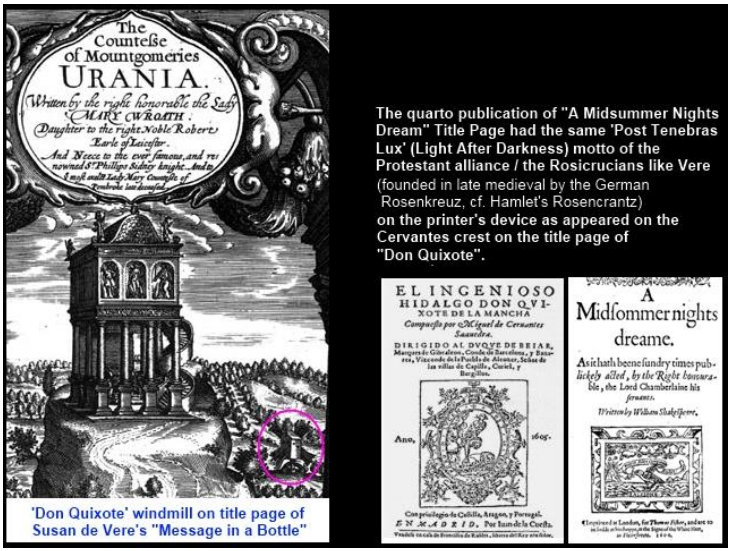
now gone, as was Southampton's with his complicity in the Essex debacle, arrested briefly the very night of Vere's exit, to signoff on no further *coups d'etats*, he would die with Henry de Vere in the Low Countries, Protestant alliance against Catholic Spain, the *"Two Most Noble Henries" blood brothers to the end.*]

...retiring to sunny Spain and funding his last years with yet another perfect collaboration partner, this time with local loser, Miguel Cervantes, who had just got out of jail and was broke.



The quarto publication of 'A Midsummer Nights Dream' title page had the same *Post Tenebras Lux* (Light After

Darkness) motto of the Protestant alliance / the *Rosicrucians* like Vere (founded in late medieval by the German Rosenkreuz, cf. Hamlet's Rosencrantz) on the printer's device as appeared on the Cervantes crest on the title page of *Don Quixote*.



The need for the usual 'collaborator' / translator is audaciously included in the book itself:

> I withdrew at once with the Morisco into the cloister of the cathedral, and begged him to turn all the manuscripts that related to Don Quixote into the Castilian tongue, without omitting or adding anything to them, offering him whatever payment he pleased. He was satisfied with two arrobas of raisins and two bushels of wheat, and promised to translate them faithfully and with all despatch; but to make the matter easier, and not to let such a precious find out of my hands, I took him to my house, where in little more than a month and a half he translated the whole just as it is set down here. (Don Quixote - Internet Archive)

We are even told the true author is "Cid Hamet Benengeli", *Cid* being an honourific makes it clearly *Lord Hamlet of England*. The story features several sonnets. Prominent at the beginning is the one from "Amadis of Gaul to Don Quixote of la Mancha", it starts:

> Thou that didst imitate that life of mine
> When I in lonely sadness on the great
> Rock Pena Pobre sat disconsolate
> In self-imposed penance there to pine

It was at isolated Peña Pobre that Amadis indulges in a long period of madness just like Hamlet, the Play most identified with Vere's life.

Later in the story (Ch. 23) somebody has lost a valise "secured by a chain and padlock" which contained a "book richly bound" of Sonnets just like the little book *bound richly up, and strung with Crimson* containing "Shake-speares Sonnets" that Vere is holding in the later tampered with Ashbourne portait (which turned up a stone's throw from the Trentham family seat of Rocester) next to the *Hamlet skull* that would be alluded to in the official inventory of King's Place (Brooke House) Hackney.

(Google eBook)

HACKNEY.

Name.

THE moſt ancient record in which I have ſeen this place mentioned, bears date 1253 [1]. It is there called Hackeneye, differing but little from the preſent mode of ſpelling.

Situation, and boundaries.

The pariſh of Hackney is ſituated on the north-eaſt ſide of London; the neareſt part of the village is not more than one mile diſtant from Shoreditch church [2]. The pariſh extends from Cambridge-heath to Stamford-hill, (being about three miles and a half,) in a ſtraight line from north to ſouth. Its circumference, which is upwards of eleven miles, beginning from Cambridge-heath, extends to the Wick and Temple mills, being bounded towards the eaſt by the pariſhes of St. Matthew-Bethnall-green and Stratford-bow; from the Temple mills it extends to Lee-bridge [3] and the tile-kilns below Stamford-hill, being bounded towards the

with the capital manſion called the King's-place, (then lately in the tenure of Sir Rowland Hayward,) was conveyed by Anthony Radcliffe and others, (the executors, it is probable, of Sir Rowland,) to Elizabeth Counteſs of Oxford [4], who, in the year 1609, alienated the Manor of Hackney (i. e. this of the King's-hold) with four meſſuages, two cottages, two toſts, &c. one hundred acres of land, fifty of meadow, one hundred of paſture and twenty of wood, in the pariſhes of Hackney and Tottenham, to Fulke Greville [5], (afterwards Lord Brooke), his heirs and aſſigns. Soon afterwards, by ſome grant or exchange, this manor became veſted in the crown; for I find it granted by James I. in 1814, to Thomas Laud and Thomas Bankes [6]. It was afterwards the property of William Hobſon, Eſq. before-mentioned, and appears to have been alienated by his ſons-in-law to Sir George Vyner, whoſe firſt court was held in 1668 [7]. The manor was purchaſed in the year 1694 by John Sikes, Eſq. of the Coheirs of Sir Thomas Vyner, Bart. [8] the infant ſon of Sir George. Mr. Sikes, in 1693, ſold it to Francis Tyſſen Eſq. [9] and it is now veſted in the ſame proprietors as the manor of the Lord's-hold.

Manor-houſe.

In the particulars for the grant of this manor [10] to the Earl of Pembroke (temp. Edward VI.) the manor-place is deſcribed as "a fayre houſe, all of brick, with a "fayre hall and parlour, a large gallery, a proper chapel, and a proper library "to laye books in, &c." In the Britiſh Muſeum is an inventory of the goods in Hackney-houſe [11], which appears to have been written about the time of James I. when it was in the poſſeſſion of the Counteſs of Oxford, or ſoon afterwards, probably when it became veſted in the crown. My Lady's chamber is mentioned; Mrs. Norris's chamber, &c. "In the great parlour, a ſtory of Mount Syon in a "table; one other table with a ſtory of Moſes and Aaron: in the little parlour, the "ſtory of the Rich Man and Death: in the hall, ſtayned clothes; a picture of "Adam and Eve, a picture of Fame and Tyme, &c." This manſion, now called Brooke Houſe, was reſerved by Lord Brooke when he ſold the manor, for his

Well unbeknownst to this inventory-taker Edward de Vere was no longer a rich man as he holds his beloved
secured by a chain and padlock,
bound richly up and strung with crimson
book of sonnets, next to his omnipresent death motif -- from the later tampered with 'Ashbourne' portait hanging in Hackney, to Hamlet, to his Quixotic exit.

The Amadis-Quixote sonnet second quatrain continues with echoes of "Fortune's dearest spite" Sonnet 37:

> Thou, whose sole beverage was the bitter brine
> Of thine own tears, and who withouten plate
> Of silver, copper, tin, in lowly state
> Off the bare earth and on earth's fruits didst dine

The sonnet concludes with the recurring Vere immortality theme and honours Apollo, the sun god patron of music and poetry, who is attended by the 9 the Muses including *Urania* – muse of astrology, whose job it is to foretell destiny, as she points to the celestial globe with her staff.

"Tertullian teacheth us that every part of the preparation of playes, was dedicated to some heathen god, or goddesse, as the house, stage, apparel, to Venus; the musike, to Apollo; the penning, to Minerva [= Gk. Athena] and the Muses..." – *Playes*, Stephen Gosson '1582.

> Live thou, of thine eternal glory sure
> So long as on the round of the fourth sphere
> The bright Apollo shall his coursers steer
> In thy renown thou shalt remain secure
>
> Thy country's name in story shall endure
> And thy sage author stand without a peer.

No wonder the title:

"El ***Ingenioso Hildalgo*** Don Quijote De La Mancha"
translates as
"The ***Ingenious Gentleman*** Don Quixote of La Mancha".

And unlike Cervantes, Vere was a real life Quixotic 'errant knight'. *Travels of Edward Webbe* ('1590) noted Vere as a *knight-errant* in Palermo in '1575, making a Quixotic world-challenge to all and sundry, on horse or on foot, with whatsoever weapon his adversary might select, which he issued in Palermo, and which "no man durst be so hardy as to face". And Vere was a champion of the tilt / jousting who in his twilight years was a shadow of his former glory days in the tiltyard.

Stowe's Annals records a 3-day tournament before the Queen in 1571, "a solemn joust at the tilt" with Vere taking out the honours against Charles Howard, Henry Lee and Christopher Hatton. Rules of engagement included "Who beareth a man down with the strike of a spear".

> "The earl of Oxford's livery was **crimson** velvet, very costly...there is no man of life and agility in every respect in the Court but the Earl of Oxford."

Alan Young's *Tudor and Jacobean Tournaments* notes that at the Whitehall tournament on 22 January 1581 Vere put added glamour to the event by appearing as the *Knight of the Tree of the Sun* (a homage to the Queen) "statlie Tent of Orenge tawny Taffata, curiously imbroydered with Siluer, & pendents on the Pinacles" all later eulogized by Edmund Spenser (printed ’1592):

> From forth this Tent came the noble Earle of Oxenford in rich gilt Armour, and sate down vnder a great high Bay-tree, the whole stocke, branches and leaues whereof, were all gilded ouer, that nothing but Gold could be discerned ...After a solemne sound of most sweet Musique, he mounted on his Courser, verie richly caparasoned, when his page ascending the staires where her Highnesse stood in the window, deliuered to her by speech his Oration

In the extant speech Vere tells the Queen that he as an knight-errant and imagines himself as a mystical tree,

> Swearing, that as there is but one Sunne to shine ouer it, one roote to glue life vnto it, one toppe to maintaine Maiestie: so there should be but one Knight, eyther to lyue or die for the defence thereof. Where-vppon, tree swore himselfe onely to be the Knight of the Tree of the Sunne, whose life should end before his loyaltie.”

Don Quixote's horse is called "Rocinante". *Rocín* in Spanish means work-horse or low-quality horse, a 'nag' – the exact same meaning of 'Hackney' (all the nags were originally

paddocked in this area of London) where Vere planned all this. And *ante* = before.

And it was set that frontman Spaniard Cervantes and counterpart England Shaxper both officially died on 23 April, ’1616 (England patron St. George day) even with the calendar error. (And no known portrait of Miguel de Cervantes exists, or of Shaksper – only false representations like the painted over Ashbourne portrait.) Now isn't that just a little bit too blatant.

..

The Baffling First Folio Page Headpiece Riddle Now Solved

No elitist snob academe has had a plausible, supportable explanation for why the producer of the First Folio ordered the apparent baffling "Double AA" for the inside page headpiece. Susan would have taken inspiration from Gabriel Harvey's ’1578 homage to Vere:

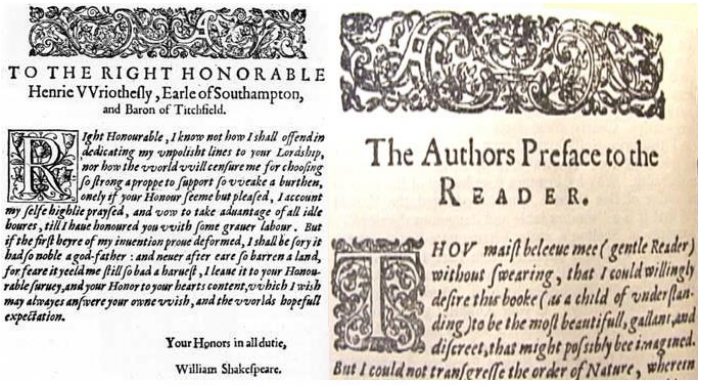
> Pallas striking her shield with her spear shaft will attend thee.
> ...thy will shakes a spear

and his ’1580 *Speculum Tuscanismi*:

> ...A per se A his terms and braveries in Print
> ...our very Castor and Pollux for such and many greater matters
> when this trim gear was in the matching

It's eerie isn't it, we started with ***A***thena and ended with ***A***madis.

The same enigmatic Double A headpiece appears on the dedication to *Venus and Adonis* '1594 at same time as the first Vere *Amadis* translations and the Gray's Inn *Gesta Grayorum*, an account of the Saturnalia revels of the law fraternity of which Vere was a member (since '1562) of the Honourable Order of the Knights of the Helmet of *Athena*, at which we have the first performance of a Play under the name William Shake-speare, *A Comedy of Errors*. (There is no record of the Stratford guy being a member of the knighthood.)


TO THE RIGHT HONORABLE
Henrie VVriothesly, Earle of Southampton,
and Baron of Titchfield.

Right Honourable, I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolisht lines to your Lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a proppe to support so weake a burthen, onely if your Honour seeme but pleased, I account my selfe highlie praysed, and vow to take advantage of all idle houres, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if the first heyre of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sory it had so noble a god-father: and never after care so barren a land, for feare it yeeld me still so bad a harvest, I leave it to your Honourable survey, and your Honor to your hearts content, which I wish may always answere your owne wish, and the worlds hopefull expectation.

Your Honors in all dutie,
William Shakespeare.

The Authors Preface to the
READER.

HOV maist beleeve mee (gentle Reader) without swearing, that I could willingly desire this booke (as a child of understanding) to be the most beautifull, gallant, and discreet, that might possibly bee imagined. But I could not transvese the order of Nature, wherein

Same 'Double A headpeice' on the Venus and Adonis
dedication to Southhampton and the Preface to Don Quixote

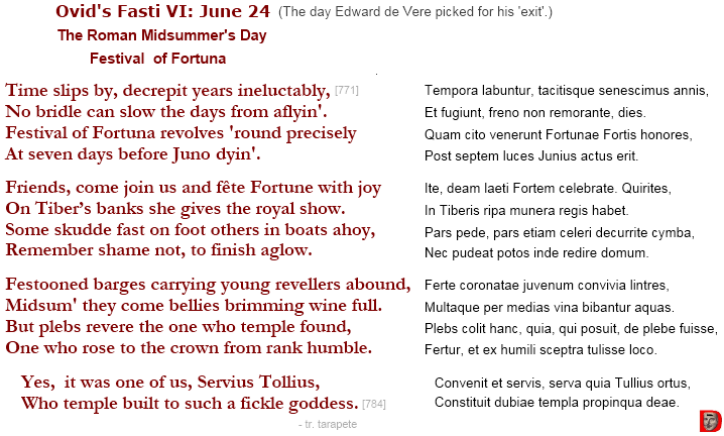
..

Ovid's Fasti VI: June 24 – The Roman Midsummer's Day, Festival of Fortuna

And of course Fortuna's June 24 is the day picked by Vere for his 'exit'. Just like in Roman times, it was still an appropriately rowdy affair, a time – the traditional solstice, the sun/son is going a away – associated with witches, magic, fairies and dancing. And the *[Tudor]* rose had special import – it refuses to die. Ovid, his risqué works translated by Vere / cf. prudish uncle Arthur Golding. So not surprisingly Ovid is ubiquitous in the Shake-speare canon – *Fasti* is a source for *Rape of Lucrece*, and likewise Vere's preoccupation with the 'Wheel of *Fortune*' motif, the word appears some 487 times throughout the works. Ovid was born around the time of Sosigenes' Roman calendar fix (for Julius Caesar, basically the one we use today) studied in Athena's Athens (the setting for *A Midsummer Nights Dream*) and was likewise exiled in his twilight years to a small Black Sea village on the fringe of the Empire.

To fête the date, Mary de Vere was also put down as departing on June 24 – brother and sister started off the same, and would go out symbolically the same. [There is no record of Mary's birth – the baby of Queen Katherine Parr (Henry VIII's sixth wife) and doomed 4th husband Thomas Seymour (young Elizabeth was in the house at the same time and falls pregnant to you know who) disappeared after both parents' demise, just as John de Vere was suddenly ordered to marry

Margery Golding, 1 August ’1548, and out of the blue they have two children, an Edward and Mary, who in ’1562 were noted by their uncle as both being 14.]



Ovid's Fasti VI: June 24 (The day Edward de Vere picked for his 'exit'.)

The Roman Midsummer's Day

Festival of Fortuna

Time slips by, decrepit years ineluctably, [771]	Tempora labuntur, tacitisque senescimus annis,
No bridle can slow the days from aflyin'.	Et fugiunt, freno non remorante, dies.
Festival of Fortuna revolves 'round precisely	Quam cito venerunt Fortunae Fortis honores,
At seven days before Juno dyin'.	Post septem luces Junius actus erit.
Friends, come join us and fête Fortune with joy	Ite, deam laeti Fortem celebrate. Quirites,
On Tiber's banks she gives the royal show.	In Tiberis ripa munera regis habet.
Some skudde fast on foot others in boats ahoy,	Pars pede, pars etiam celeri decurrite cymba,
Remember shame not, to finish aglow.	Nec pudeat potos inde redire domum.
Festooned barges carrying young revellers abound,	Ferte coronatae juvenum convivia lintres,
Midsum' they come bellies brimming wine full.	Multaque per medias vina bibantur aquas.
But plebs revere the one who temple found,	Plebs colit hanc, quia, qui posuit, de plebe fuisse,
One who rose to the crown from rank humble.	Fertur, et ex humili sceptra tulisse loco.
Yes, it was one of us, Servius Tollius,	Convenit et servis, serva quia Tullius ortus,
Who temple built to such a fickle goddess. [784]	Constituit dubiae templa propinqua deae.

- tr. tarapete

..

Susan de Vere’s Message in a Bottle to Posterity

Susan was her father’s youngest and favourite, mirroring Edward de Vere’s fascination with the story of the legendary King Leir of ancient Briton (on which he based his 2 versions of King Lear/Leir) and his favourite daughter Cordelia. Leir was eventually exiled from Britain and fled with Cordelia’s help to Gaul. Leir had faith that his daughter Cordelia would somehow, oneday restore his *throne*.

Father & Daughter

Nicholas Hilliard's provocative portrait of Edward de Vere (just after the birth of Susan) holding the hand of the biggest influence on his life. The Latin inscription "Attici amoris ergo" = 'For the love of Athena's Attica' – her Greek state homeland.

Susan de Vere – Ben Johnson's 'Masque of Queens' New Year Revels 1609. Susan was about 21 and appeared in more of Johnson's masques than anyone else.

HILLIARD, NICHOLAS (1537–1619), miniature-painter, goldsmith, and jeweller, Hollingworth Magniac, and while he was still young he drew the portrait of Mary Queen of Scots at the age of eighteen. He was appointed goldsmith, carver, and limner to Queen Elizabeth, whom he painted as princess and as queen. In 1586 he engraved the second great seal of Elizabeth, which has more artistic merit than others of the period. Many of Hilliard's best miniatures are in the collection of the Duke of Buccleuch, who contributed twenty-three to the exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1879. They include portraits of Queen Elizabeth (four), Edward Seymour, duke of Somerset, Edward Vere, earl of Oxford, Richard Clifford, earl of Cumberland, Lady Arabella Stuart, Sir Philip Sidney, Mary Sidney, countess of Pembroke, Sir Francis Drake, Sir Francis Walsingham, Richard Hilliard, his father; his own portrait, dated 1574, 'ætatis suæ 37,' and that of his wife Alice, daughter of John Brandon, chamberlain of London, dated 1578. DNB

[Hilliard painted all the prominent Elizabethans, but there is no record of him having painted the Stratos'Guillem Shaksper.]

Hilliard became the most influential painter at the Elizabethan Court on the strength of his ravishing miniatures. Trained as a goldsmith, Hilliard earned renown for his techniques as a 'limner', or illuminator of portrait gems that captured the 'lovely graces, witty smilings, and these stolen glances which suddenly like lightning pass, and another countenance taketh place.' Intimacy was the key to this style, combined with a wealth of emblematic allusion that added intellectual depth to the mirror-like image portrayals. In Hilliard's hands, the miniature was far

The Oxford History of Britain Kenneth O Morgan p280 The Tudor Age

Susan de Vere's epitaph is thus apt – by someone who knew her well, some say it was composed by Ben Jonson:

> In thy name there is a tomb
> If the world can give it room
> For a Vere and Herbert's wife
> Outspeaks all tombs, outlives all life.

All the above clearly shows that Susan de Vere was sending us – across the '*400 years of ignorance ocean*' – a message in a bottle:

> "My father, Edward de Vere, is Shakespeare."

"My father, Edward de Vere, is Shakespeare..."

~*~*~*~*~*~*~

Susan de Vere Footnotes

1. The De Vere Society

deveresociety.co.uk/OxfordChron.html

2. The Peerage, thepeerage.com/p1295.htm

3. tate.org.uk/tateetc/issue15/vandyckherbert.htm

4. Ogburn

5. chsbs.cmich.edu/Kristen_McDermott/ENG235/blackness.guide...

6. Anderson, Notes, p.566

7. Anderson, p.377

8. Anderson, p.372

9. Roger Stritmatter, "Bestow how, and when you list…"

Susan Vere, William Jaggard and the 1623 Shakespeare Folio

First published in the Shakespeare Oxford Newsletter (Fall 1998).

shakespeare-oxford.com/?p=62

References

- Mary Sidney Wroth, *The Countesse of Montgomeries Urania.* 1621

Particularly see "The First Part of Urania…" edited by Josephine A. Roberts

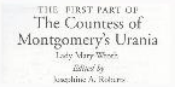
Lady Mary Wroth composed her prose romance *Urania* at the height of the Jacobean debates concerning the nature and status of women. The following letter by John Chamberlain conveys a glimpse of the debate as it raged in the court and streets of London in the 1620s:

> Our pulpits ring continually of the insolence and impudence of women: and to helpe the matter forward the players have likewise taken them to taske, and so to the ballades and ballad-singers, so that they can come no where but theyre eares tingle: and yf all this will not serve the King threatens to fall upon theyre husbands, parents, or frends that have or shold have powre over them and make them pay for yt.

berry Library, Chicago (Case MSfY 1565.W95). Wroth probably began writing the first part between 1618 and 1620. She may have started writing *Urania* shortly after the publication of one of her primary sources: Anthony Munday's English version of *Amadis de Gaule* (based on Nicholas de Herberay's French translation), which appeared in four volumes in 1618–1619. Dedicated to Philip Herbert, earl of Montgomery, the first volume mentions his wife, Susan Herbert, as the source of the editions Munday used: "But by the helpe of that worthy Lady, I have had such Bookes as were of the best editions, and them (as I have already begun) I intend to follow."[6] Munday concludes by apologizing for any errors of translation on the grounds that he completed his work at "the urgent importunitie of that worthy Lady, by whom I have thus boldly presumed" (sig. A2^v). In his translation of the third book of *Amadis* he repeats his claim that the work was done at Susan's "earnest" request and refers to his "promise to that most Noble Ladie to have published the whole first five volumes together" (sig. A2–A2^v). Although Wroth knew French and could have read Herberay's text, the easy availability of the English translation enabled her to read (or re-read) a work that inspired a number of key episodes in *Urania*, including the Throne of Love at the beginning of the romance. Wroth must have completed the first part by July 13, 1621, when it was entered in the Stationers' Register.

inscribes one of its ideal readers: *The Countess of Montgomery's Urania*. As we have seen, Susan Herbert had a strong interest in prose fiction, especially continental romances. She and her husband were the dedicatees of a number of works, including the translations of *Amadis* (1618–19) and Honoré d'Urfé's *Astrée* (1620). Frequently the translators acknowledge Susan as a primary patron, for Philip had relatively little interest in fiction.[2] One unpublished romance, John Reynolds of Exeter's *Loves Laurell*

[2] See Michael Brennan's discussion of Susan and Philip Herbert as patrons: *Literary Patronage in the English Renaissance: The Pembroke Family* (London: Routledge, 1988), 120, 157. Philip Herbert's biographer, the earl of Clarendon, claimed scornfully that he "pretended to no other qualifications than to understand horses and dogs very well." *History of the Rebellion*, ed. W. Dunn Macray, 6 vols. (Oxford: Oxford Univ. Press, 1888), 1:74. John Aubrey noted of Philip that he "did not delight in Books or Poetry: but exceedingly loved Painting and Building." *Brief Lives*, ed. Oliver Lawson Dick (London: Secker and Warburg, 1949), 146.

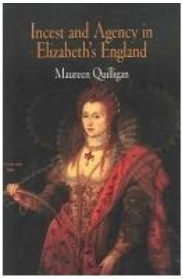

THE FIRST PART OF
The Countess of
Montgomery's Urania
Lady Mary Wroth
Edited by
Josephine A. Roberts

- Margaret P. Hannay, *Mary Sidney, Lady Wroth* [Google Books has many of the key pages]. ’10

Particularly see pp. 210-211 references to *Amadis*, *Don Quixote*, the windmill on the title page of *Urania*, and incest:

- Maureen Quilligan, *Incest and Agency in Elizabeth’s England* [Amazon]. ’05

It is no accident for Quilligan that the first printed work of Elizabeth I was a translation done at age eleven of a poem by Marguerite de Navarre, in which the notion of "holy" incest is the prevailing trope. Nor is it coincidental that Mary Wroth, author of the first sonnet cycle and prose romance by a woman printed in English, described in these an endogamous, if not legally incestuous, illegitimate relationship with her first cousin. Sir Philip Sidney and his sister, the Countess of Pembroke, translated the psalms together, and after his death she finished his work by revising it for publication; the two were the subject of rumors of incest… [Google Books]



within kinship structures in traditional societies. If, however, we understand that traditional family and kinship structures may be radically different from our own, we may see how family rank could work to empower highly placed women rather than to limit them. In the sixteenth century the family dynasty became far more pivotal in political arrangements in absolutist Europe than it had been throughout the cloistered Middle Ages, a development that would make the Renaissance aristocratic family a potential site of real agency for women.

Before scrutinizing at a theoretical level exactly how and why traditional kinship structure might endow elite females with agency by means of an endogamous halt in what we have come to call "the traffic in women," it will be helpful to look at a specific example of the incest taboo in a text which is central to the culture of the Renaissance. No text can be more canonical than *King Lear*; more important, the play clearly lays out for us the tragedy which occurs when proper intergenerational relations

Incest haunts this play's subplot: Gloucester's eyes are gouged out on stage, and his Oedipus-like punishment betrays the presence of familial transgression within the play. But while in its opening scene, Cordelia does not accuse her sisters (or her father) of anything but a hypocritical language of incest, she *is* implying that Goneril and Regan are transgressing (or would be if they weren't lying) their own proper and natural "bonds" by saying they love their father more than their husbands. Cordelia's complaint against her sisters, moreover, succinctly outlines what the incest taboo is culturally meant to accomplish, that is (according to Claude Lévi-Strauss) to extend patriarchal alliances across social groups by making

- Bernadette Andrea, *Pamphilia's Cabinet: Gendered Authorship and Empire in Lady Mary Wroth's Urania*. '01
- Christopher Paul, *A Monument Without a Tomb: The Mystery of Oxford's Death*. '04
- *Lady Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke & Montgomery*. '1590-'1676. Her Life, Letters And Work. Dr. George C. Williamson '1922
archive.org/details/ladyanneclifford00willuoft
- Charlton Ogburn. *The Mysterious William Shakespeare: The Myth & the Reality*. '84
- Mark Anderson. *"Shakespeare" by Another Name: The Life of Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, The Man Who Was Shakespeare*. Gotham, '05 (expanded paperback edition '06).
- Ruth Loyd Miller. *The Earl of Oxford's Gift to Ben I*: Books from Shakespeare's Library [privately published MS, '88]

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Appendix FF400

- King Lear Aethiopian Historie Dedication to Vere 1569
- *Theater in Education (TIE)*
- Teacher-Student Exercises • Put on a Play
- How to make a parrot sonnet
- Theater Channel
- Streaming Series/Play Synopsis • Spec Script
- Elizabeth Trentham – Shakespeare's Wife
  – *"Unto my dombe man yearlie during his life to be paid..."*
- D.A.P. Score – Impostor Calculator

King Lear Aethiopian Historie Dedication to Vere ’1569

William Farina notes that a key source of *King Leir (’1594) / King Lear (Redux)* and Philip Sidney’s *Arcadia* is *An Aethiopian Historie* by Heliodorus, translated by Thomas Underdowne in ’1569 (reprinted many times). Underdowne dedicated his book to 19 year old Edward de Vere (in contrast, not one book was dedicated to Stratford businessman Guillem Shaksper):

> **DEDICATION**
> AN AETHIOPIAN HISTORIE BY HELIODORUS
>
> To the Right Honourable Edwarde Deuiere
> LORD BOULBECKE, EARLE or OXENFORD
> Lord Great Chamberlain of England
>
> Thomas Underdowne wisheth long and blessed life, with increase of honour.
>
> They somewhat be more precise than I, (right honourable Earle) which would have noble men, and such as beare sway and rule in the weale publike, to be in all manner of sciences great Artistes, and altogether bookish, so doe I farre dissent from them that would have them unlettered and flat idiots, for the bookish man busily attending his owne study cannot carrfully enough tender the state. For such is the property of knowledge, that it breedeth a

contempt of al other things in respect of it selfe. As for the ignorant it is most evident and plaine, that he can have no manner of governance, or skill of raiment in his head.

The Greekes in all manner of knowledge and learning, did farre surmount the Romanes, but the Romanes in administering their state, in warlike faetes, and in conmion sense were much their superiours, for the Greekes were wedded to their learning alone, the Romanes content with a mediocritie, applyed themselves to greater things. I doe not deny, but that in many matters, I meane matters of learning, a noble man ought to have a sight, but to be too much addicted that way, I think it is not good. Now of al knowledge fit for a noble gentleman, I suppose the knowledge of histories is most seeming.

For furthering whereof, I have englished a passing fine and witty historye, written in Greeke by Heliodorus, and for right good cause consecrated the same to your honourable Lordship. For such vertues be in your honour, so hauty courage jojmed with great skill, such sufficiencie in learning, so good nature and common sense, that in your honour is, I thinke, expressed the right pateme of a noble gentleman, which in my head I have conceived, it nothing did dismay me, or for that I was not knowen to your honour, neither may it seeme any rash attempt for that cause. For such is the force of vertue, that she maketh us to love, not onely our owne Countreymen by sight unknowen, but also strangers, which by lande and sea be severed from.

Therefore I beseech your honour favourably to accept this my small travel in translating Heliodorus, which I have so well translated as he is woorthy, I am perswaded, that your Honor will lyke very well of. Sure I am that of other translatours he hath been dedicated to mighty Kinges and Princes.

Therefore accept my good wil (honourable Earle) and if opportunitie shall serve hereafter, there shall greater thinges appeare under your Honours name.

Almighty God geve you increase of honour, and keepe and defende you for ever and ever.

Your honours most humble to commaunde.

Thomas Underdowne
’1569

See also Michael Delahoyde:
wsu.edu/~delahoyd/shakespeare/kinglear1.html

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Theater in Education (TIE)

Mission
Lobby government to have Theater in Education – TIE added to the *National Education Curriculum* and related Theater Channel.

The reality is that we live in a world of ever increasing demand for the Producers of *Content* – scripting, acting, set design, costumes, editing, photography, directing, producing. Theater is where the interesting, creative jobs are going to increasingly be. Theater is a thousands of years old industry that will not become obsolete, and it complements new Film and Streaming technologies.

If we already have in our Education Curriculum the 'extra activities' to the '*3Rs*', like: Art, Music, Dancing, Library, Sport, Debating, Chess, Languages… isn’t it time we make "Theater Studies" compulsory.

Imagine if 1 – 2 hours a week was spent on Theater and Film – by the time they are 18, which activity is going to be most likely to give them more career options? Really, think about it, who’s gonna have the interesting, creative careers, where the money is. Even for K-2 working with plays makes learning to read and write fun.

And as part of the program Theater companies would go to their local schools and do workshops, which then flows back as a benefit through increased box office from school excursions. (At many schools the local Police come along and do presentations, what about the Theaters?)

Kids and their parents shouldn't be limited to having to fork out hundreds of dollars to join a Youth Theater (or a private commercialized version of TIE).
Let's just make Theater a compulsory *fun* subject, that should be a critical part of the National Curriculum.

There are no fresh ideas for tackling the age-old problem of financially struggling Theaters, constantly looking for government grants. The answer is in our kids. If some of us would show them the way. And prominent leaders and veterans of Theater are being shamed by the efforts of those in the other Arts. Between Theater and Arts which is more relevant to the *Demand for Content* phenomenon.

Some schools are *with it*, others just *don't get it*. Why aren't all schools heading in the direction of TIE moulding tried and true, thousands of years old Theater technique – one of the oldest and most durable careers you can have, obsolete proof – with these new technologies. Why isn't it part of the National Curriculum already?

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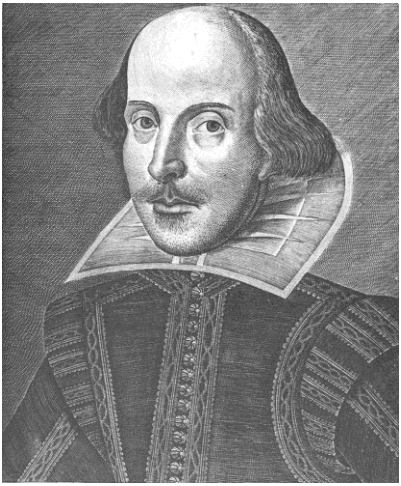
Teacher-Student Exercises

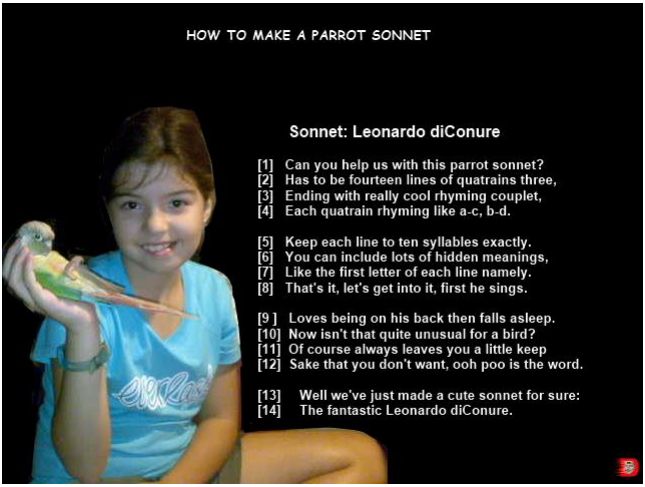
A good way to start is give each student a copy of the picture on the frontispiece of the *First Folio*, then without giving them any background, ask them if they see anything funny about it.

[Hint: The last count was some 33 funny things about it.]



See anything suspicious?

After the exercise you could show them what Leonardo diConure thought as recorded for posterity on our Youtube Channel.



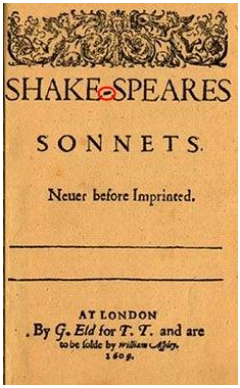
< youtube.com/watch?v=xg... >

Put on a Play

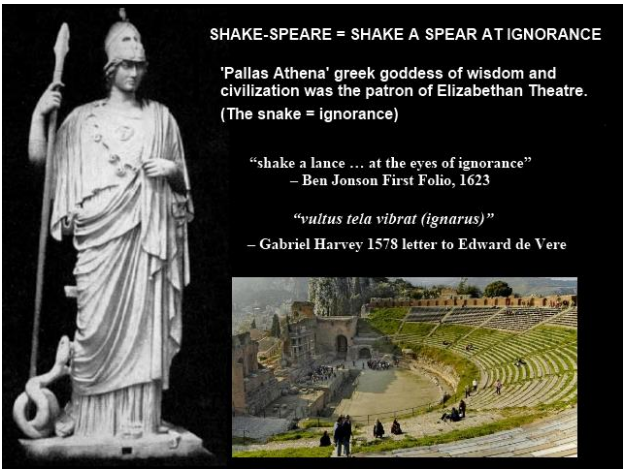
Ask the class what hidden meanings the name "shake-speare" might have. Talk about the history of Elizabethan Theater. Explain the importance of *Pallas Athena* and her 'shaking a spear at ignorance'. Get the class to put on a Play about it. Either start from scratch or modify the suggestion below to get started.

Background

The pseudonym "Shake-speare" was often hyphenated in print – a dead giveaway that it was a front for someone else, e.g. on publication of SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS, ’1609.



The Elizabethan understanding of *Pallas/Athena* (*Minerva*) Greek goddess of wisdom and civilization, and thus patron of the theater was basically her 'shaking a speare at ignorance' (using a lance-shaped pen – 'the pen is mightier than the sword').



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SHAKE-A-SPEAR at IGNORANCE
A Children's Play
by Tara & Peter Hogan

CONTENTS

• Introduction*: Outline – Plot – Characters – The Scene*

• CURTAIN UP*: Athena appears to Iggie.*

• *SMARTBOARD: Athena conjures up a SMARTBOARD to explain things.*

• *FIRST FOLIO MASK – Edward's daughter Susan de Vere makes publication possible.*

• *Stratfordians: Guillem Shaksper of Stratford.*

• *Oxfordians: Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford.*

• *Notorious Hyphen: Shake-speare – homage to Athena [e.g. SONNETS front cover].*

• *'1576: The Theater – Edward returns from Europe.*

• *Silexedra: Edward lives near The Theater at Fisher's Folly, Bishopsgate [see MAP] – surrounds himself with his motley crew.*

• *Add Theater Studies to the Education Curriculum*

• CURTAIN DOWN

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INTRODUCTION

Outline

A Children's Play with 5 principal characters – about Edward de Vere being the true author of the Shakespeare Plays; the importance of Theater in Education (TIE) as part of the National Curriculum (including School Excursions to local Theaters) in a world of ever increasing demand for the Producers of *Content* (scripting, acting, set design, directing, producing); and having a *Theater Channel*.

Plot

A young boy, *Iggie* is playing video games in his bedroom, on his iPad …thumbs going / video screen flashing – action stuff, lots of blood and violence. Suddenly a magical fairy-like figure appears holding a spear. It's the Greek goddess (of Wisdom, Civilization, Theater) *Athena*. By getting Iggie to download our book about Edward de Vere being the true author of the Shake-speare Plays, watching it together, and then explaining everything using a SMARTBOARD with Iggie we come to see how important Theater Studies are to children's education and careers.

During the action we go back 400 years to scenes involving *Edward de Vere*, Elizabeth Trentham, Susan de Vere – probably twice: in *'*1597 when Edward is working on the Plays and Sonnets (particularly #37 "*a decrepit father made lame by fortune's dearest spite*"); and *'*1623 when Susan uses the *First Folio* to get her brother *Henry de Vere* released from the Tower

of London (he gets out straight after its publication after 2 years, Henry was also in cahoots with Southampton).

Characters

The characters are all masked in keeping with our underlying emphasis on the First Folio Mask, which is fundamentally a *homage* to the epochal Greek tradition.

Athena – the Greek goddess – a young girl.
Iggie – a young boy.
Edward de Vere – 17th Earl of Oxford, true author of the Shakespeare Plays.
Elizabeth Trentham – is 2nd wife and 'Prime Facilitator' of the Shakespeare canon – a proto-feminist and the most underrated woman in history.
Susan de Vere – his youngest daughter and 'Prime Shaker' in getting the First Folio published.
Queen Elizabeth

The Scene

Iggie's bedroom – he is supposed to be studying, instead he is playing video games – thumbs going / screen flashing – action stuff, lots of blood and violence. Suddenly a magical fairy-like figure appears holding a spear.

Make a model of the set:

Video of Theater model construction:
youtube.com/watch?v=sMAcoOztv-4

Make life-sized models and
costumes for Athena and Iggie.

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CURTAIN UP

Iggie: (Excited, yelling and screaming) Kill! Kill! Kill! Take that, and that…

Athena: Why don't you read a book or do something creative, like working on the end-of-year *School Play*?

I: Wuh, where did you come from… who are you?

A: I'm Athena – Greek goddess of stuff like *Wisdom*, *Civilization*, and *THEATER* – putting on a Play. Athens, the capital city of Greece, is named after me, and it's where the first Plays were shown in an ampi-theater 2,500 years ago. The roots of Theater can still be seen at the *Acropolis.*

I: "Theater", who cares about Theater, how about games? And what's with the SPEAR?

A: I'm always *shaking my spear* whenever I sense '*Ignorance*' is around…

I: "Ignorance" – what's does that mean?

A: Kids growing up with their heads in the sand … but that's not their fault.
Theater is still very important, it leads into *Filmmaking*, even the storylines of video games go back to those early Plays. And the most famous of all were written by *Shakespeare*.

I: "Shakespeare" – that's a weird name. Who cares about Shakespeare?!

A: Look, you like books, right? Here's one about Shakespeare, and who really wrote those plays 400 years ago, and why they were written; but it also captures the magic of Theater.
Why don't you *download* it… we'll watch it together. Stand back, we're gonna need a SMARTBOARD!

[Athena magically conjures up a SMARTBOARD to explain things.]

(Some time later)

I: Wow, that movie was cool…I've got heaps of questions, though.

A: Ask away, I've got hundreds of years to kill.

I: Is everything in that true. I mean is there clear proof that Edward de Vere wrote the Shakespeare Plays. I'd like to know more about that Edward de Vere guy, a bit more background, please.

A: I'll try to keep it nice and simple, cuz there is so much stuff out there, so many books and websites, you can get overwhelmed by it all.

A (cont.): Let's cut straight to the point, and start at the end, by taking the FIRST FOLIO, first.

I: "FIRST FOLIO" – what's that?

A: Well, some years after Edward died, in 1623 – some 36 Shakespeare Plays were, out of the blue, brought together and published. And although in those days women had to stay behind the scenes, it was Edward's daughter, Susan de Vere, that worked with the printer, William Jaggard, who she knew well already, to get them published. Her husband and his brother are the ones that get the 'Dedication'.

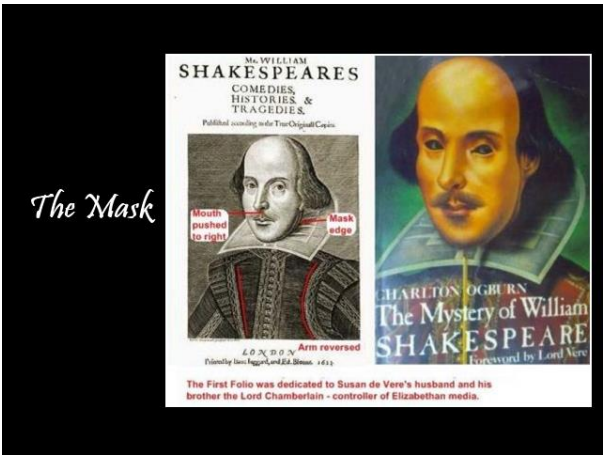
I: "Dedication" – what's that?

A: It's recognition to the people who made the publication possible, it usually appears after the title page.
Anyway straight after it was published, Susan's brother *Henry de Vere*, suddenly got released from the Tower of London after being locked up for almost 2 years. Susan's plan had worked – publishing all of Edward de Vere's plays, many about the great days of England and its Kings…. made the current King James happy and reminded him how much Edward de Vere had done for the Country. And Susan de Vere was a close friend of the editor of the First Folio, Ben Jonson, she even acted in several of Jonson's 'masques', which are short plays.
And to emphasize that 'William Shake-speare' was only a *pseudonym*.

I: "*Suedo*-" what?

A: It means a 'pen-name'. To use another name as a front.
Anyway the cover picture they use of the author is clearly a MASK.
Just Google "FIRST FOLIO MASK".

[Up comes the First Folio Mask]



A (cont.): You can see the FIRM LINE showing the edge of the mask going down around the side of the face… and the MOUTH is pushed way over to the right, one of the arms is reversed. 'Stratfordians' whenever they re-produce that picture in their books, always shade over that line to hide it.

I: "Stratfordians" – what's are they?

A: Stratfordians are the people that do everything they can to continue the myth that a man called 'William Shaksper' wrote the Plays. He didn't even sign his name as Shakespeare, and likely pronounced it as 'Shaks-per' – he was from Stratford, which was a little village on the Avon River, north-west of London, in the Warwickshire county. But Edward de Vere in his twilight years lived near a suburb in London called Stratford, and he even had family estates in Warwickshire, at Bilton and Billesley.

I: I think I'm getting it all now. It's really quite simple: *the Hyphen, the Mask, and the Daughter*.

The 3 Dead Giveaways Vere = Shake-speare:
1. The Hyphen
2. The Mask
3. The Daughter

A: You did it Iggy! The *Shakepspeare Authorship Question* simplified – something a lot of grown up, very privileged people could not do.

I: Why are they allowed to keep teaching us this crap then?

A: Because Shakespeare is now a billion dollar industry. There are more books written about this *Willie Shaksper* than any other historical figure, even religion ones. You go into any book store or library, you'll see rows and rows of them, with always another one on the best seller list.

I: Well how do they fill up so many books?

A: Amazing isn't it, especially when the fact is, there are absolutely no historical documents proving Shaksper wrote the plays, or that he could even read and write. After he died his Will doesn't even mention any books or plays, and leaves his "second best bed to his wife". So if you look closely at the books about him, everything is guessing, they are just full of *airy-fairy* words like, "probably", 'undoubtedly', 'must have dones", and general stuff about the Times during the reign of Queen Elizabeth the First.

I: Can't we stop these guys?

A: They are now very powerful. Remember this has developed over 400 years. They are in the box seat. The public over time get comfortable, so comfortable with myths that they soon become historical fact. Happens all the time.

I: But aren't there some cool people that have stood up and said this sucks.

A: Yes, we are not alone. For instance, some of the most famous *Shakespearean Actors* have: Sir John Gielgud, Orson Welles; in the modern day, Derek Jacobi, Mark Rylance, Keith Brannagh, even Keanu Reeves. Then there's famous writers like: Mark Twain – his book, *Is Shakespeare Dead?* is hilarious; Sigmund Freud; and Henry James put it best in his 26 August '1903 letter to Violet Hunt saying, "I am 'a sort of' haunted by the conviction that the divine William is the biggest and most

successful fraud ever practiced on a patient world… I find it almost impossible to conceive that Bacon wrote the plays as to conceive that the man from Stratford, as we now the man from Stratford, did."

I: "Gullible", what's that?

A: It means people who are easily sucked in – ignorant. Have you ever heard of the *Mushroom Syndrome*? "Feed them on shit and keep them in the dark".

I: Well, what do they call us folks that don't like being treated like mushrooms?

A: We're *Oxfordians* – because Edward de Vere was the 17th Earl of *Oxford* – one of the oldest royal titles in English history. And Edward was really into history. He had great teachers when he was a kid, like his Uncle Arthur Golding, Thomas Smith and Laurence Nowell – did you see the *Beowulf* movie? We have Nowell to thank for preserving that classic hero story. Edward was taught a lot of the most famous Greek and Old Scandinavian mythology – that includes Denmark – through translations of people like *Saxo Grammaticus*. That's how he got the idea for his most famous play, 'Hamlet'. And when he wrote plays on England's history he couldn't resist over-promoting his ancestors like the 13th Earl of Oxford in his 'Henry the Sixth' Play.

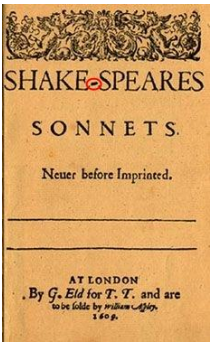
I: Tell me more about the pseudonym he used.

A: "Shake-speare" was also often printed with a hyphen, for example, on the front cover of the famous Sonnets.

I: "Sonnets…?

A: A book of poems. Shake-hyphen-Spear. Just *Google* it.

[Up comes SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS]


SHAKE-SPEARES

SONNETS.

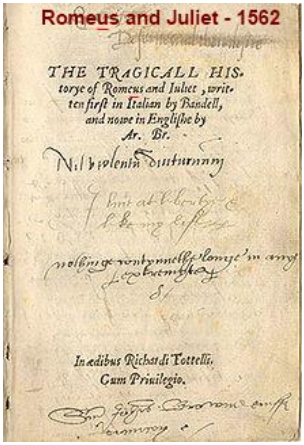
Neuer before Imprinted.

AT LONDON
By G. Eld for T. T. and are
to be solde by William Aspley.
1609.

Actually, that's where I, as the goddess Athena come in… Edward de Vere had picked the perfect pen-name, in those days they knew I was all about *shaking a spear at ignorance*… Ben Jonson in the First Folio, says "shake a lance … at the eyes of ignorance".
But long before the Plays were even written in 1578 another writer, Geoffrey Harvey, gave Edward the idea to use it, in a letter to him, in Latin. After references to me, he has the words *"vultus tela vibrat"*, which translates as *'thy will shake spears'*.
So you can see Edward de Vere and his children are all over the '*Shake-scene*'.

I: Wow, amazing. I just think this Theater stuff is so cool. I really want to get into it. Maybe even have a go at writing a play like Edward de Vere. How old was he when he started?

A: Well, there's a work called *The Tragical History of Romeus & Juliet* that was published ’1562, under what looks like one of his early pen-names, Arthur Brooke, because nothing was heard of that guy again, that was when he was just 12.



A (cont.): He was always reworking his plays. That one later became *Romeo & Juliet*.

I: Wow, where did he get his ideas for plays from?

A: What really got him going was going over to Europe, especially Italy and France, when he was about 25. Their Theater was way ahead of England, so he picked up lots of ideas.
It can be no coincidence that the year he returns, 1576, the first public Theater was opened when he return to England. And you know what is was called?

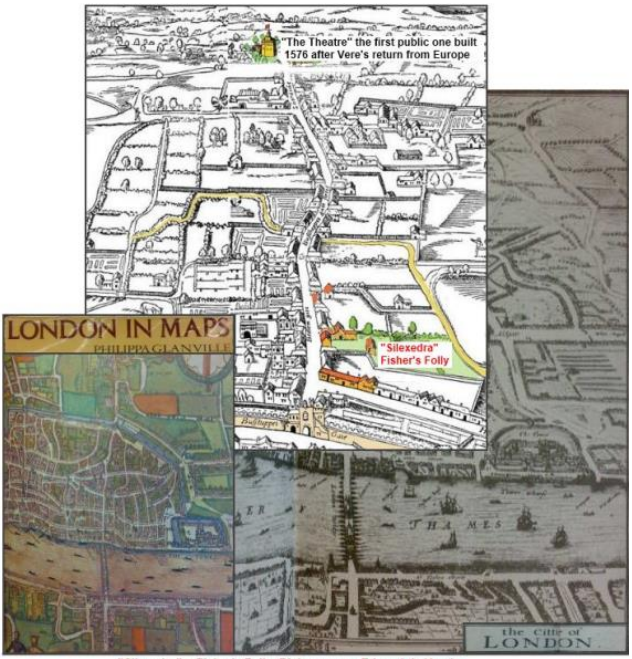
I: What?

A: '*THE THEATER*'. That popularized the use of the word. Before that it was just the Greek, *amphitheater*.
Edward de Vere soon attracts around him a band of merry men, his motley crew, to help get his plays out. This mainly happens at his London house which just happens to just down the road from, guess what?

I: The Theater!

A: That's right. His little *Play Production House* seems to have been called '*Silexedra*'. This is all happening at… actually just

Google "Fisher’s Folly Bishopsgate London" MAP.
That’s it.



"Silexedra"at Fisher's Folly, Bishopsgate - Edward de Vere's little Play production house right smack in the middle of London's fledgling theatre district.

A (cont.): This motley crew includes some of his early frontmen:

[Up on the SMARTBOARD we see a MONTAGE of these frontmen:

• John Lyly – "Euphues" – the first English novel with dedication to Vere;
• Anthony Munday – "Robin Hood" contribution, Munday also links into William Hall, "Mr. W.H." of the Sonnets dedication;
• Robert Greene – "Menaphon: Camilla's Alarm to Slumbering Euphues in his Melancholy Cell at Silexedra" (for some reason the full title including the allusion to Silexedra is always left out by Stratos!) and its Preface by Thomas Nashe/aka Francis Bacon, "[Vere] will afford you whole Hamlets, I should say handfuls of tragical speeches", and Shake-scene = Theater-scene – Edward de Vere's whine at Edward Alleyn, the real "upstart crow";
• Thomas Kyd – The Spanish Tragedy ("Hieronymo's mad againe" – the line chosen by TS Eliot for the end of The Waste Land);
• Thomas Lodge – "Rosalynde: Euphues Golden Legacy, Found After His Death In His Cell At Silexedra" (based on As You Like It);
• Thomas Watson who brought along a young Christopher Marlowe, leading to "Tamburlaine the Great", aka 'Timur the Lame'…

Athena shows Iggie examples from the Sonnets of the repeated allusion to the author being "lame" :

Sonnet 37

As a decrepit father takes delight
To see his active child do deeds of youth,
So I, made **lame** by fortune's dearest spite,
Take all my comfort of thy worth and truth. 4

For whether beauty, birth, or wealth, or wit,
Or any of these all, or all, or more,
Entitled in thy parts do crowned sit,
I make my love engrafted to this store. 8

So then I am not **lame**, **poor**, nor **despised**,
Whilst that this shadow doth such substance give
That I in thy abundance am sufficed,
And by a part of all thy glory live. 12

Look what is best, that best I wish in thee.
This wish I have; then ten times happy me. 14

Note: The standard structure of a sonnet is highly complex and mathematical, including exactly 5 pairs of syllables, second stressed, in each line – requiring quite an educated author:

sonNET thirTY sevEN SASI Theme Song

As A / de CRE / pit FA / ther TAKES / deLIGHT
To SEE / his ACT / ive CHILD / do DEEDS / of YOUTH,
So I, / made LAME / by FOR / tune's DEAR / est SPITE,
Take ALL / my COM / fort OF / thy WORTH / and TRUTH. [4

For WHE / ther BEAU / ty, BIRTH, / or WEALTH, / or WIT,
Or AN / y OF / these ALL, / or ALL, / or MORE,
En TIT / led IN / thy PARTS, / do CROWN / ed SIT,
I MAKE / my LOVE / en GRAFT /ed TO / this STORE. [8

So THEN / I AM / not LAME, / poor, NOR / des PISED,
Whilst THAT / this SHAD / ow DOTH / such SUB / stance GIVE
That I / in THY / a BUN / dance AM / suff ICED,
And BY / a PART / of ALL / thy GLOR / y LIVE. [12

Look WHAT / is BEST, / that BEST / I WISH / in THEE.
This WISH / I HAVE, / then TEN / times HAP / py ME. [14

A (cont.): You see, all this explains why people wonder why, if Shakespeare was such a great playwright, why was he always plagiarizing other writer's work?

I: "Plagiarizing"?

A: Plagiarizing – copying other people's stuff and holding out to be your own original work. Continuing, the answer is that all along, it was just Edward de Vere re-working his earlier work, often using a frontman.

I: Like "Romeus & Juliet" when he was 12.

A: Right. Back on his life, Edward is not in the best of health in the 1580s, especially with a leg injury he got in a fight. So he has *being lame on the brain* – as we see, that shows up in his writing.

A (cont.): Also, his first wife dies at just age 32, in 1588. Then he has a stroke of major luck, not just for him but for posterity.

I: Posterity?

A: Us, future generations. Because he settles down with Elizabeth Trentham, his second wife, in the early 1590s. *She's gotta be the most slighted woman in history!* Without her, he could not have done it.

[Athena brings up on the SMARTBOARD Elizabeth Trentham's role from our Wikipedia original.]

A (cont): Edward's Plays getting more famous from that point, he's gonna sometimes need a frontman to match his *Shake-a-spear* pseudonym, the perfect match patsy is found…

I: That *Willie Shaksper* guy.

A: That's right. Actually, some years earlier, in 1584, Edward's little Theater Company, *The Queen's Men* when touring Plays around the country also did Shaksper's hometown of Stratford. Shaksper, ever the opportunist, may have jumped on board Edward's wagon. It's interesting that in Elizabeth Trentham's Will (she died in 1612) she leaves an

annual payment to "*my dombe man*", for as long as he lives. Who do *you* think her *dombe man* was?

I: *Willie Shaksper again!* I think I'm starting to get it all now. It all makes sense when you can see that Edward de Vere wrote the Shakespeare Plays.

A: It's not just the importance of recognizing his genius, and how it all happened, it also highlights the wonder of Theater.

I: Yeah I really want to get into Theater now. But you know Athena, at my school we've got the usual stuff like: Chess, School Band, Music, Library, Sport, Religion – which a lot of kids don't even do, just sit around doing nothing special, Languages, Art, Craft, Dance… but, why don't we have *THEATER* – why can't we put on Plays… make costumes, stage settings, write our own Play even, take turns acting the roles, one is a Director, the whole thing. Then put on an end-of-year school Play for parents – making Play Bills, selling tickets, Sponsors even – making money for the School. Enter competitions against other schools… Awards for Best Play. All that would help us get into a school like Newtown Performing Arts High School, too. The Sky is the limit, Athena!

A: Your exactly right Iggie. And to *start shaking the spear* to make it all possible, you and your parents can help us pressure our government on the importance of *Theater in Education* (T.I.E. – like the Brits have) as part of the National Curriculum (including School Excursions to local Theaters) in a world of ever increasing demand for the Producers of *Content* (scripting, acting, set design, directing, producing).

Please Education Director,
we don't want to grow up Users,
we want to grow up ***PRODUCERS***!

First step, join new Theater in Education club – TIE.

I: What's that?

A: It's a place where people can get together and *shake-a-spear at ignorance*. In addition to getting *Theater Studies* added to the Education Curriculum, you can also help us get a fair dinkum *Theater Channel*, with Radio and Internet downloads – imagine, anytime of the day you could see a Play, classics like Shake-speare, productions from *Local Theater*, even your *School Plays*.
In the meantime, you can start by putting stuff up on your local Theater Channel – your School Plays, even ask your Local Theater if you can put their Plays up too – do it as a little documentary, but from a *Kid's point-of-view*, interview the actors during rehearsals, then the big opening night, it'll be fun.
Well I've gotta fly… tell everyone to join up, and remember our motto…

I: You bet, just watch me, I'm really going to do my bit to *Shake-a-Spear at Ignorance*. Then everyone will get the gist of what it's about.

CURTAIN DOWN

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SASAI Theater Channel

A natural progression from Theater in Education. Imagine the choice! School Plays: Primary, High School & University; Local Theater; Genres: the Classics, Shakespeare, New Wave, Tragedies, Comedies…
Eventually there could be Theater Channels for each category. All funded by Sponsors – they would certainly get a bang for their advertising buck.
Security would be no problem for kids – they just wear masks. *Masques* were very common in Elizabethan Theater.

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The Hyphen, The Mask & The Daughter

Streaming Series/Play – Synopsis

Tagline:
The Shakespeare Identity Problem solved with *Einsteinian* simplicity: H + M + D = S
- Youtube 23sec Primer | Act Summary

The 'Establishment' elitist snob academes with their lifetime employment that are entrusted with the education of our children, deem the idea of Edward de Vere as the true author of Shake-speare's Sonnets and Plays as absurd, anyone that questions their dogma is a heretic. The world is flat. The Sun revolves around the Earth.

For immediate credibility the credits spotlight:

Story based on
AMADIS DE GAULE 1590-1619
by **EDWARD DE VERE / ANTHONY MUNDAY**
&
THE COUNTESS OF MONTGOMERY'S URANIA 1621
by **SUSAN DE VERE / MARY SIDNEY WROTH**

Our story starts in ’1523 and unfolds over exactly 100 years to the climax in ’1623.
Taking in the final years of Henry VIII; 'The Evolution of the English Sonnet'; backdrop of Tudor sex scandals, 'strange bedfellows', warped *endogamy* – incest and early-teen marriage contracts [even using Sonnets to do the wooing; contracted marriages where the bride is as young as 11 – the Countess of Montgomery, Susan de Vere matched her own son Charles Herbert (Pembroke earldom) 15 with Mary Villiers 13 (Buckingham earldom); Susan’s mother was 15 when her father the power-hungry William Cecil forced his orphaned ward of the state, Edward de Vere, to marry her…] largely brought on by their obsession with purebloods to increase their '*in line to the throne*' ranking, influence and royal grants.

Henry VIII at age 18 (r. ’1509-47) had married his brother's (Prince Arthur – married and dead at 16) wife. The first printed

work of Elizabeth I was a translation done in ’1545 at age 12 of a poem (*Heptameron*) by Marguerite de Valois (’1492-’1549; queen consort of Henry II of Navarre ’1503-55, her brother became Francis I of France r. ’1515-47) in which the notion of incest prevails. And we have Mary Sidney Wroth's 'collaboration' with best friend Susan de Vere (Countess of Montgomery) to produce *The Countess of Montgomery’s Urania* ’1621, the first non-male prose romance printed in English, is a *roman à clef* about incestuous relationships (not just allusions to Susan’s father, Wroth had a longtime relationship – it produced 2 bastard children – with her first cousin, William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke (and Lord Chamberlain – overseer of the registration of Plays) brother of Philip Herbert, Earl of Montgomery, husband of Susan (William and Philip Herbert are the 'INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN' dedicatees of the *First Folio*; and are the sons of Mary Sidney who had an incestuous relationship with her brother Philip Sidney) strongly influenced by the Vere’s (Edward & Susan, in 'collaboration' with Anthony Munday) *Amadis de Gaule* (’1590s-’1619) which has all these standard motifs, including the bastard child who grows up to learn of his true royal heritage – Susan's 'message in a bottle' to posterity.

All this leads to the climax revolving around the publication of the First Folio in ’1623 made possible by the daughter, Susan de Vere (conjuring up King Lear's daughter Cordelia) proto-feminist and *most slighted woman in history*, who 'delivers the goods' by ensuring immortality for her father, *William Shake-speare*.

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THE HYPHEN, THE MASK & THE DAUGHTER

Act / 100 Year Summary

Act I**: '1523s-1560s – "The Hyphen" (Sex & Evolution of English Sonnet)**

– Tudor Sex: incest, early-teen marriage contracts, and bastard heir to the throne: Elizabeth's teen birth to our Edward, raised by John de Vere 16th Earl of Oxford.
– Evolution of English Sonnet – 'Father of English Sonnet' Henry Howard Earl of Surrey marries Frances de Vere, daughter of John de Vere 15th Earl of Oxford.

Act II**: '1560s-1600s – "The Mask" (Evolution of the Masked Genius)**

– Aunt Frances gives young nephew Edward de Vere original manuscripts of Uncle Henry's Sonnets.

> Young Vere: "I want to be just like uncle Henry, a great writer."
> Aunt Frances: "He was careless, and executed so young. Just think how much more de could have written. You must be very careful, you must always *mask* yourself."

– Gray's Inn Fraternity (Law, Private Plays / Brotherhood of Pallas Athena) – *Silexedra* Writing Factory – Marries Elizabeth Trentham, she buys Kings Place Hackney so 'lame, poor and despised, and dispossessed by *Fortune's spite*', Vere can write.

Act III**: '1600s-1623 – "The Daughter" (Message in a Bottle to Posterity)**

– *The Exit* – Vere, obsessed with *Amadis de Gaule*, fakes his death – *Don Quixote*.
– Climax – Publication of First Folio set against the 'Spanish Match' power struggle – *King Lear* intercut – Message in a Bottle to Posterity. THE END

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FADE IN
Credits roll over shot of DEEP SEAS as we PAN down we can just make out a BOTTLE floating out in the middle of nowhere. Credits end and we begin our story to be told over exactly 100 years:

Act I: ’1523s-1560s – "The Hyphen" (Sex & Evolution of English Sonnet)

• ’1523: A courtyard, 9 year old Henry Howard (first cousin of Anne Boleyn [c.1501/1507 – 19 May 1536], mother of Queen Elizabeth [Anne Boleyn's mother was Elizabeth Howard, brother of Thomas Howard – father of our Henry Howard]) playing with Henry FitzRoy ('son of Royalty'; Duke of Richmond; at just 14 will marry Henry Howard's sister Mary; dead at 17) Henry VIII's bastard son.

• ’1525: Anne Boleyn being wooed by a letter from Henry VIII while having an incestuous relationship with her brother, George.

• ’1532: Henry Howard accompanies Henry VIII along with Anne Boleyn and Henry Fitzroy on a visit to the Court of Francis I of France. The experience has the 18 year old Henry Howard's world open to a new style of poetry. Now we begin revealing waters that cannot be muddied by the Stratford Sham Industry – 'The Evolution of the English Sonnet'. We see how Henry Howard (Earl of Surrey) becomes the 'The Father of the English Sonnet'; the marriage contract is set between Henry and Frances *de Vere*, daughter of John de Vere 15th *Earl of Oxford* while both are in their teens.

• ’1533: Anne Boleyn, now Queen, complaining about fat and impotent Henry VIII while having an affair with Henry Norris, and continuing incest with brother. Anne gives birth to Elizabeth (who will become Queen in 1558).

• ’1536: Anne Boleyn, brother and Henry Norris executed. Henry VIII immediately marries Jane Seymour, she soon gives birth to the future Edward VI who will be dead at 16.

• ’1537: Henry Howard by now known as a "*hothead*" and iconoclast, his seditious Play is performed on May Day (famous for the "*ill May Day*" uprisings) about how a King should rule. Henry begins using an ancestral coat of arms suggestive he should be King.

The hunt is up, the hunt is up.
The masters of art and doctors of divinity,
Have brought this realm out of a good unity.
– John Hogan, 'ill May Day' Uprisings, 1537

• ’1547: We continue to follow Henry & Frances' marriage to the tragedy of Henry's execution at barely 32, on trumped up charges by the Seymours. (Henry VIII dies soon after – William Herbert, 1st Earl of Pembroke (c. 1501-1570; built 'Wilton House' formerly an abbey out of grant from Henry VIII) becomes one of the guardians of the young King Edward VI.)

• ’1548: Thomas Seymour seduces the young Elizabeth – as per the age-old standard motif (see *Amadis de Gaule* later) an illegitimate baby is born, given the royal name, Edward, a possible future '*Edward VII*', then raised by a knight (like *Gandales*) in this case it will be the manipulated John de Vere, 16th Earl of Oxford, whose ancestral holdings have been coming and going depending on the faction pulling the strings, including Arthur Golding – John de Vere must now marry Golding's sister Margery and raise Edward – Arthur Golding would become one of precocious Edward's advisers, later would come the translation of Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (unlikely Golding had much involvement as he specialized in religious themes, unlike liberal Ovid) which is prominent in the Shake-speare works.

• ’1553: Young Edward VI murdered (poisoned), William Herbert initially supports Jane Grey's claim to the throne, arranges for son to marry Jane's sister Catherine Grey, but Henry VIII's eldest daughter Mary (mother was Katherine of Aragon) takes throne, so quick aboutface dumps Catherine by having marriage to son annulled. Greys are duly executed by Queen Mary as potential rivals. Hebert then manages to suck up to Queen Mary enough to avoid execution and allow Herbert to continue to prosper down to control of Elizabethan Theater / public media (equivalent to the modern Internet).

• ’1557: *[Sonnet Evolution cont.]* The posthumous publication of Henry Howard's groundbreaking Sonnets *[Songes and Sonettes - Tottel's Miscellany]*.

• ’1558: Mary the catholic Queen poisoned. Elizabeth now Queen.

Act II: ’1560s-1600s – "The Mask" (Evolution of the Masked Genius)

• ’1560s: *[Sonnet Evolution cont.]* Aunt Frances gives young nephew Edward de Vere original manuscripts of Uncle Henry's Sonnets.

> Young Vere: "I want to be just like uncle Henry, a great writer."
> Aunt Frances: "He was careless, and executed so young. Just think how much more de could have written. You must be very careful, you must always *mask* yourself."

• ’1562: John de Vere murdered (the usual poisoning) arranged by power grabbing William Cecil, young Edward becomes the 17th Earl of Oxford, and being under age, automatically a ward of the State under the control of Cecil, and is, bit-by-bit, dispossessed of the ancient Oxford Earldom.
- 'Romeus and Juliet' publication – "Where *spiteful Fortune* hath appointed thee to be" cf. Sonnet 37, "So I made lame by *Fortune's* dearest *spite*" – "Fortune's spite" is a recurring motif throughout our Vere's life and works, and thus our story. And we will see how nearly all the famous Shake-speare Plays are Vere reworks of much earlier versions (if it was the Stratford guy, Shaxper, not yet born, would be the world's greatest plagiarist).

• ’1567: Vere becomes a member of Gray's Inn, where he will get training in law and partake in the Saturnalia Revels [*Gesta Grayorum*] – privately performed Plays. Vere is also now a member of the exclusive *The Honourable Order of the Knights of the Helmet* (of Pallas Athena, Greek goddess of wisdom and civilization, patron of Elizabethan Theater). We see Vere working on his first Gray's Inn production with George Gascoigne et al – translating Euripides’ tragedy *The Phoenissiae* (*Jocaste*) – "Chorus: That now complains of *fortune's* cruel *spite*" cf. Sonnet 37 – later a source for *Tamburlaine* [Timur the *lame*]; and Ariosto’s comedy *I Suppositi*

(The Supposes) "Oh *spiteful fortune*, thou doest me wrong I think". Plays like *Comedy of Errors* will come directly from this breeding ground. [There is no record of any Guillem Shaksper of Stratford being a member.]

• ’1571: William Cecil forces Vere to marry his 15 year old daughter, Anne Cecil. The marriage into the oldest earldom in England facilitates Cecil becoming Baron Burghley.

• ’1573: Birth of Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton (out of affair between Queen Elizabeth and Vere; named after Henry VIII) – the 'fair youth' of the Sonnets.

• ’1575: Vere's tour of the Continent, especially Italy, then superior in the Arts.

• ’1576: The now *Italianate Englishman* returns. Almost immediately followed by the opening of the first public Theater in Shoreditch (called *The Theater*).

• ’1577: Frances de Vere dies.

• ’1580s: *Silexedra* (Fisher's Folly, Bishopsgate near the original theater district in Shoreditch) – Vere's Writing Inc. Haunt – using various 'assistants' / 'collaborators' to publish his works, including *Tamburlaine the Great* ('Timur to Lame' – emphasizing his preoccupation with being lame), *The Spanish Tragedy* – that will be reworked several times to become *Hamlet*. A critic of the period [Francis Meres, in *Palladis Tamia*] in his assessment of Elizabethan writers used the line "The best for comedy amongst us be Edward Earl of Oxford", but there is no record of any such Plays being performed or entered into the Stationer's Register under his real name. Why? Because he was Shake-speare.

• ’1581:
- Still in his prime (before the *Quixotic* decline) Vere is champion of the tilt (/jousting) tournament at Whitehall – his many talents prompts Edmund Spenser to record, "thy will shakes spears".
- Vere is dictating *The Booke of Sir Thomas More*, a Play, to his Silexedra assistants, he wants it to be a homage to his uncle

Henry Howard. He blatantly fits him into the action even though he was too young to be a player in the events that lead to Thomas More's downfall. But Vere becomes peeved by the heavy censorship (by the Master of Revels) to water down the seditious storyline. Now he takes out the original manuscript of sonnets of his uncle Henry given to him by his widow Aunt Frances, and has an idea:

• ’1582: *[Sonnet Evolution cont.]* Next landmark in the Evolution of the English Sonnet – Vere's 'Hekatompathia' Sonnets published – "My song shall be; *Fortune* hath spit her *spite*" cf. Sonnet 37.

• ’1587: Susan de Vere born. It's another difficult birth for Vere's wife, Anne dies soon afterwards at just 32.

• ’1591:
- [Sonnet Evolution cont.] Posthumous publication of Philip Sidney's 'Astrophil and Stella'. Sonnets become all the rage.
- Burghley forces Vere to sign over Castle Hedingham family seat since William the Conqueror, now totally dispossessed.
- Vere marries Elizabeth Trentham a proto feminist businesswoman who will facilitate his writing output – *Willobie His Avisa*, "And *fortune’s* friends, felt *fortune’s spite*".
- Beginning of Vere's obsession with *Amadis de Gaule* – saga using Anthony Munday as his 'assistant' (also Robin Hood contribution – first reference to Robin being a dispossessed Earl.)

• ’1593: *[Sonnet Evolution cont.]* Henry de Vere born, future 18th Earl of Oxford, now after 3 daughters, finally having got a male heir, the Sonnet wooing of Southampton to marry his daughter abruptly stops at #17, then a completely different theme comes with Sonnet *18* – "Shall I compare thee to a summer's day…".

• ’1597: *[Sonnet Evolution cont.]* Elizabeth Trentham buys King's Place Hackney [now Brooke House / BSixB High School, next to the London suburb of *Stratford*, both now surround the

’2012 London Olympics site; and close to the original Theater district of Shoreditch.] where 'Sonnet 37 – made lame, poor and despised by Fortune's dearest spite' Vere can write.
[While Vere's "Fortunes" consistently declined as he captures in Sonnet 37, in stark contrast, Shaksper's fortunes were on the up and up, especially after he abandoned his wife and family ...well, in the end he would leave her his "second best bed" in his successful business man's Will.]
Vere's letter confirming Sonnets 1-17 are about marrying off his daughter (as confirmed by Strato scholars).

Act III**: ’1600s-1623 – "The Daughter" (Message in a Bottle to Posterity)**

• ’1600s: Susan de Vere's relationship with Mary Sidney Wroth.

• ’1603: Queen Elizabeth dies – Vere decides it's time to *Exit* too.

• ’1604: Vere executes his *Exit from the Stage* (there was no funeral and his grave has never been found). The moment has arrived, Vere gives his daughter Susan a special bottle [the one that features in the opening and closing shots] of wine as a memento. Official date of Vere's *Exit* is set to *A Midsummer Night's Dream* on the solstice, 24 June – Roman Midsummer's Day and *Festival of Fortuna*, goddess of Fate and Fortune [see Ovid's Fasti VI].
- July ’1604 Spain, and who do we see landing on a sandy beach in that famous sunshine? Why it’s Edward de Vere, the bloody blighter had been planning his fake death all along. And now he is 'collaborating' again – and it’s a failed writer just out of jail – Miguel de Cervantes – that exact time the *Don Quixote* manuscript is sold to the publisher. Frontispiece highlights *Post Tenebras Lux* (Light After Darkness) motto of the Protestant alliance / the *Rosicrucians [Mason-like secret brotherhood]*.
- Marriage of Susan into Mary Sidney literary family to safeguard the Shake-speare manuscripts, by marrying her son Philip Herbert.
- Ben Jonson falls in love with Susan de Vere. She appears in more of his Twelfth Night revels Masques than anyone else and he writes her erotic poems.

• ’1609: *[Sonnet Evolution cont.]* Montage of Elizabeth Trentham – 'Shake-speares Sonnets' publication (May 1609) and Fulke Greville – sale of King's Place Hackney (June 1609) – Buyback of Castle Hedingham (July 1609), the ancestral Vere family seat (i.e. in a carefully orchestratd move Trentham could only come up with enough money for the Vere Castle buyback by selling both the Sonnets and King's Place at the same time.)

• ’1616: Vere dies in the Spring in Spain (12 years after his 'exit'). It is set that frontman Spaniard Cervantes and counterpart England Shaxper both officially die on 23 April, ’1616 (England patron St. George day) even with the calendar error. A little bit too blatant, but they can get away with anything now. [And no known portrait of Miguel de Cervantes exists, or of Shaksper – only false representations like the painted over Ashbourne portrait.]
Susan has hatched a plan to send posterity a message; first she will re-publish primers that feature the pivotal motif of the abandoned royal baby who grows up to discover his true origins, *Amadis de Gaule,* an out of vogue chivalric romance that Vere was always obsessed with, then reinforced with *The Countess of Montgomery’s Urania* – Susan 'collaborating' just like her father with Anthony Munday and Mary Sidney Wroth. Then after the mammoth task of editing will come the 'The *Big One',* her father's Collected Works (*First Folio*).

• ’1618-19 *Amadis de Gaule* publication. Susan and Mary working on Urania. During publication of *Arxaio-Ploutos,* Jaggard wooing Susan to win the contract to print the *The Big One*.

• ’1621 Urania published. Susan's pregnancy problems continue trying to deliver a healthy male heir, and dealing with husband, Philip Herbert's infidelities.

• ’1622: 'Spanish Match' – thwarting Vere plans by 'bad guy' Buckingham who is the homosexual lover of King James; *Two Noble Henries* (Henry de Vere 18th Earl of Oxford and Southampton) – imprisoned in Tower.
Montage to the climax as Susan produces the *First Folio* –

including artist Martin Droeshout being instructed on how to make the frontispiece look like a *Mask* (Youtube primer: "No, no Mr Jaggard, this is not the picture I want.") – to secure her father's legacy and his obsession with immortality, and to get her brother Henry de Vere out of the Tower of London so Henry can rejoin Southampton and the Protestant push against Spain in the Low Countries where they will die together.
[1622: Elizabeth Norris, Susan's niece escapes Philip Herbert (sneaking away straight to a church to get married)]

• '1623: FINAL SCENE – intercut with a very pertinent Play being performed, *KING LEAR* – Susan was her father's youngest and favourite, mirroring Edward de Vere's fascination with the story of the legendary King Leir of ancient Briton (on which he based his 2 versions of King Lear/Leir) and his favourite daughter Cordelia. Leir was eventually exiled from Britain and fled with Cordelia's help to Gaul. Leir had faith that his daughter Cordelia would somehow, oneday restore his *throne.*

CUT TO a PAN DOWN, down to a SHORELINE, we see that same 17TH CENTURY BOTTLE in the opening shot (that was floating in deep seas) now WASHING UP on the shore, we see there's a MESSAGE IN THE BOTTLE. v.o.:

"My father Edward de Vere is Shakespeare."

THE END

Elizabeth Trentham – Shakespeare's Wife

The most underrated proto-feminist in history

"Unto my dombe man yearlie during his life to be paid..."

.eliz-t.

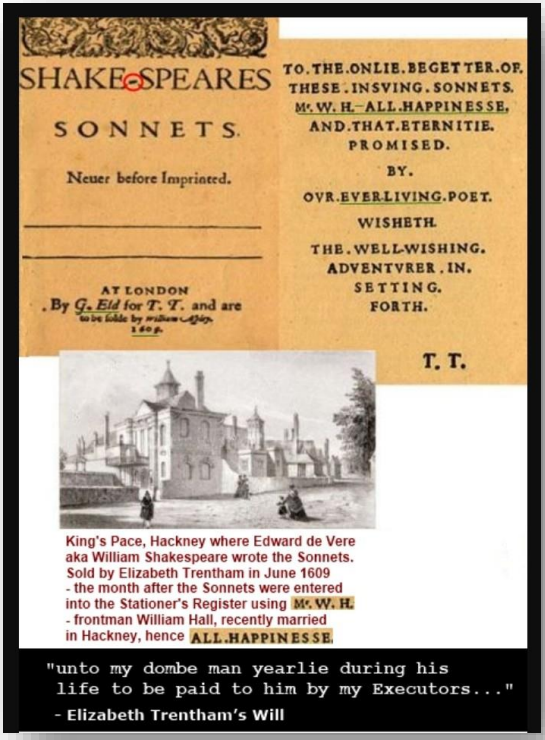
In this piece

• Family – Marriage – Death

• The Lame Storyteller and His Avisa

• Prime Shake-speare Canon Facilitator

• Footnotes & References



Elizabeth Trentham, Countess of Oxford, (b. c. ’1562/3 – d. c. December ’1612) was the wife of Elizabethan courtier, poet,

and playwright Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford (his first wife, Anne Cecil, having died in ’1588).[1]

Elizabeth Trentham has claim to be the most underrated '*shaker*' in history:

Family and early years

Lady Elizabeth was born b. c. ’1562/3 at Rocester, eldest daughter of the wealthy Staffordshire landowner, Thomas Trentham and Jane Sneyd. Thomas had been appointed by the Privy Council, as one of the "principal gentlemen in Staffordshire", to accompany the Scottish Queen Mary from her Staffordshire exile to her trial at Fotheringay in ’1586 (the Earl of Oxford sat on the jury).[2]

Later years and marriage

Later Elizabeth was Maid of Honour to Queen Elizabeth (and possibly a god-daughter of the Queen) for at least 10 years.

She was known for her beauty and savvy, was wooed by several nobleman. Despite having three brothers Elizabeth still became executor of her father’s estate after his death in ’1587… her later extant letters to Robert Cecil, 1st Earl of Salisbury reveal a "sharp-minded, independent woman at ease with legal and business matters and not afraid to flex her muscles."[3]

Vere began courting her some time after the death of first wife in ’1588 and their eventual marriage in late ’1591. Normally Queen Elizabeth frowned upon the poaching of her Maids of Honour by courtiers, but Oxford was not even royally rebuked, much less sent to the Tower, as Raleigh had been, over Elizabeth Throgmorton.[4]

In December ’1591 Vere is forced by William Cecil, 1st Baron Burghley (Queen Elizabeth’s chief advisor) to sign over Castle Hedingham, the de Vere family seat from the time of William the Conqueror, to him in trust for his three daughters, Elizabeth, Bridget and Susan (compare his early *The True*

Chronicle History of King Leir [sic], ’1594, which was later reworked as *King Lear*, ’1603.)

Still Edward had beaten out the competition (including Southampton) even though Elizabeth knew he was 'lame' and broke.

Sonnet 138

…vainly thinking that she thinks me young,
Although she knows my days are past the best.

So the only attraction for her was 'immortality' as facilitator of the Shake-speare canon.

Elizabeth and her brother ffrancis Trentham immediately took over the management of Edward’s near bankrupt estate and gradually returned it to profitability. Silexedra / Fisher’s Folly, in Bishopsgate theater district which Edward had shared with his writing protégés, had already been sold in July ’1591.

The newly married couple then set up house at Stoke-Newington, still within two or three miles of the most successful of London’s popular playhouses, the Curtain and the Theater.[5]

Later, on September 2, ’1597, King’s Place in Hackney, north London, was purchased under the names of Elizabeth and her brother ffrancis Trentham (to keep Edward’s creditors at bay). The Queen’s personal salutation, "…to our well beloved cousin Elizabeth, Countess of Oxenford, wife of Edward, Earl of Oxenford…". King’s Place was a substantial country manor house with a celebrated Great Hall, a classic Tudor Long Gallery, a chapel and "a proper lybrayre to laye bokes in"; the land comprised orchards and fine gardens and around 270 acres of farmland. It would remain their principal London home until Vere’s exit in ’1604, the Countess finally moving in ’1609 after selling it to the poet ffulke Greville.[6]

Issue

Henry de Vere, 18th Earl of Oxford (1593-1625, aged 32) – had no issue.

Probably named after Henry Wriothesley, 3rd Earl of Southampton – the name 'Henry' being unique in the Vere, Cecil, and Trentham families. Later he "went on to become a leading nobleman in a bold, Protestant, anti-Spanish quadrumvirate of the ’1620s, composed of himself and the very same noblemen to whom both the poems and First Folio of Shake-speare’s plays had and would be dedicated: Southampton, William Herbert, 3rd Earl of Pembroke and his brother Philip Herbert, 4th Earl of Pembroke (who was married to Edward’s daughter, Susan de Vere".[7]

Henry was subsequently imprisoned in the Tower in ’1621 over the *Spanish match* – his half-sister Susan used the positive vibe that would be created by the publication of the Shake-spear canon, with its emphasis on the good ol’ days, the 'Histories' and propaganda, to avoid Raleigh’s fate. King James signed Henry’s released from the Tower just weeks after the first recorded purchase of the First Folio in December ’1623. Then it was in his best interests to marry Cecil’s great granddaughter, Diana Cecil.

Death

Elizabeth died circa December ’1612 and was buried 3 January, ’1613 at Hackney. Curiously her Will of November ’1612 bequeaths "unto my dombe man yearlie during his life to be paid to him by my Executors…",[8,9] implying some kind of patsy, perhaps Guillem Shaxper, the Stratford guy.[10]

’1612 – a year to remember

To shake up the family not only does Elizabeth die; there is the possible production of the Ashbourne painting of Edward; protestant saviour Prince Henry dies; so does Robert Cecil; and Henry Peacham publishes 'Minerva Britanna' (Roman *Minerva* = Greek *Athena* goddess of wisdom and civilization, could be read as "England’s spear-shaker", includes the coded "Thy name is de Vere".[11]

Later Peacham's put out "The Compleat Gentleman", '1622 with its exhaustive list of Elizabethan poets. At top of list "Edward, earle of Oxford", but no mention of Shakespeare as if to do so would be a redundancy. In the words of Louis P. Bénézet, "Could the inhabitants of Lilliput ignore Gulliver?"[12]

The Lame Storyteller and His Avisa

Elizabeth was strong-willed and businesslike. She created an environment where Edward could finally settle down and write or rework his poems and plays (like "The Tragical History of Rome***us*** and Juliet" going back to when he was just 12.[13]).

> We may take the marriage of Edward de Vere with Elizabeth Trentham as synchronizing with the advent of the Shakespearean dramas … this twelve years of comfort and seclusion exactly corresponds to the period of the amazing outpouring of the great Shakespearean dramas.[14]

After Edward married Elizabeth the *brandname* 'William Shakespeare' first appeared in literature in '1593 on the dedication page of the narrative poem 'Venus and Adonis'.

Edward was lame since sustaining a leg injury in the '1582 fray with Sir Thomas Knyvet over the honour of his niece Anne Vavasour.

In several of his works and letters he is preoccupied with lameness, "When Your Lordship shall have best time and leisure if I may know it, I will attend Your Lordship as well as a lame man may at your house."[15]

And in the sonnets we have:

> Sonnet 37
>
> As a decrepit father takes delight,
> To see his active childe do deeds of youth,
> So I, made lame by Fortune's dearest spite

Then there is '*Tamburlaine the Great*' loosely based on the life of the Central Asian emperor, Timur the *lame*. Put together

in the mid ’1580s around the same time as '*The Spanish Tragedy*' / *Ur-Hamlet*, when a young Christopher Marlowe would follow Thomas Watson (Vere was the dedicatee/ producer of *Hekatompathia*) to the Vere’s Silexedra at Fisher’s Folly, and run into other hangers-on and secretaries like, Thomas Kyd, Anthony Munday, John Lyly and Thomas Nashe.

Compounded with the death of Anne at just 31, things looked grim for Vere, and posterity, "except but one, the like was never seen":

Willobie his Avisa

In September ’1594 came the first allusion in English literature to the man Shake-speare in *Willobie his Avisa*.[16].

> And Shakespeare, paints poor Lucrece rape.

There appears in the poem a personage, "W.S." a friend of Willobie, who is mentioned as "an old player":

> H.W. being suddenly infected with the contagion of a fantastical fit at the first sight of A[visa], pineth with a secret grief. At length not able any longer to endure the burning heat of so fervent a humour, [H.W.] bewrayeth the secrecy of his disease to his familiar friend W.S., who not long before had tried the courtesy of the like passion – and was now newly recovered of the like infection.

Mark Anderson lays out the evidence that, *H.W.* = Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, who is after *W.S.’s* = Vere’s woman, *Avisa* = Elizabeth.[17]

TRENTAME

Brittons Bowre of Delights, ’1591 – a love poem with the first letter of each line spelling out TRENTAME:[18]

> **T**ime made a stay when the highest powers wrought
> **R**egard of love where virtue had her grace,
> **E**xcellence rare of every beauty sought
> **N**otes of the heart where honour had her place,
> **T**ried by the touch of the most approved truth,
> **A** worthy saint to serve a heavenly queen,
> **M**ore fair than she that was the fame of youth,
> **E**xcept but one, the like was never seen.

Prime Shake-speare Canon Facilitator

The *Sonnets* published in ’1609 are really the simplest way-in to see that Edward de Vere is William Shakespeare (and conversely a major headache for Stratos).

Elizabeth Trentham was obsessed with restoration of the Vere family seat of Castle Hedingham in Essex for their son Henry, now the 18th Earl of Oxford.

In ’1591, *Vere*, *a la* King *Lear* (note the rhyme), had signed Castle Hedingham over to his (then young) 3 daughters in trust as a result of pressure from William Cecil Lord Burghley (their grandfather).

By ’1607 this *dispossession* grates on Elizabeth Trentham, Henry is now 14 and needs to take his rightful place in society.

The 3 daughters have married well and don’t need Castle Hedingham.

Elizabeth was going to need a lot of money to buy out the daughters (and their husbands) more than the proceeds from the sale of King’s Place (it had been the scene of Henry VIII reconciliation with daughter, Mary; then it has a series of owners, including William Herbert, 1st Earl of Pembroke) in Hackney – where Vere spent the last years of his life writing new works and revising old ones.

Elizabeth Trentham was also going to have to sell some of her late husband's works too.

She had access to expert advice on the literary market through Susan de Vere's mother-in-law, Mary Sidney Herbert (mother of the "INCOMPARABLE PAIRE OF BRETHREN" and her 'close' friend Fulke Greville. Both edited Philip Sidney's works for publication after his death, including *Astrophel and Stella*, being an important milestone in the history of the English sonnet.

Despite their individual loyalties Fulke Greville and Edward de Vere go way back at least 30 years to the early '1570s. Once when their fireworks antics in Warwick (Fulke's hometown in Stratford on Avon) got out of hand and they had to teamed up to rescue some villagers from burning houses.

In '1608 they test the market since no Shakespeare work has been published since Vere's death in 1604 after averaging 2 publications each year since he settled down with Elizabeth in the early '1590s. Indeed Robert Brazil ('1955 – '2010) notes that where before the marketing slogan for the latest Shake-spear publication was often "improved" or "newly augmented", use of such wording in Prefaces stopped after '1604.

These Plays were mainly reworks and included King Lear ('1608 – revision of '1594 – the happy ending version).

And *Troilus and Cressida,* '1608 [revision of *A History of Agememnon and Ulysses '1584*; and '1599 (and almost in '1603).

The Preface contains a strange salutation:
A never writer to an ever reader. An obvious pun,
An E. Vere writer to an E. Vere reader.

It goes on to mention the 'GRAND POSSESSOR' of the Shake-speare works following Vere's death 5 years earlier (remember Shaksper is still alive).

And it's the same printer as the Sonnets, the one and only, George Eld.

Shake-speare Plays would not be enough.
They know they are going to need something special to really wow the market.

They all know about Vere's Sonnets that were passed around these literary families for years (just like Philip Sidney's were).

In the meantime, Elizabeth Trentham is having King's Place cleaned and made ready for sale.

On 1 April ’1609 Elizabeth Trentham was given royal permission to sell King's Place.

Next they use William Hall as their frontman in getting the Sonnets published – Stationer's Register 20 May ’1609 – Hall also 'procured' *A Four-Fold Meditation,* ’1606 – for same printer as Sonnets, viz., George Eld – Hall had with connections to Vere through Anthony Munday, Hall's cousin; he was mixed up Munday's/Vere's *The Mirror of Mutability* ’1579 also dedicated to Vere – back in their Silexedra-Bishopsgate early days – Hall a probable 'hanger-on' followed Vere to King's Place.

Fulke Greville was then only too happy to make up the difference – Kings Place is then straight away in June sold by Elizabeth Trentham to him for £4,980.

Immediately, after all this on July 8, ’1609, Countess Elizabeth Trentham signed papers that brought Castle Hedingham back into the de Vere family.

So either side of the publication of the Sonnets its all happening among the GRAND POSSESSORS at Hackney:
We have them procured by a Hackneyman, Hall who had been recently married in Hackney, hence:

Mr. W.H. ALL HAPPINESSE *(which can also be read as*
Mr. W. HALL HAPPINESSE *on your recent marriage)*

And we have the man that edited Philip Sidney's work, Fulke Greville (very much connected to the Veres and Sidney-Herberts, but no record connects Greville to any Guillem

Shaxper even though they are both from Stratford), in the thick of it.

Some years ago there was a news report – The Daily Telegraph – "Tomb could end riddle of Shakespeare's true identity" – about Fulke Greville's expensive tomb in Warwick where some Stratos thought there might be the only extant Shakespeare manuscripts – mysteriously they called off the high tech underground probe when they found out about the Edward de Vere connection to Hackney (but no similar documentary evidence whatsoever linking Greville to Shaxper).

> [Rupert Murdoch is also very much connected to our project through 'Hackney' not just because it is where Edward de Vere wrote SHAKE-SPEARES SONNETS, but because that's where the word 'hack' originates – over-used horse or coach especially for hire (they were paddocked and stabled there in the N.E. London borough of Hackney in the old days) – hence, 'hackneyed'; 'hack writer, and to more recently, to 'hack' into someone's mobile phone!]

And of course the standard eulogy phrase OUR EVER-LIVING POET clearly tells us the poet was now dead – Edward de Vere having died 5 years earlier (Guillem Shaksper is still living for another 7 years).

Even Stratos agree there were no Sonnets written later than '1604, the year de Vere died (cf. Guillem Shaxper d. '1616).

A nice and simple place to start is Sonnet 37.
It then plugs like a main circuit cable straight into the Plays – King Le*i*r (c. '1594) / and the later King Le*a*r *Rework.*

The *Merchant of Venice's* brilliant Portia is based on Elizabeth. Portia, a woman no less, was the Shake-spear canon's greatest legal mind. Portia is Vere's most touching tribute.[19]

It was Elizabeth, a woman no less, again, that managed to get Castle Headingham back from the perpetually (all the way to "Bob's your uncle" nepotism of Prime Minister Robert Cecil and the rise of his nephew, Arthur Balfour, of the namesake Declaration) power and wealth accumulating Cecils.

In conclusion, the person to be credited most with facilitating the Shake-speare canon that we enjoy today is the savvy proto-feminist Elizabeth Trentham.

~*~*~*~*~

Footnotes

1. The De Vere Society, jeremycrick.info/TrenthamPics/TrenthamTree.pdf
2. The De Vere Society, deveresociety.co.uk/OxfordChron.html
3. Anderson, pp. xix & 251
4. Allen
5. Ward
6.The De Vere Society, deveresociety.co.uk/OxfordChron.html
7. Wright, "Who Was Edward de Vere?" quoted by Delahoyde, wsu.edu/~delahoyd/shakespeare/bio.html
8. Ogburn
9. socrates.berkeley.edu/~ahnelson/oxdocs.html
10. Delahoyde, Michael (2009). "The Shakspere Signatures". Washington State University. wsu.edu/~delahoyd/shakespeare/signatures.html
11. Anderson, p. 409
12. Anderson, p. 367 and notes p.562
13. Ogburn
14. Looney, p.366-8
15. Anderson, p. 291
16. Ogburn
17. Anderson, p. 282
18. Anderson, p. 249, quotes Bronson Feldman, "The Secret Verses of Edward de Vere", The Bard, 1982
19. Anderson, pp. 251 & 296

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• Mark Anderson. 'Shakespeare' by Another Name: The Life of Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford, The Man Who Was Shakespeare. Gotham, ’11
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DAP Score – *Impostor Calculator*

We have all these famous people. But how can we be sure they deserve the credit. "History is full of dead white males". Often privileged with lots of family money and connections, one’s father was even 'god'. The ones that weren’t so privileged were supposed to be natural geniuses – but a closer look shows that there is very little concrete historical evidence to support what they have supposed to have done – myth becomes fact, history re-written. There really is no need to separate a Library into *Fiction* and *Non-Fiction* – it’s all *Fiction*. All this spinmeistering is to suit some group’s purpose, and usually becomes an established powerful money making industry, including *Will Extortion* of the gullible elderly – the "*Tickets to Heaven*" con job – leaving future generations dispossessed and invariably lined up for welfare.

The 'D.A.P. Score' is a formula for ranking people – an imposter exposer calculator, if you like. It is designed to weed out famous, influential people who have had a lot of help, to say the least. Each of the 3 variables has a maximum score of 10. So the total maximum score is 1000.

You can calculate the DAP score for anybody, yourself or some famous figure.

"D" = Degree of DIFFICULTY – in getting started / growing up, e.g. born into a 3rd world or advanced nation, poor or affluent family, well-grounded/stable or dysfunctional upbringing – alcoholic or caring parents, etc.
So a very difficult start would score near 10, a very easy start, lots of assistance from family, connections, stable advanced economy would score near 0.
Remember that if "D" is low or zero, there's not much point in continuing further and analyzing the next variables "A" and "P" – because even if they are maximums you still end up with zilch: 0 x 10 x 10 = 0

> "A" = Degree of ACHIEVEMENT based on "D" (the degree of difficulty in getting started).
> "P" = Degree of POTENTIAL, essentially for 'immortality'.
> Thus, in summary, **DAP = D x A x P**
> The maximum is 10 x 10 x 10 = 1000

Let's now look at some examples:

* William Shakspere

Most likely pronounced 'shack' or 'shax' – seems to have been spelt lots of different ways – we only have 6 dubious signatures – no letters or manuscripts, because he was illiterate – held out to be *William Shakespeare,* the playwright, by the multi-billion dollar Stratford Sham Industry. *Degree of Difficulty* pretty average, didn't achieve anything above the ordinary, but has a strong potential for immortality. Yep, the *Establishment* has credited him with the achievements of *Edward de Vere*. Just shows you if they can get away with re-writing history in this case, what else do they teach our children that has no sound foundation in a little thing called 'reality'.

Why do we continue to let these tenured, lifetime employment, elitist academes teach our children such nonsense?

> *Guillem Shaxper's* DAP score = 10 x 0 x 10 = 0
> (0% of a maximum 1000)

* T.E. Lawrence

Blame goes to Lowell Thomas, the American journalist commissioned by the government to get the wary public interested in sending their sons to the slaughter. Thomas started out in the Western front stalemate, then had the bright idea to check out the Palestine (as it was then called on maps) campaign. Then he stumbled onto 'Ned' (as his family called him) in Arab garb …well, Thomas knew right away he could make something out of this.
Ned had a somewhat 'Difficult' start – father runs off with maid, takes her name, which really means Lawrence is 'Chapman' – finding out he was actually a bastard seems to have effected him; didn't 'Achieve' what Hollywood said he did – that was the Australian Light Horse who he despised to the point of envy; but he certainly does have the 'Potential' for immortality.

Ned's DAP score = 5 x 0 x 10 = 0 (0% of a maximum 1000)

* Bill Gates

Has high probability of being one of the richest men that ever lived.

His "D" score: born into an advanced nation, affluent family line, and again, given the achievement bug by his grandmother.
A closer look at the development of Microsoft shows that it if not for, Paul Allen, Bill Gates would be still trying to graduate from Harvard. It was Allen that first identified the seed of the future Microsoft. And much of the later software, that fuelled the exponential development was essentially plagiarized.
So again we have a "D" score approaching 0.

Thus, a guess would throw up:

Bill Gate's DAP score = 0 x 10 x 10 = 0
(0% of a maximum 1000)

* Albert Einstein

The "D" score: born into an advanced nation, reasonably affluent family, considerable useful influence came from his uncle, excellent academic environment / facilities, and a first wife that may well have played a greater role than we will ever know.
The "A" and "P" scores are pretty obvious.

Thus, a guess would throw up:

Albert Einstein's DAP score = 7 x 10 x 10 = 700 (70% of a maximum 1000)

* James Watson

James Watson along with Francis Crick and Maurice Wilkins shot to fame, including the '1962 Nobel Prize for their structure of DNA – the double helix, but they lifted the work of *Rosalind Franklin* (b. 25 July '1920).

She was the ultimate loser, dying of cancer at age 38 in '1958 (*talk about bad luck!*) never knowing just how much her colleagues ripped her off, because to them she was just a stupid female. The plagiarists basked in their sham glory past their 80s. Refer p563-8 *Science – A History*, John Gribbin, and the "Rosalind Franklin – The Dark Lady of DNA", Brenda Maddox)

James Watson's DAP score = 0 x 0 x 10 = 0
(0% of a maximum 1000)

* Charles 'Hank' Bukowski

Bukowski had a challenging start, but stumbled on to John Martin, who himself commands a high DAP score. In a sense the two men are inextricably coupled for eternity.

> Bukowski's DAP score = 10 x 10 x 10 = 1000
> (100% of a maximum 1000)

..

Feedback:
From: Laurel Smith
ladydoconthebayou@earthlink.net
To: peter_hogan@hotmail.com *[old email address]*
Subject: DAP
Date: Fri, 05 May 2000 23:17:41 -0500
MIME-Version: 1.0
Received: from [207.217.121.50] by hotmail.com (3.2) with ESMTP
id MHotMailBADCE7830026D82197D0CFD979329D400; Fri May 05 21:16:04 2000
Received: from earthlink.net (1Cust227.tnt5.houma.la.da.uu.net
[63.14.152.227]) by avocet.prod.itd.earthlink.net (8.9.3/8.9.3) with ESMTP id
VAA14700for ; Fri, 5 May 2000 21:16:01 -0700 (PDT)
From: ladydoconthebayou@earthlink.net
Fri May 05 21:16:23 2000
Message-ID: <39139CE5.C229E9C@earthlink.net>
X-Mailer: Mozilla 4.05 [en]C-NECCK (Win95; U)

I appreciate the concept. Very eloquently organized.

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'The D.A.P. Score' was first developed by Peter Hogan in Shinsaibashi Japan '1993

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Glossary

Strato

Also 'Stratfordian': anyone who believes Guillem Shaksper of Stratford is not a frontman for the "Stratford Sham Industry" (whose members, unlike us *LPDs*, have lifetime employment); also Stratfordolaters, Shakesperoids, thugs, bangalores, troglodytes, herumfrodites, blatherskites, buccaneers, bandoleers – Mark Twain, pseudonym for Samuel Langhorne Clemens, ’1909.

Mark Twain defines Stratos in greater detail

For the instruction of the IGNORANT he makes a list of those details of Shakespeare's history which are FACTS – verified facts, established facts, undisputed facts:

FACTS

He was born on the 23d of April, '1564.

Of good farmer-class parents who could not read, could not write, could not sign their names.

At Stratford, a small back settlement which in that day was shabby and unclean, and densely illiterate. Of the nineteen important men charged with the government of the town, thirteen had to 'make their mark' in attesting important documents, because they could not write their names.

Of the first eighteen years of his life NOTHING is known. They are a blank.

On the 27th of November ('1582) Guillem Shaksper took out a license to marry Anne Whateley.

Next day Guillem Shaksper took out a license to marry Anne Hathaway.
She was eight years his senior.

Guillem Shaksper married Anne Hathaway. In a hurry. By grace of a reluctantly-granted dispensation there was but one publication of the banns.

Within six months the first child was born.

About two blank years followed, during which period NOTHING AT ALL HAPPENED TO SHAKSPER, so far as anybody knows.

Then came twins – '1585. February.

Two blank years follow.

Then '1587 – he makes a ten-year visit to London, leaving the family behind.

Five blank years follow. During this period NOTHING HAPPENED TO HIM, as far as anybody actually knows.

Then ’1592 – there is mention of him as an actor.

Next year ’1593 – his name appears in the official list of players.

Next year ’1594 – he played before the queen. A detail of no consequence: other obscurities did it every year of the forty-five of her reign. And remained obscure.

Three pretty full years follow. Full of play-acting.

Then in ’1597 he bought New Place, Stratford.

Thirteen or fourteen busy years follow; years in which he accumulated money, and also reputation as actor and manager.

Meantime his name, liberally and variously spelt, had become associated with a number of great plays and poems, as (ostensibly) author of the same.

Some of these, in these years and later, were pirated, but he made no protest.

Then ’1610-1611- he returned to Stratford and settled down for good and all, and busied himself in lending money, trading in tithes, trading in land and houses; shirking a debt of forty-one shillings, borrowed by his wife during his long desertion of his family; suing debtors for shillings and coppers; being sued himself for shillings and coppers; and acting as confederate to a neighbor who tried to rob the town of its rights in a certain common, and did not succeed.

He lived five or six years, till ’1616 – in the joy of these elevated pursuits.

Then he made a will, and signed each of its three pages with his name.

A thoroughgoing business man’s will. It named in minute detail every item of property he owned in the world – houses,

lands, sword, solver-gilt bowl, and son on – all the way down to his SECOND-BEST BED and its furniture.

It carefully and calculatingly distributed his riches among the members of his family, overlooking no individual of it. Not even his wife: the wife he had been enabled to marry in a hurry by urgent grace of a special dispensation before he was nineteen; the wife whom he had left husbandless so many years; the wife who had to borrow forty-one shillings in her need, and which the lender was never able to collect of the prosperous husband, but died at last with the money lacking.

No, even this wife was remembered in Shaksper's will.
He left her that 'second-best bed'.

And NOT ANOTHER THING, no even a penny to bless her lucky widowhood with.
It was eminently and conspicuously a business man's will, not a poet's.
It mentioned NOT A SINGLE BOOK.
Books were much more precious than swords and silver-gilt bowls and 'second-best bed' in those days, and when a departing person owned one he gave it a high place in his will.
The will mentioned NOT A PLAY, NOT A POEM, NOT AN UNFINISHED LITERARY WORK, NOT A SCRAP OF A MANUSCRIPT OF ANY KIND.
Many poets have died poor; but this is the only one in history that has died 'this' poor; the others all left literary remains behind. Also a book.
Maybe two.

If Shaxper had owned a dog – but we need not go into that: we know he would have mentioned it in his will. If a good dog, Susanna would have got it; if an inferior one his wife would have got a dower interest in it. I wish he had a dog; just so we could see how painstakingly he would have divided that dog among the family, in his careful business way.

He signed the will in three places.
In earlier years he signed two other official documents.

These five signatures still exist.
There are NO OTHER SPECIMENS OF HIS PENMANSHIP IN EXISTENCE. Not a line.
Was he prejudiced against the art? His granddaughter, whom he loved, was eight years old when he died, yet she had no teaching, he left no provision for her education although he was rich, and in her mature womanhood she couldn't write and couldn't tell her husband's manuscript from anybody else's – she thought it was Shaksper's.

When Shaksper died in Stratford IT WAS NOT AN EVENT. It made no more stir in England than the death of any other forgotten theater-actor would have made. Nobody came down from London; there were no lamentin poems, no eulogies, no national tears – there was merely silence, and nothing more. A striking contrast with what happened when Ben Jonson, and Francis Bacon, and Spenser, and Raleigh and other distinguished literary folk of Shaksper's time passed from life! No praiseful voice was lifetd for the lost Bard of Avon; even Ben Jonson waited seven years before he lifted his.

SO FAR AS ANYBODY ACTUALLY KNOWS AND CAN PROVE, Shaksper of Stratford-on-Avon never wrote a play in his life.
SO FAR AS ANYBODY KNOWS AND CAN PROVE, he never wrote a letter to anybody in his life.
SO FAR AS ANYBODY KNOWS, HE RECEIVED ONLY ONE LETTER DURING HIS LIFE.
So far as any one KNOWS AND CAN PROVE, Shaksper of Stratford wrote only one poem during his life. This one is authentic.
He did write that one – a fact which stands undisputed; he wrote the whole of it; he wrote the whole of it out of his own head.
He commanded that this work of art be engraved upon his tomb, and he was obeyed. There it abides to this day. This is it:

> Good friend for Iesus sake forbeare
> To digg the dust encloased heare:
> Blest be ye man yet spares the stones
> And curst be he yet moves my bones.

In the list as above set down, will be found EVERY POSITIVELY KNOWN fact of Shaksper's life, lean and meagre as the invoice is. Beyond these details we know NOT A THING about him. All the rest of his vast history, as furnished by the biographers, is built up, course upon course, of guesses, inferences, theories, conjectures – an Eiffel Tower of artificialities rising sky-high from a very flat and very thin foundation of inconsequential facts.

…How curious and interesting is the parallel – as far as poverty of biographical details is concerned – between Satan and Shaksper. It is wonderful, it is unique, it stands quite alone, there is nothing resembling it in history, nothing resembling it in romance, nothing approaching it even in tradition. How sublime is their position, and how over-topping, how sky-reaching, how supreme – the two Great Unknowns, the two Illustrious Conjecturabilities! They are the best-known unknown persons that have ever drawn breath upon the planet…

.

Scattered here and there through the stacks of unpublished manuscript which constitute this formidable Autobiography and Diary of mine, certain chapters will in some distant future be found which deal with "Claimants" – claimants historically notorious: Satan, Claimant; the Golden Calf, Claimant; the Veiled Prophet of Khorassan, Claimant; Louis XVII., Claimant; Guillem Shaksper, Claimant; Arthur Orton, Claimant; Mary Baker G. Eddy, Claimant – and the rest of them. Eminent Claimants, successful Claimants, defeated Claimants, royal Claimants, pleb Claimants, showy Claimants, shabby Claimants, revered Claimants, despised Claimants, twinkle starlike here and there and yonder through the mists of history and legend and tradition – and oh, all the darling tribe are clothed in mystery and romance, and we read about them with deep interest and discuss them with loving sympathy or with rancorous resentment, according to which side we hitch ourselves to. It has always been so with the human race.

There was never a Claimant that couldn't get a hearing, nor one that couldn't accumulate a rapturous following, no matter how flimsy and apparently unauthentic his claim might be. Arthur Orton's claim that he was the lost Tichborne baronet come to life again was as flimsy as Mrs. Eddy's that she wrote Science and Health from the direct dictation of the Deity; yet in England near forty years ago Orton had a huge army of devotees and incorrigible adherents, many of whom remained stubbornly unconvinced after their fat god had been proven an impostor and jailed as a perjurer, and to-day Mrs. Eddy's following is not only immense, but is daily augmenting in numbers and enthusiasm. Orton had many fine and educated minds among his adherents, Mrs. Eddy has had the like among hers from the beginning. Her church is as well equipped in those particulars as is any other church. Claimants can always count upon a following, it doesn't matter who they are, nor what they claim, nor whether they come with documents or without. It was always so. Down out of the long-vanished past, across the abyss of the ages, if you listen you can still hear the believing multitudes shouting for Perkin Warbeck and Lambert Simnel.

A friend has sent me a new book, from England – "The Shakespeare Problem Restated" – well restated and closely reasoned; and my fifty years' interest in that matter – asleep for the last three years – is excited once more…

..

When I was a Sunday-school scholar something more than sixty years ago, I became interested in Satan, and wanted to find out all I could about him. I began to ask questions, but my class-teacher, Mr. Barclay the stone-mason, was reluctant about answering them, it seemed to me. I was anxious to be praised for turning my thoughts to serious subjects when there wasn't another boy in the village who could be hired to do such a thing. I was greatly interested in the incident of Eve and the serpent, and thought Eve's calmness was perfectly noble. I asked Mr. Barclay if he had ever heard of another woman who, being approached by a serpent, would not excuse herself and

break for the nearest timber. He did not answer my question, but rebuked me for inquiring into matters above my age and comprehension. I will say for Mr. Barclay that he was willing to tell me the facts of Satan's history, but he stopped there: he wouldn't allow any discussion of them.

In the course of time we exhausted the facts. There were only five or six of them, you could set them all down on a visiting-card. I was disappointed. I had been meditating a biography, and was grieved to find that there were no materials. I said as much, with the tears running down. Mr. Barclay's sympathy and compassion were aroused, for he was a most kind and gentle-spirited man, and he patted me on the head and cheered me up by saying there was a whole vast ocean of materials! I can still feel the happy thrill which these blessed words shot through me.

Then he began to bail out that ocean's riches for my encouragement and joy. Like this: it was "conjectured" – though not established- -that Satan was originally an angel in heaven; that he fell; that he rebelled, and brought on a war; that he was defeated, and banished to perdition. Also, "we have reason to believe" that later he did so-and-so; that "we are warranted in supposing" that at a subsequent time he travelled extensively, seeking whom he might devour; that a couple of centuries afterward, "as tradition instructs us," he took up the cruel trade of tempting people to their ruin, with vast and fearful results; that by-and-by, "as the probabilities seem to indicate," he may have done certain things, he might have done certain other things, he must have done still other things.

And so on and so on. We set down the five known facts by themselves, on a piece of paper, and numbered it "page 1″; then on fifteen hundred other pieces of paper we set down the "conjectures," and "suppositions," and "maybes," and "perhapses," and "doubtlesses," and "rumors," and "guesses," and "probabilities," and "likelihoods," and "we are permitted to thinks," and "we are warranted in believings," and "might have beens," and "could have beens," and "must have beens," and

"unquestionablys," and "without a shadow of doubts" – and behold!

..

CONJECTURES

The historians "suppose" that Shaksper attended the Free School in Stratford from the time he was seven years old till he was thirteen. There is no EVIDENCE in existence that he ever went to school at all.

The historians "infer" that he got his Latin in that school – the school which they "suppose" he attended.

They "suppose" his father's declining fortunes made it necessary for him to leave the school they supposed he attended, and get to work and help support his parents and their ten children. But there is no evidence that he ever entered or retired from the school they suppose he attended.

They "suppose" he assisted his father in the butchering business; and that, being only a boy, he didn't have to do full-grown butchering, but only slaughtered calves. Also, that whenever he killed a calf he made a high-flown speech over it. This supposition rests upon the testimony of a man who wasn't there at the time; a man who got it from a man who could have been there, but did not say whether he was or not; and neither of them thought to mention it for decades, and decades, and decades, and two more decades after Shaksper's death (until old age and mental decay had refreshed and vivified their memories). They hadn't two facts in stock about the long-dead distinguished citizen, but only just the one: he slaughtered calves and broke into oratory while he was at it. Curious. They had only one fact, yet the distinguished citizen had spent twenty-six years in that little town – just half his lifetime. However, rightly viewed, it was the most important fact, indeed almost the only important fact, of Shaksper's life in Stratford. Rightly viewed. For experience is an author's most valuable asset; experience is the thing that puts the muscle and the breath and the warm blood into the book he writes. Rightly

viewed, calf-butchering accounts for Titus Andronicus, the only play – ain't it? – that the Stratford Shaksper ever wrote; and yet it is the only one everybody tries to chouse him out of, the Baconians included.

The historians find themselves "justified in believing" that the young Shaksper poached upon Sir Thomas Lucy's deer preserves and got haled before that magistrate for it. But there is no shred of respectworthy evidence that anything of the kind happened.

The historians, having argued the thing that MIGHT have happened into the thing that DID happen, found no trouble in turning Sir Thomas Lucy into Mr. Justice Shallow. They have long ago convinced the world – on surmise and without trustworthy evidence – that Shallow IS Sir Thomas.

The next addition to the young Shaksper's Stratford history comes easy. The historian builds it out of the surmised deer-stealing, and the surmised trial before the magistrate, and the surmised vengeance-prompted satire upon the magistrate in the play: result, the young Shaksper was a wild, wild, wild, oh SUCH a wild young scamp, and that gratuitous slander is established for all time! It is the very way Professor Osborn and I built the colossal skeleton brontosaur that stands fifty-seven feet long and sixteen feet high in the Natural History Museum, the awe and admiration of all the world, the stateliest skeleton that exists on the planet. We had nine bones, and we built the rest of him out of plaster of paris. We ran short of plaster of paris, or we'd have built a brontosaur that could sit down beside the Stratford Shaksper and none but an expert could tell which was biggest or contained the most plaster.

…take a lap-bred, house-fed, uneducated, inexperienced kitten; take a rugged old Tom that's scarred from stem to rudder-post with the memorials of strenuous experience, and is so cultured, so educated, so limitlessly erudite that one may say of him "all cat-knowledge is his province"; also, take a mouse. Lock the three up in a holeless, crackless, exitless prison-cell. Wait half an hour, then open the cell, introduce a Shakespearite and a

Baconian, and let them cipher and assume. The mouse is missing: the question to be decided is, where is it? You can guess both verdicts beforehand. One verdict will say the kitten contains the mouse; the other will as certainly say the mouse is in the tomcat.

The Shakespearite will Reason like this – (that is not my word, it is his). He will say the kitten MAY HAVE BEEN attending school when nobody was noticing; therefore WE ARE WARRANTED IN ASSUMING that it did so; also, it COULD HAVE BEEN training in a court-clerk's office when no one was noticing; since that could have happened, WE ARE JUSTIFIED IN ASSUMING that it did happen; it COULD HAVE STUDIED CATOLOGY IN A GARRET when no one was noticing – therefore it DID; it COULD HAVE attended cat-assizes on the shed-roof nights, for recreation, when no one was noticing, and harvested a knowledge of cat court-forms and cat lawyer-talk in that way: it COULD have done it, therefore without a doubt it did; it could have gone soldiering with a war-tribe when no one was noticing, and learned soldier-wiles and soldier-ways, and what to do with a mouse when opportunity offers; the plain inference, therefore is, that that is what it DID. Since all these manifold things COULD have occurred, we have EVERY RIGHT TO BELIEVE they did occur. These patiently and painstakingly accumulated vast acquirements and competences needed but one thing more – opportunity – to convert themselves into triumphant action. The opportunity came, we have the result; BEYOND SHADOW OF QUESTION the mouse is in the kitten.

It is proper to remark that when we of the three cults plant a "WE THINK WE MAY ASSUME," we expect it, under careful watering and fertilizing and tending, to grow up into a strong and hardy and weather-defying "THERE ISN'T A SHADOW OF A DOUBT" at last – and it usually happens…

When Shaksper died, in '1616, great literary productions attributed to him as author had been before the London world and in high favor for twenty-four years. Yet his death was not an event. It made no stir, it attracted no attention. Apparently

his eminent literary contemporaries did not realize that a celebrated poet had passed from their midst. Perhaps they knew a play-actor of minor rank had disappeared, but did not regard him as the author of his Works. "We are justified in assuming" this.

His death was not even an event in the little town of Stratford. Does this mean that in Stratford he was not regarded as a celebrity of ANY kind?

"We are privileged to assume" – no, we are indeed OBLIGED to assume- -that such was the case. He had spent the first twenty-two or twenty-three years of his life there, and of course knew everybody and was known by everybody of that day in the town, including the dogs and the cats and the horses. He had spent the last five or six years of his life there, diligently trading in every big and little thing that had money in it; so we are compelled to assume that many of the folk there in those said latter days knew him personally, and the rest by sight and hearsay. But not as a CELEBRITY? Apparently not. For everybody soon forgot to remember any contact with him or any incident connected with him. The dozens of townspeople, still alive, who had known of him or known about him in the first twenty-three years of his life were in the same unremembering condition: if they knew of any incident connected with that period of his life they didn't tell about it. Would they if they had been asked? It is most likely. Were they asked? It is pretty apparent that they were not. Why weren't they? It is a very plausible guess that nobody there or elsewhere was interested to know.

For seven years after Shaksper's death nobody seems to have been interested in him. Then the quarto was published, and Ben Jonson awoke out of his long indifference and sang a song of praise and put it in the front of the book. Then silence fell AGAIN.

For sixty years. Then inquiries into Shaksper's Stratford life began to be made, of Stratfordians. Of Stratfordians who had known Shaksper or had seen him? No. Then of Stratfordians

who had seen people who had known or seen people who had seen Shaksper? No. Apparently the inquiries were only made of Stratfordians who were not Stratfordians of Shaksper's day, but later comers; and what they had learned had come to them from persons who had not seen Shaksper; and what they had learned was not claimed as FACT, but only as legend – dim and fading and indefinite legend; legend of the calf-slaughtering rank, and not worth remembering either as history or fiction.

Has it ever happened before – or since – that a celebrated person who had spent exactly half of a fairly long life in the village where he was born and reared, was able to slip out of this world and leave that village voiceless and gossipless behind him – utterly voiceless, utterly gossipless? And permanently so? I don't believe it has happened in any case except Shaksper's. And couldn't and wouldn't have happened in his case if he had been regarded as a celebrity at the time of his death…

Am I trying to convince anybody that Shaksper did not write Shake-speare's Works? Ah, now, what do you take me for? Would I be so soft as that, after having known the human race familiarly for nearly seventy-four years? It would grieve me to know that any one could think so injuriously of me, so uncomplimentarily, so unadmiringly of me. No-no, I am aware that when even the brightest mind in our world has been trained up from childhood in a superstition of any kind, it will never be possible for that mind, in its maturity, to examine sincerely, dispassionately, and conscientiously any evidence or any circumstance which shall seem to cast a doubt upon the validity of that superstition. I doubt if I could do it myself. We always get at second hand our notions about systems of government; and high-tariff and low-tariff; and prohibition and anti-prohibition; and the holiness of peace and the glories of war; and codes of honor and codes of morals; and approval of the duel and disapproval of it; and our beliefs concerning the nature of cats; and our ideas as to whether the murder of helpless wild animals is base or is heroic; and our preferences in the matter of religious and political parties; and our

acceptance or rejection of the Shakspers and the Arthur Ortons and the Mrs. Eddys. We get them all at second-hand, we reason none of them out for ourselves. It is the way we are made. It is the way we are all made, and we can't help it, we can't change it. And whenever we have been furnished a fetish, and have been taught to believe in it, and love it and worship it, and refrain from examining it, there is no evidence, howsoever clear and strong, that can persuade us to withdraw from it our loyalty and our devotion. In morals, conduct, and beliefs we take the color of our environment and associations, and it is a color that can safely be warranted to wash. Whenever we have been furnished with a tar baby ostensibly stuffed with jewels, and warned that it will be dishonorable and irreverent to disembowel it and test the jewels, we keep our sacrilegious hands off it. We submit, not reluctantly, but rather gladly, for we are privately afraid we should find, upon examination, that the jewels are of the sort that are manufactured at North Adams, Mass.

I haven't any idea that Shaksper will have to vacate his pedestal this side of the year 2209. Disbelief in him cannot come swiftly, disbelief in a healthy and deeply-loved tar baby has never been known to disintegrate swiftly, it is a very slow process. It took several thousand years to convince our fine race – including every splendid intellect in it – that there is no such thing as a witch; it has taken several thousand years to convince that same fine race – including every splendid intellect in it – that there is no such person as Satan; it has taken several centuries to remove perdition from the Protestant Church's program of postmortem entertainments; it has taken a weary long time to persuade American Presbyterians to give up infant damnation and try to bear it the best they can; and it looks as if their Scotch brethren will still be burning babies in the everlasting fires when Shaksper comes down from his perch…

...One of the most trying defects which I find in these Stratfordolaters, these Shakesperoids, these thugs, these bangalores, these troglodytes, these herumfrodites, these

blatherskites, these buccaneers, these bandoleers, is their spirit of irreverence…

…Now then, what aggravates me is, that these troglodytes and muscovites and bandoleers and buccaneers are ALSO trying to crowd in and share the benefit of the law, and compel everybody to revere their Shaksper and hold him sacred…

Isn't it odd, when you think of it: that you may list all the celebrated Englishmen, Irishmen, and Scotchmen of modern times, clear back to the first Tudors – a list containing five hundred names, shall we say? – and you can go to the histories, biographies and cyclopedias and learn the particulars of the lives of every one of them. Every one of them except one – the most famous, the most renowned – by far the most illustrious of them all – Shaksper! You can get the details of the lives of all the celebrated ecclesiastics in the list; all the celebrated tragedians, comedians, singers, dancers, orators, judges, lawyers, poets, dramatists, historians, biographers, editors, inventors, reformers, statesmen, generals, admirals, discoverers, prize-fighters, murderers, pirates, conspirators, horse-jockeys, bunco-steerers, misers, swindlers, explorers, adventurers by land and sea, bankers, financiers, astronomers, naturalists, Claimants, impostors, chemists, biologists, geologists, philologists, college presidents and professors, architects, engineers, painters, sculptors, politicians, agitators, rebels, revolutionists, patriots, demagogues, clowns, cooks, freaks, philosophers, burglars, highwaymen, journalists, physicians, surgeons – you can get the life-histories of all of them but ONE. Just one – the most extraordinary and the most celebrated of them all – Shaksper!

You may add to the list the thousand celebrated persons furnished by the rest of Christendom in the past four centuries, and you can find out the life-histories of all those people, too. You will then have listed 1500 celebrities, and you can trace the authentic life-histories of the whole of them. Save one – far and away the most colossal prodigy of the entire accumulation – Shaksper! About him you can find out NOTHING. Nothing of

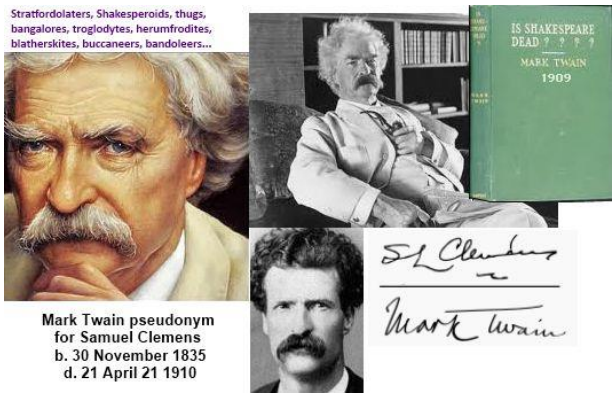
even the slightest importance. Nothing worth the trouble of stowing away in your memory. Nothing that even remotely indicates that he was ever anything more than a distinctly common-place person – a manager, an actor of inferior grade, a small trader in a small village that did not regard him as a person of any consequence, and had forgotten all about him before he was fairly cold in his grave. We can go to the records and find out the life-history of every renowned RACE-HORSE of modern times – but not Shaksper's! There are many reasons why, and they have been furnished in cartloads (of guess and conjecture) by those troglodytes; but there is one that is worth all the rest of the reasons put together, and is abundantly sufficient all by itself – HE HADN'T ANY HISTORY TO RECORD. There is no way of getting around that deadly fact. And no sane way has yet been discovered of getting around its formidable significance.

Its quite plain significance – to any but those thugs (I do not use the term unkindly) is, that Shaksper had no prominence while he lived, and none until he had been dead two or three generations. The Plays enjoyed high fame from the beginning; and if he wrote them it seems a pity the world did not find it out. He ought to have explained that he was the author, and not merely a nom de plume for another man to hide behind. If he had been less intemperately solicitous about his bones, and more solicitous about his Works, it would have been better for his good name, and a kindness to us. The bones were not important. They will moulder away, they will turn to dust, but the Works will endure until the last sun goes down.

…Stratford Shaksper was a person of no public consequence or celebrity during his lifetime, but was utterly obscure and unimportant. And not only in great London, but also in the little village where he was born, where he lived a quarter of a century, and where he died and was buried. I argued that if he had been a person of any note at all, aged villagers would have had much to tell about him many and many a year after his death, instead of being unable to furnish inquirers a single fact connected with him.

I believed, and I still believe, that if he had been famous, his notoriety would have lasted as long as mine has lasted in my native village out in Missouri.
It is a good argument, a prodigiously strong one, and a most formidable one for even the most gifted, and ingenious, and plausible Stratfordolater to get around or explain away.

…a really celebrated person cannot be forgotten in his village…



Is Shakespeare Dead? ['1909]
Mark Twain ('1835 – '1910)

[Published several years before J. Thomas Lōney *unearthed* Edward de Vere]

..

John Michell ('1933 - '2009) noted: The known facts about Shakspere's life, as the Heretics constantly exclaim, can be written down on one side of a sheet of notepaper. Yet his innumerable biographers have managed to spin out versions of his life-story through ponderous works, sometimes in several volumes. One could build a small library of books about Shakspere's youth, including for example the 256-page "Shakspere the Boy" by William J. Rolfe, Litt. D. – period of his life on which not one single fact is known. Sir Sidney Lee's "Life of William Shakspere" expanded into several editions, the last of which ran to 720 closely printed pages.

Stratford Sham Industry

Pillars of the multi-million dollar Stratford Sham Industry

Guillem Shaxper's Stratford monument to a grain merchant is turned into a playwright by the Strato Sham Industry.

And the actual birthplace of Shakspere is not known, but to still fleece tourists anyway and to take cunning advantage of a loophole in laws against false advertising, the Sham Industry formed the 'Shakespeare Birthplace Trust' to get away with holding out this fabrication to be 'The House':

Henry James on the Strato Sham Industry

Henry James (’1843 - ’1916) put it best in his 26 August ’1903 letter to Violet Hunt saying, "I am 'a sort of' haunted by the conviction that the divine William is the biggest and most successful fraud ever practiced on a patient world… I find it almost impossible to conceive that Bacon wrote the plays as to conceive that the man from Stratford, as we know the man from Stratford, did."

And guess who is the showrunner of The Shakespeare Birthplace Trust and in effect the Stratford Sham industry, none other the No. 1 elitist academe snob himself, Professor Stanley Wells.

Stanley Wells' Sham Continues – New '23 Book

And the great con he perpetrates, particularly on affluent American tourists, just continues unabated a law unto himself, with this press release:

> Cambridge University Press (CUP) has signed a new book by award-winning Shakespeare writer and scholar Sir Stanley Wells, honorary president of The Shakespeare Birthplace Trust.
> Emily Hockley, senior commissioning editor in literature, theater, and performance, acquired world print and digital rights to What Was Shakespeare Really Like? [Amazon] Directly from the author. It will be published in September '2023 with a foreword by Stephen Fry.

Strato Stanley Wells
Showrunner Shakespeare Sham Industry
being asked about the false advertising

Yep, he's not affected by any recession, with his lifetime employment and book contracts with dinosaurs. He's got it down pat, in the way he trots out the same old flimsy case for Guillem Shaksper, but just forgets to mention there is no documentary evidence that he attended any grammar school, or could even write, there are no manuscripts or letters, and his typical businessman Will mentions no Plays or Sonnets. And

nobody knows his actual birthplace. That's not *The House*, it all a lie.

Yes indeed, 'the spear-shaped pen is mightier than the sword' or in modern times the pen becomes an iPad keyboard thus now 'The Internet is mightier than the Establishment'.

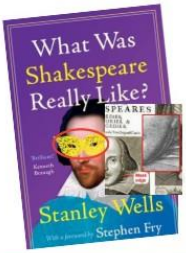
If your child attends Wells' institution it's time for action against such snobbery, let him get up in front of parents and declare again that he really believes the Stratford guy is not a frontman. Then demand the British Prime Minister really research the origins of *Hacking* and put an end to the Shakespeare BirthPlace Trust for false advertising to ripped-off Tourists.

📦 **Did you buy Stanley Wells or Susan de Vere Shakespeare?**

strawpoll.vote/polls/83eq0q3i/vote?s=0

or tinyurl.com/WellsVere

amazon



What Was Shakespeare Really Like? Kindle Edition

by Stanley Wells (Author), Stephen Fry (Foreword) | Format: Kindle Edition

Kindle $14.99 — Read with Our Free App

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« Cover mask is fitting – just like First Folio

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Product details

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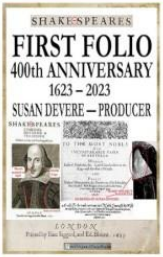

Shakespeare's First Folio 400th Anniversary 1623 - 2023: Susan de Vere Producer (Mugsar Classroom Fundraising Competition MCFC) Kindle Edition

by Peter Hogan (Author), Tara Hogan (Editor) | Format: Kindle Edition

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Susan de Vere was the key driver in the production of the First Folio over a 2 year period, except a break for a pregnancy, all the way to the first recorded purchase, December 5th 1623. She finally deserves recognition.

Product details

ASIN : B0CHG49NVF

Publication date : September 5, 2023

Language : English

File size : 21622 KB

Part of series	Print length	Language	Sticky notes
Mugsar Classroom Fundraising	219 pages	English	On Kindle Scribe

Facts about the Stratford guy that we can be absolutely certain of, as has been infamously said, "could be written on the back of a postage stamp."

Mark Twain noted all the biographies are full of "no doubt he…" and "he must have done…"

"I am sort of haunted by the conviction that the divine William is the biggest and most successful fraud ever." – Henry James

For starters, Susan de Vere was the wife of Shakespeare's First Folio dedicatee, and Ben Johnson, who did the First Folio intro, wrote love poems to her.

Susan de Vere was the key driver in the production of the First Folio over a 2-year period, except for a break for a pregnancy, all the way to the first recorded purchase, December 5th, 1623. She finally deserves recognition.

And the Strato Sham perpetrators, including British politicians who allow false advertising and the ripping off of tourists deserve the Ξ∓ Millennia Sumerian Curse: 💀 [illegible] 💀 ([illegible] ⌨ r i 2) …with Apocalypse Now, "Extreme Prejudice".

amazon.com/Shakespeares-First-Folio-400th-Anniversary-ebook/dp/B0CHG49NVF

#WellsVere #FirstFolio400 #mcfc #MugsarMania

Strawpoll: Wells or Vere Shakespeare

Stratos Infiltrate Wikipedia

The situation is nailed by Mark Anderson:

Wikipedia's Shakespeare Problem —
Wikipedia is a little too sure we know who authored Hamlet

... a disproportionately large share of Wikipedia's "Shakespeare authorship question" entry, a page devoted to the controversy, has been written by proponents of the traditional Shakespeare-as-author thesis...

...Reedy and a pseudonymous Stratfordian editor named Nishidani rewrote much of the SAQ page and launched mediation and arbitration hearings against Moorer and another Oxfordian editor, who eventually was banned from Wikipedia altogether. Moorer was given a one-year "topic ban," prohibiting him from contributing to the SAQ or related entries... (See full text here)

Mark Anderson is the author of *Shakespeare by Another Name: The Life of Edward De Vere, Earl of Oxford, The Man Who Was Shakespeare*

Editor's Note:

See also uncyclopedia.wikia.com/wiki/Wikipedia which the *Stratos* that control Wikipedia say, on the page they have for it, is that it's a "parody of Wikipedia". The alarming fact is that *Uncyclopedia* is extremely accurate in its assessment of how Wikipedia works – their standard procedure:
"Do I [Wiki-editor] want to allow that non-*Strato* view? ...I don't think so... DELETE."

We (as User:Australiansofarabia) created the Wikipedia pages for Susan de Vere, Countess of Montgomery and Elizabeth Trentham, Countess of Oxford who were not deemed important enough by these *Stratos*, obviously because they are dead giveaways that Edward de Vere is Shakespeare. So our pages were duly 'butchered' and we were bullied off. What a democracy we live in, you would think this is all happening in some totalitarian state. Fortunately, the Internet is always in a state of flux, so sooner or later Evolution Dynamics apply, a superior species will eat

Wikipedia, already as Mark Anderson notes, there are signs it is beginning to implode.

What would be amusing to see, is when one day Susan de Vere gets her just recognition as making possible the Shakespeare canon we enjoy today by producing the *First Folio*, these ***Stratos*** will have a conundrum, that they will be under enormous pressure to deal with – how do they finally allow Susan de Vere's full story to be restored to her Wikipedia page. Specifically, that most of the pioneering research on her would have been done by, not just non-***Stratos***, but the people (Tara and Peter Hogan) who originally created the page that they duly butchered. And even worse have to reference our book and *movie for The Hyphen, The Mask & The Daughter*.

..

Stratos **in Establishment Media**

It's fine if the Stratos want to use their 400 years of entrenchment in concrete bunkers. We can keep teaching our children the "Stratford Sham Industry". And there really is a tooth ferry and pigs do fly. At least there is the same amount of evidence. They're all coming out now, here's some classic contributions to the history of ideas:

> "Why anyone is drawn to de Vere's cause is the real mystery…"
> Strato James Shapiro – New York Times OpEd

And The Times reports the most weird yet, that Stratos like Brean Hammond, a professor at the University of Nottingham, incongruously see the incumbent Stratford Industry 400 year old myth as being like Darwin's Theory of *Evolution*, relegating the recent research indicating Edward de Vere as the true author of the Shakespeare works as Creationists who deny Darwinism. (Go figure. And would you pay big money to have your kid taught by this guy?!)

And Strato Simon Schama has called the heresy an "idiotic misunderstanding of history".

Well not much of "mystery" or "misunderstanding of history" when you look a The *Evolution* of the English Sonnet. Starting with the father of the English Sonnet Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey was married to the 15th Earl of Oxford's daughter, Frances de Vere; then his nephew, Edward de Vere is all over the next milestone,

Hekatompathia; *Shake-speares Sonnets* (the famous title with the inconvenient *hyphen*) 1-17 are about marrying off Edward de Vere's daughter – all confirmed by Stratos themselves… it's all at our Youtube Channel – "The Hyphen": youtube.com/watch?v=25Lic8Uj12c

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aka Charles Dodgson

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aka Mark Twain

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Urania / Countess of Montgomery's Urania (’1621) / Susan de Vere

Wilton House – Susan de Vere's home

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External Links & Further Reading

• Youtube Channel < youtube.com/user/susandevere1587 >

• shakespearehackneystratford.wordpress.com

• Charlton Ogburn’s "The Mysterious William Shakespeare" – The Myth & the Reality – Penguin Books

• Mark Anderson’s "Shakespeare By Another Name" – The Life of Edward de Vere Earl of Oxford

• Charles Beauclerk’s "Shakespeares Lost Kingdom Shakespeare" – The True History of Shakespeare and Elizabeth

• Pallas Athena/Minerva – Shake-speare – Christopher Paul

• Peter R. Moore (’*1949 - ’2007*)

• Robert Brazil *(’1955 - ’2010)*

• Wilton House Tours – home of Susan de Vere and thus direct descendants of *William Shake-speare*

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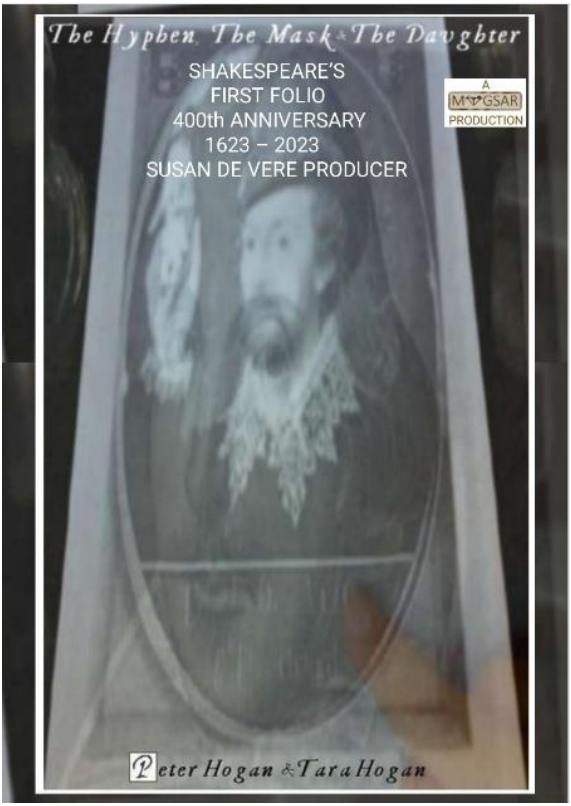

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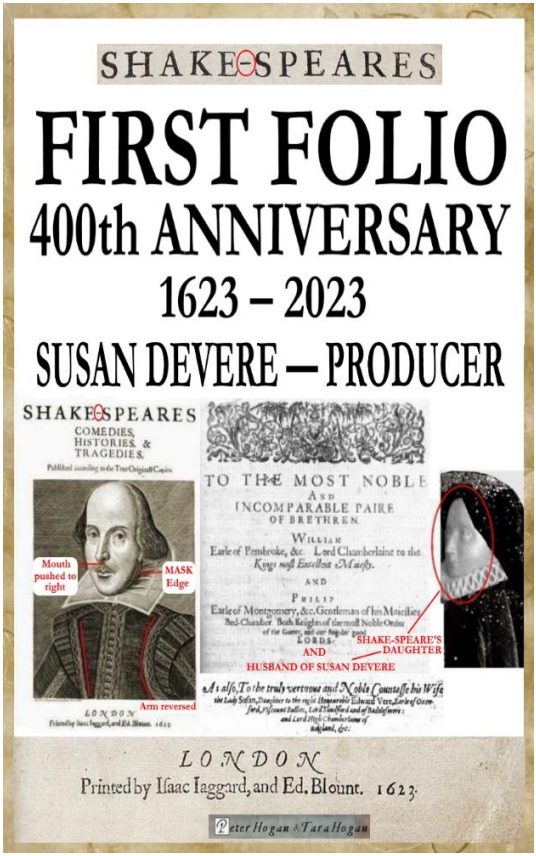

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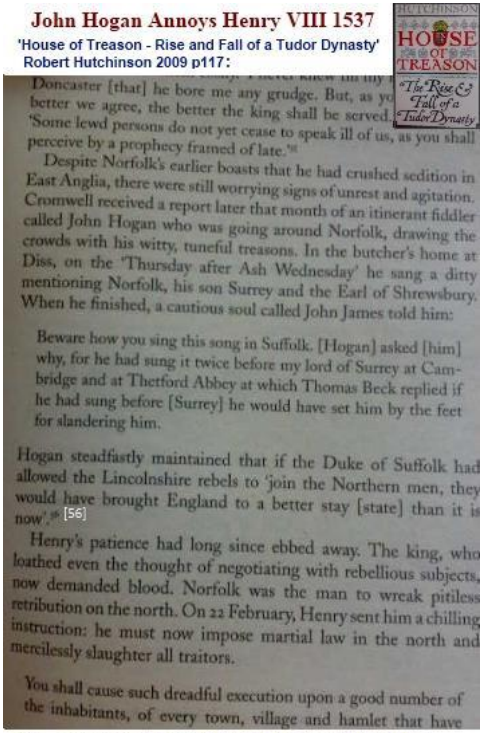
John Hogan Annoys Henry VIII 1537

'House of Treason - Rise and Fall of a Tudor Dynasty' Robert Hutchinson 2009 p117:



Doncaster [that] he bore me any grudge. But, as yo better we agree, the better the king shall be served. 'Some lewd persons do not yet cease to speak ill of us, as you shall perceive by a prophecy framed of late.'[55]

Despite Norfolk's earlier boasts that he had crushed sedition in East Anglia, there were still worrying signs of unrest and agitation. Cromwell received a report later that month of an itinerant fiddler called John Hogan who was going around Norfolk, drawing the crowds with his witty, tuneful treasons. In the butcher's home at Diss, on the 'Thursday after Ash Wednesday' he sang a ditty mentioning Norfolk, his son Surrey and the Earl of Shrewsbury. When he finished, a cautious soul called John James told him:

> Beware how you sing this song in Suffolk. [Hogan] asked [him] why, for he had sung it twice before my lord of Surrey at Cambridge and at Thetford Abbey at which Thomas Beck replied if he had sung before [Surrey] he would have set him by the feet for slandering him.

Hogan steadfastly maintained that if the Duke of Suffolk had allowed the Lincolnshire rebels to 'join the Northern men, they would have brought England to a better stay [state] than it is now'.[56] [56]

Henry's patience had long since ebbed away. The king, who loathed even the thought of negotiating with rebellious subjects, now demanded blood. Norfolk was the man to wreak pitiless retribution on the north. On 22 February, Henry sent him a chilling instruction: he must now impose martial law in the north and mercilessly slaughter all traitors.

> You shall cause such dreadful execution upon a good number of the inhabitants, of every town, village and hamlet that have

n56 - LPFD (Letters, Papers, Foreign & Domestic Henry VIII) vol. 12. pt i, p.45:

The hunt is up, the hunt is up.
The masters of art and doctors of divinity,
Have brought this realm out of a good unity,
Three nobleman have taken this to stay:
My Lord of Norfolf, Lord Surrey,
And my Lord of Shrewsbury.
The Duke of Suffolk might a made
England merry.

- John Hogan, 1537

.End-FF400.

About the Author/Editor

The world's foremost proponents of 'True Origins', thus the Mugsar Books » MCFC Series, with MugsarTV Streaming in the works » more

The price may seem a bit steep or a downright rip-off. But it's deliberately set at a premium to fund various altruistic projects, incl.: setting up the Mugsar Foundation that will oversee interrelated stablemates.

#mcfc #MugsarMania

tinyurl.com/MugsarClassroom-Mania

Let's play: "Guess col. & row"

Straw Polls: G.O.A.T. | Wells or Vere Shakespeare

Enjoy!

ピーター・ホーガン

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Joe Thuney
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Donovan Smith
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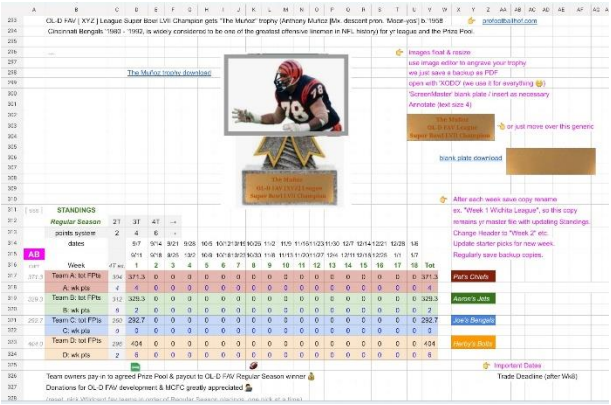
CMC McCaffrey
Jonathan Taylor
Jaylen Waddle
Tyreek Hill
Travis Kelce
Passer Rating
Def
Factor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Cincinnati Bengals 1980 - 1992, is widely considered to be one of the greatest offensive linemen in NFL history for yr league and the Prize Pool.
The Muñoz trophy download
STANDINGS
Regular Season
Team A: tot FPts
Team B: tot FPts
Team C: tot FPts
Team D: tot FPts
Pat's Chiefs
Aaron's Jets
Joe's Bengals
Herby's Bolts
Important Dates
Trade Deadline (after Wk8)
Team owners pay-in to agreed Prize Pool & payout to OL-D FAV Regular Season winner
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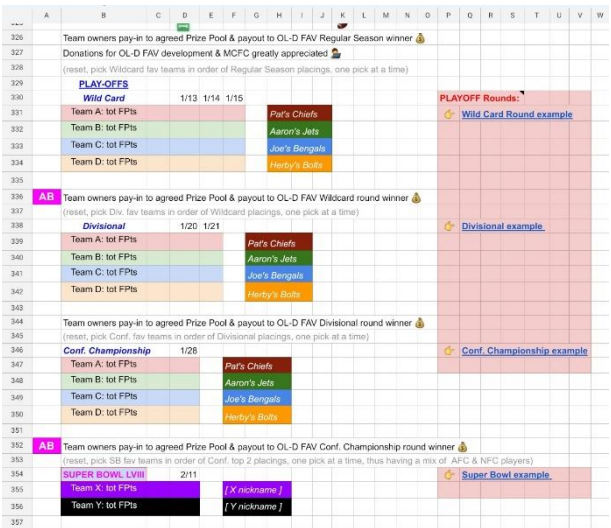
Team owners pay-in to agreed Prize Pool & payout to OL-D FAV Regular Season winner
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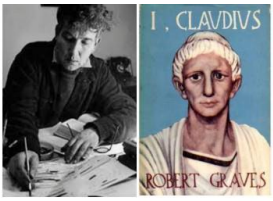
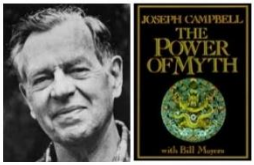
(reset, pick Wildcard fav teams in order of Regular Season placings, one pick at a time)
PLAY-OFFS
Wild Card
1/13 1/14 1/15
Team A: tot FPts
Team B: tot FPts
Team C: tot FPts
Team D: tot FPts
Pat's Chiefs
Aaron's Jets
Joe's Bengals
Herby's Bolts
PLAYOFF Rounds:
Wild Card Round example
AB
Team owners pay-in to agreed Prize Pool & payout to OL-D FAV Wildcard round winner
(reset, pick Div. fav teams in order of Wildcard placings, one pick at a time)
Divisional
1/20 1/21
Team A: tot FPts
Team B: tot FPts
Team C: tot FPts
Team D: tot FPts
Pat's Chiefs
Aaron's Jets
Joe's Bengals
Herby's Bolts
Divisional example
Team owners pay-in to agreed Prize Pool & payout to OL-D FAV Divisional round winner
(reset, pick Conf. fav teams in order of Divisional placings, one pick at a time)
Conf. Championship
1/28
Team A: tot FPts
Team B: tot FPts
Team C: tot FPts
Team D: tot FPts
Pat's Chiefs
Aaron's Jets
Joe's Bengals
Herby's Bolts
Conf. Championship example
AB
Team owners pay-in to agreed Prize Pool & payout to OL-D FAV Conf. Championship round winner
(reset, pick SB fav teams in order of Conf. top 2 placings, one pick at a time, thus having a mix of AFC & NFC players)
SUPER BOWL LVIII
2/11
Team X: tot FPts
Team Y: tot FPts
[X nickname]
[Y nickname]
Super Bowl example

Recommended quasi mentors:



Robert Graves
(24 July '1895 - 7 Dec.'1985)
Needed £4000 to stave off funding crisis »
I, Claudius ('34)

» RG Interview (@ 3:58)



Joseph Campbell
(26 Mar.'1904 - 30 Oct.'1987)
Love your enemies because they are
the instruments of your destiny.
The Power of Myth ('88)

...and follow your bliss.

12023CT

MZLGSAR QuickFinder

1-2 | 3-5 B | 6-10 B | 10-20 B | 20+ | QFnotes |

12038 12079 1230B 122B9 12039 1203A 120F5

12300 122D9 12357 12142 1202B

12226 1227D 12228 12047 121FA 121F2

122F0 1222B

3-5

1203C 1230D 12310 v 121B3 12366 12367

1236D 12357 12041 12000 1227A 12111

12261 122E1 122FB uQQ 1235D 121F9

1235E 1209F 1219C 12190 12191

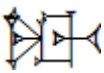
1202D 1212C 1227C 12036 12040 v

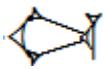
121EC 120F0 121B0 122FE 122E5 12146

v 1227F v 120FB 122E9 1227B 1202B

12195 122D6 1224C 12155 12307

1211E v 122EB [cuneus] 122A9 121B5

1206E  12096 122AA 1236E **|B|** 12016

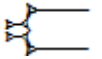
v 121A8 1224F v  [dia5] 1212D v 12312

1202A 12313 v 1226D v [VH5] 1207A

1207D 12137 12291 12225 12125

12337 v 122DD 122DB 12328 12220 v

12223 12351 v 120B7 v 12128 12197

12239 1200A v 121AF 12252 v  12123

v 1203E 121A6 12156 122D7 uQQ

1204D 12077 1222E [square5] 121B8 v

121E5 v 12089 121AA 120FE 12336

1213F

6-10 | 1-2 | 3-5 | | 10-20 | 20-40 *UP*B

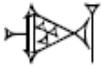
1219A 122B8 122C2 uQQ 12129

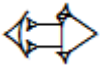
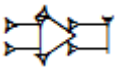
1208A 1202B 12337 12153 12317

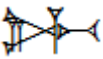
[dia9] 12072 122AE 122D3 12227 121A0 v

1212F v 121B2 122FC 1214E v

1224E 12262 120F8 12309 12334

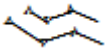
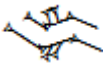
12034 12035  1211E v 122EB

1230C  12110  120F4 12020 v

122AD 12138 12244  12108 12109

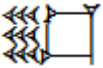
12311 122EC 12127 122E4 12085

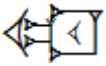
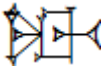
12292 12322 1232B v 12231

 122DE  122DA 12294 12295 v

12076 12252 v 1236B 121AF

12014 12260 12319 [square9] 1234F

122AC  121FB v 121C9 12306 12247

|B| 12073 12122  12096 1206E  1236E

12216 120F2 12245 1203D 1203F

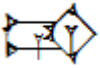
122FA 12263 v 1221B 12293 122C3

[spindle] 12116 12054 12244

12336 122C0 12361 121B0 12044

1222C 1222D 12051 1207D

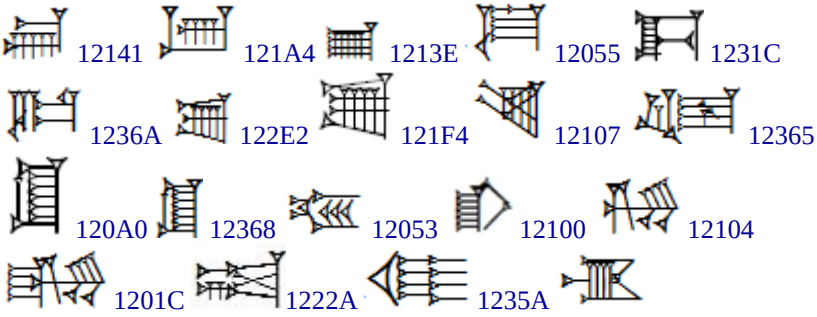
12049 120FC 120B5 120FD 1228F

12074 1223E 12118 v  12262 12224

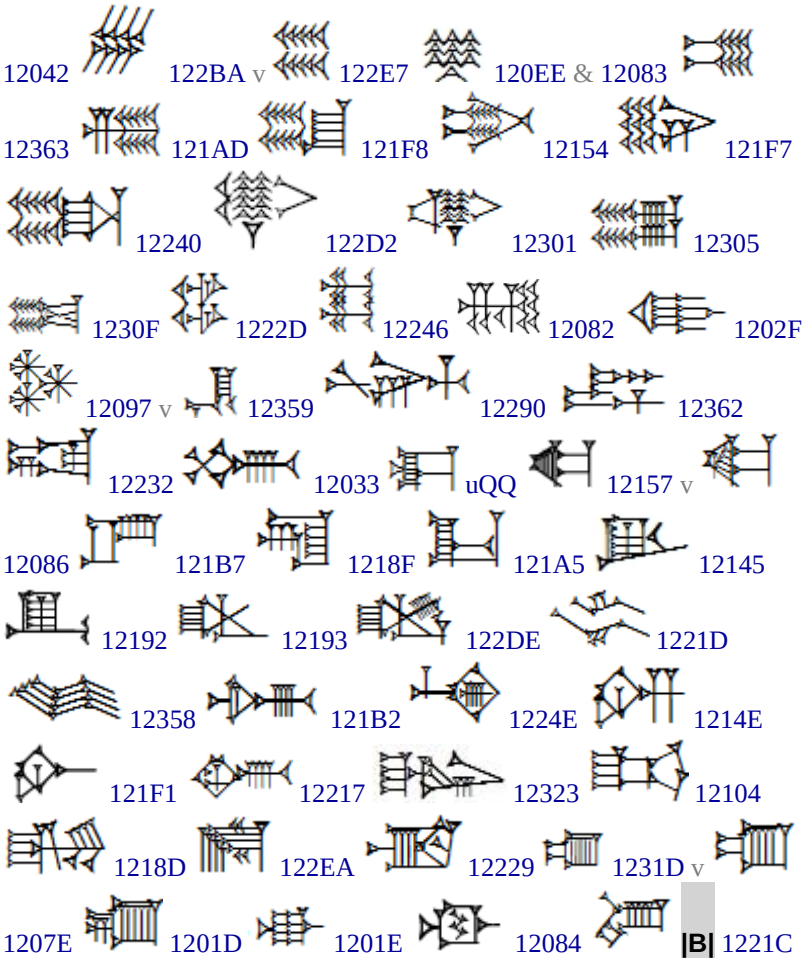
121FD v 12217 v 120A1 v 12248 v

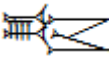
1226D v [gate] 12056 v 1208D v 1218D

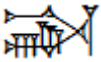
121A6 122D7 12229 12369 120F7

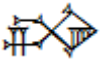


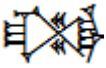
10-20 | 1-2 | 3-5 | 6-10 | | 20-40 *UP*B

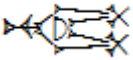
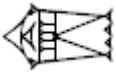


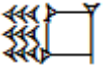
1210A 12308  12035 120F6

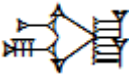
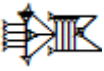
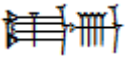
122C6 v  1206F 12071 122E0

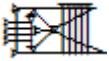
12360 122F3  12075 12335 12046

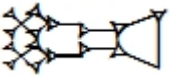
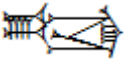
 1202C 120EE & 12083 12260 12258 v

1236B 1219B  1223F  12032

121C7 v 122AA 12216 122AC 

12080  121B6  12326  12088

121AC 122AB  12193 122E8 122E6

1204E v  1214B 12095 

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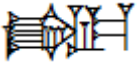
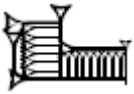
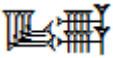
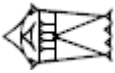
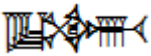
12070 1214D  12103

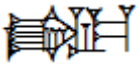
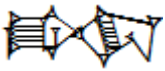
1207F

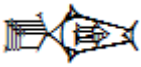
20-40 *UP*B

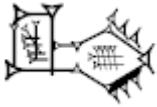
12301 122C1  122B7  122BE

122BF 12009 1223F  12029 1209E

12126  1228A v 12037

1214D  12043  12048 1219F

12274 v 1205B v  1235C

12356 12230 

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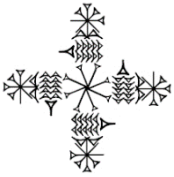


12031

QFnotes*:* Excl repetitive var. (base sign-usu. on left) = **v** duplicate where shapes are similar; 340 entries

[Hint: the QF is deliberatley packed in to fit more signs into one glance on your tablet, so to PgUp/Dn touch near signs to avoid an unintended unicode link]

square5 | square9 | diamond5 | dia9 | VH5 | gate | spindle

1-2 | 3-5 B | 6-10 B | 10-20 B | 20-40

MUG SAR QuickFinder

Mugsar 4-way | VCS

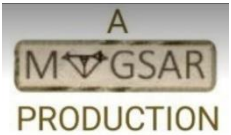
ttt Top

MAJOR LEMMA mmmm2

A water | AB_2 cow | AL tool | DU go | E_2 house | EN lord | GA carry | GA_2 basket | GAR bread | HI mix; good | KA mouth / perform | KI cosmic world | LAGAB encircle | LU_2 man | LUGAL king | MU year | NU no | SAG (saŋ) head | SAL (mug) cuneus | SHA_3 ($ŠA_3$) heart | UD sun / day | URU civilization time

A | AB | AB_2 | AL | AN | ASH | BA | BI | DA | DAG | DU | **E** | E_2 | EN | EZEN | GA | GA_2 | GI | GIR_3 | GISH | GU_2 | HA | HI | HUB_2 | **I** | IG | IM | KA | KAD | KI | KU | LA | LAGAB | LAL | LU_2 | LUGAL | MA | MUSH | NA | $NINDA_2$ | NUN | NUNUZ | PA | PI | PIRIG | RA | SA | SAG | SHA_3 | SHE | SHIM | TA | TAG | **U** | UD | UM | UR_2 | URU | USH | ZA | ZUM

1-2 | 3-5 | 6-10 | 10-20 | 20+

Top

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